

PARIS
AND HER PEOPLE
—
ERNEST A. VIZETELLY

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PARIS AND HER PEOPLE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE COURT OF THE TUILERIES, 1852-1870

MY ADVENTURES IN THE COMMUNE

MY DAYS OF ADVENTURE, 1870-71

IN SEVEN LANDS

THE TRUE STORY OF ALSACE-LORRAINE



THE MONUMENT OF THE REPUBLIC, PLACE DE LA
RÉPUBLIQUE, PARIS.

PARIS AND HER PEOPLE

UNDER THE THIRD REPUBLIC

BY

ERNEST ALFRED VIZETELLY

"LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE"

WITH A FRONTISPIECE

NEW YORK

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WITH 'GRANDPÈRE'S' HEARTFELT GOOD WISHES
TO DEAR LITTLE JOHN,
WHOSE GALLANT FATHER, ALLAN OWEN BARTLETT,
LT.-Q M. IN GENERAL ALLENBY'S CAMEL CORPS,
PARTICIPATED IN THE DELIVERANCE OF
THE HOLY LAND,
AND FELL IN ACTION IN NORTHERN SYRIA.

OCTOBER 16, 1918.

R.I.P.

Si PARIS n'existait pas il faudrait l'inventer.

VOLTAIRE *revised.*

PREFACE

WHEN I began to write this book it was my desire to make it a record of Paris for the whole period which began when peace, law and order had been restored after the rebellion of the Commune, following the war of 1870-71, and which ended during the summer of 1914, when German ambition imposed the recent terrific struggle upon the world. Whilst I proceeded with my work, however, I found that my design could not be accomplished in its entirety within the compass of a single volume, and thus the present one only carries my chronicle of Parisian happenings down to the end of the last century. With respect to later years (1900-1914) my hopes are expressed in some of the ensuing pages (notably those numbered 8, 254 and 306), but it would be presumptuous on my part to say that those hopes will positively be fulfilled, for the present volume has been written in the midst of many difficulties, not only such as were to be expected in time of war, but others occasioned by several severe attacks of illness, and by generally declining health. I say this, however, only by way of explaining any shortcomings in my work, and do not ask for critical indulgence on that account, for I am well aware that a book must be judged by its merits or its faults, irrespective of all other considerations.

The reader will observe that I have given a number of statistics in this volume—notably in the opening and the concluding chapters. I regard these figures

as being either of real importance or of genuine interest, and I deemed it the more advisable to incorporate them in my pages, as, for the most part, they are not generally accessible elsewhere. They are usually the latest figures that I could procure during the war, and they refer mostly to the years immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities, in such wise as to give the reader information respecting various features of Parisian life, as they were towards the close of the long though often threatened peace which was patched up at Frankfort in May, 1871.

In spite of all the lessons conveyed by the recent Great War, there are still, I find, some English folk who persist in regarding Paris merely as a city of frivolity, the world's favourite pleasure-ground; and, indeed, I have lately been assured that readers on this side of the Channel have no desire to be supplied with any information about Paris but simply like to be entertained with more or less "spicy" Parisian scandals and witticisms. I dissent from that view, the more so as I have beside me a list of more than seventy English books, dealing chiefly with the more frivolous aspects of Parisian life; and, with the exception of ten or twelve, all of these works—issued since the Third Republic came into being—are now absolutely dead, buried and forgotten. I am well aware that a similar fate may overtake this book of mine, but it at least differs from many others, one of its chief objects—deliberately designed by me—being to impart some of the information which certain people affect to scorn, in the hope that my work may thereby escape the early death that has overtaken so many of the volumes designed merely for the amusement of the passing hour.

In some respects my work—particularly if I am able to complete the second section (see p. 306, *post*)—may prove useful for purposes of reference; though

I do not claim for it any higher status than that of a *memoire pour servir*, which may, in some degree, prepare the ground for future writers on Parisian history. Many names, many titles, will be found in the course of the ensuing pages. The classified lists which are given in my index testify to the prodigious activity of Paris in, for instance, such spheres as literature and the stage. Yet they are by no means exhaustive. Many more authors, actors, actresses, painters, scientists, operas, plays, books, etc., have been reserved by me for the other volume which I wish to write ; and there are doubtless some names and titles which I might even have included in the present volume had I found space for them. If any notable omissions, due to forgetfulness, are pointed out to me by my critics, I will do my best to remedy them hereafter. I may add that considerations of space have often prevented me from giving more than a name or a title, but whenever opportunity has allowed it I have endeavoured to add a few words of appreciation or criticism. I think, however, that even the mere nomenclature which will be found in my pages may prove of some little utility.

Whilst I dissent strongly from the view that Paris is to be judged chiefly by what one may call the more frivolous sides of its life, I readily agree that these must not be ignored. I have glanced at them now and again in the present volume—notably in regard to the brasseries and the Montmartre *caboulots*, including the notorious Chat Noir, but these latter places were from the outset chiefly patronized by the cosmopolitan element in the population of Paris or else by young students from the French provinces, and, curiously enough, quite a number of them were really “run” by Germans, who passed themselves off as being of Alsatian origin. A few, of a genuine French character, have survived the war. Others disappeared soon after its advent,

chiefly because their promoters were either interned or expelled the country. On the subject of the authentic French stage I have given a great variety of information, because it is so firmly bound up with Parisian life. I know of no other city in the world where the same close association prevails. I intend no disparagement of our Parisian friends when I say that, in all classes of society, they are by nature histrionically inclined. In public a Parisian is always more or less *en représentation*, and a *geste*, a *beau geste*, is his ideal. But this has its advantages: in times of stress a man finds it incumbent on him to live up to the *rôle* which he has previously assumed, and we well know that the Parisians acquitted themselves with the greatest courage and fortitude during the severe trials to which they were subjected by the dastardly aggression of Germany. An unkind fate prevented me from sharing those trials—as I shared those of the German siege and the Commune long ago. I had to rest content with writing the present book between and amidst the frequent air raids on London, interrupted at times (as I usually work in the evening) by the sudden reports of maroons, followed by urgent entreaties “to go downstairs,” just as I was in the middle of a sentence which I found rather difficult to construct. However, in one way or another, I contrived to finish my volume, and here it is, prepared to meet the fate which the reviewer and the reader may assign to it.

E. A. V.

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PARIS AND HER PEOPLE

UNDER THE THIRD REPUBLIC

I

INTRODUCTORY—PARIS AFTER THE COMMUNE

+ The Extent of Paris—Her present-day Thoroughfares and Pleasure Grounds—Her Means of Transport, Public Lighting Service, Flats and Rentals, Hotels and Visitors—The Postal, Telegraphic and Telephonic Services—Schools and Libraries—The Population from 1820 onward—The Birth and Death Rates during the Franco-German War and the Commune—Growth of the Population from 1872 to 1913—The Decline in the Birth and Death Rates—The Municipality and the Prefects—The City after the Commune—Its Penury—The Loans of 1871, '75, '76 and afterwards—The Debt and Revenue—Premium-Bonds—The Rebuilding of the destroyed Edifices—The Case of the Tuileries—The Ruins of the Court of Accounts—Reaction after Convulsion—A Glance backward at the Terror—The Directory and Napoleon's Time—Paris after Waterloo—Foreign Troops in the City.

NOWADAYS the city of Paris, within the limits of the fortifications which were devised by the Marshal Dode de la Brunerie under the inspiration of Thiers, extends over a surface of more than thirty square miles, or almost exactly 19,282 acres—the River Seine, which intersects, and the canals which enter the city, being omitted from this calculation. In the year 1912 the total length of the boulevards, avenues, streets and by-ways of Paris was not less than 630 miles.* The pleasure grounds and similar promenades (including the gardens of the Tuileries, the Louvre and the Luxembourg) covered an expanse of over 548 acres, whilst the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes, outside the city, had areas,

* The streets of Paris are under the supervision of 112 officials who are assisted by 208 engineers and over 3000 *cantonniers* or road-menders. There are about 2000 street sweepers, men and women, often of Alsatian birth, and also a number of sweeping machines.

the first of 2154 and the second of 2310 acres. More than 400 statues, many of them of famous men, adorned the pleasure grounds inside Paris. These grounds also contained some 80 fountains. There were between 40 and 50 statues in the public thoroughfares and open spaces, together with many more fountains, often of quite a monumental character. Fully 17,000 horse-drawn cabs and 14,500 taxi-cabs were plying for hire, and there were 68 omnibus and 31 tramway services. The railway lines conveying passengers to one and another part of the city comprised the Ceinture, the Métropolitain and the Nord-Sud. The streets were lighted by 58,000 gas, as well as by a large number of electric, lamps. The number of trees in the streets or open spaces was 87,500 and there were more than 8000 seats in the thoroughfares for the accommodation of tired people and, I may add, of loafers also. The municipal returns do not state the number of houses, but they mention the number of flats and unfurnished rooms let singly or in pairs, the total number of all these *habitations* being 1,009,723. In 1912 the justifiable rentals were estimated at £25,068,400; but this figure, akin to the rateable value fixed for houses in London, was by no means equivalent to the rents actually paid by the Parisians. Only 729 flats were stated to be worth a rental of £800 and over; whereas the *logements* estimated at from £8 to £12 per annum numbered 227,115; whilst those worth from £16 to £20 were 158,486. In that same year, 1912, the hotels and *maisons meublées* gave, I find, accommodation to 1,327,230 visitors, 521,780 of whom were foreigners.

During that year the total number of items dealt with by the Paris postal service—including ordinary letters, registered letters, post-cards, samples, circulars, newspapers, etc.—was 1,859,750,941. Further, 8,856,149 telegrams were despatched from the city, and 9,237,318 were received there. The number of

regular telephone *abonnés*, paying £16 a year, was over 60,000. There were 529 public telephone "boxes."

Young Paris was at this time provided with an abundance of schools and colleges. The infant schools were about 200 in number. There were 1271 elementary schools (426 being public ones), and they were attended by 234,400 pupils. The city also contained thirteen municipal and twelve state *lycées* or colleges, several scientific and commercial schools, others for teaching manual arts and crafts, and there were numerous evening classes both for the young and for adults. The libraries were very numerous. There were six belonging to the University and four to the State. Of the last-named the famous Bibliothèque Nationale reported nearly 240,000 attendances. At the eighty municipal libraries the number of applications for books to be read either in the building or at home, was 1,332,232. Of these 718,892 or 53·96 per cent. were applications for works of fiction. In addition to the libraries just mentioned Paris has a dozen others specially supplying technical and professional works.*

Five years after the battle of Waterloo, that is in 1820, when the throne of France and Navarre, as folk then said, was occupied by Louis XVIII, the population of Paris was estimated at 729,371 souls. The city was then, however, of smaller extent than is the case nowadays, for such districts as Montmartre, Belleville, Batignolles, Montrouge, Passy, Auteuil, etc., situated within the fortifications dating from Louis-Philippe's time, but beyond the limits of the municipal *octroi* service as it then existed, were only incorporated with the central parts of Paris in 1860, having previously ranked as separate *communes*. Nevertheless, older Paris already attained to a population of over a million in 1844. In 1861,

* Additional information on several of the matters mentioned in the foregoing statistical survey will be found in other parts of this volume.

the year after the annexation of the communes to which I have referred, a census showed the population to be 1,696,141. Five years later, when the last census of the Second Empire was taken, the figures had become 1,825,274. In 1870, when the Franco-German War began, it was officially estimated that the number of inhabitants had increased to about 1,842,950. Although the last four months of the year in question were those of the German siege, and although there were between four and five thousand marriages fewer than in 1869, the number of births in Paris increased from 54,937 to 57,586 *—this increase being entirely in the number of legitimate offspring, for there was a drop of a few hundred in the number of illegitimates. Against this, however, must be set the fact that the number of deaths, which had been 45,872 in 1869, increased to 73,563—in such wise that, inclusive of stillborn children (not comprised in the foregoing birth statistics),† the death-rate rose during the earlier period of the German siege from 25 to 39·9 per thousand.

In that respect matters were even worse during the following year, 1871, which included both the last and the most terrible month of the siege and the whole period of the Commune's rebellion. That year there were 1691 fewer marriages than in 1870, and a drop of more than 20,000 occurred in the number of births, whilst the number of deaths, which included those of many insurgents killed in the fighting—increased to 86,760, equivalent to 46·9 per thousand of the population.

A census taken in 1872, when peace and law and order had returned, showed that the population had increased to 1,851,792. The birth-rate—only

* The detailed figures indicate the birth of about 1000 more boys than girls.

† In 1869 the number of stillborn offspring was 4549. In 1870 it increased to 4911.

20·5 per 1000 in '71—rose to 30·7 per 1000 ; whilst the number of deaths fell to 21·4 per 1000, or very nearly 4 per 1000 fewer than before the Franco-German War. In subsequent years the population of Paris increased as follows:—Census of 1876, population, 1,988,806 ; in 1881, 2,239,928 ; in 1891, 2,424,705 ; in 1901 (the first year of the twentieth century), 2,660,559 ; in 1906, 2,722,731 ; and in 1911 (the last census taken prior to the Great World War), 2,847,229. Moreover it was officially calculated in 1913, the year preceding the outbreak of war, that the population then stood at about 2,897,000.

The birth-rate, however, had long been declining. The last year in which it exceeded 25 per 1000 of the population was 1889. It had fallen to 20 per 1000 in 1903, to 17·5 per 1000 in 1909, whilst in 1912 and again in 1913 it was no more than 16·8 per 1000. That declining birth-rate has been the curse of France. Yet the number of marriages in Paris rose in 1907 to over 30,000. In 1911 there were 31,597 ; in 1912, 32,746 ; and in 1913, 31,916. More marriages but fewer births, such is the tale told by the municipal statistics. It must be admitted, however, that the number of deaths has also largely declined, thanks, I take it, to improvements in sanitation. They have not amounted to 20 per 1000 of the population since 1895. They averaged rather more than 17 per 1000 from 1903 to 1909. In the following year they fell to 16·2 per 1000, whilst in 1913, 15·4 per 1000 was the recorded figure—the birth-rate surpassing it by 1·4. The number of boys born appears always to have exceeded the number of girls, though sometimes the difference has been one of only a few hundreds. The number of illegitimate offspring has certainly decreased. Whereas it stood at 14,832 in 1901, it had fallen to 11,762 in 1913.

The governing body of the city of Paris is the Municipal Council, acting in conjunction with the

Prefect of the department of the Seine and the Prefect of Police. At the time of the great revolution there was a Conseil de la Commune, consisting of a mayor, 16 *administrateurs*, 32 councillors, 96 notables, a procuror and his assessors, all of them elected by citizens over twenty-five years old and paying taxes equivalent to three days' work. The city was then divided into forty-eight sections. Napoleon changed the council into one of 24, and later of 16 members, all presented by the Prefect, but appointed by imperial decree. Under Louis Philippe, when there were 36 councillors, three for each of the twelve *arrondissements* then existing, and in addition eight others for suburban districts, the selection was left to a restricted number of electors. After the revolution of 1848 the executive appointed a municipal committee. Napoleon III again made the municipality one of 36 members, appointed by him for a term of five years. The 36 were increased to 60 after Montmartre, Belleville, Batignolles, Passy, Auteuil, etc., were added to the city in 1860. When Paris was besieged during the Franco-German War there was no general municipality. The National Defence Government appointed a chief Mayor, first Etienne Arago and later Jules Ferry, and the *arrondissement* or district mayors were elected by universal suffrage.

In April, 1871, during the early period of the Communal rising, the National Assembly passed a law setting forth that the municipality of Paris should be elected by universal suffrage; but this measure was suspended during the insurrection and for some time afterwards. Having eventually been put into practice, it remains in force to-day. The city's twenty *arrondissements* * are divided into eighty

* These are called: 1, Louvre; 2, Bourse; 3, Temple; 4, Hôtel-de-Ville; 5, Panthéon; 6, Luxembourg; 7, Palais Bourbon; 8, Elysée; 9, Opéra; 10, Enclos St.-Laurent; 11, Popincourt; 12, Reuilly; 13, Gobelins; 14, Observatoire; 15, Vaugirard; 16, Passy-Auteuil; 17, Batignolles; 18, Montmartre; 19, Buttes Chaumont; 20, Ménilmontant.

quartiers, each of which elects a councillor. Before 1905 there was no Conseil général (county council) of the Seine. The proper organization of what one may call the Parisian environs was adjourned repeatedly, but in the year above-mentioned a Conseil général was instituted, with 80 members for Paris itself, and 22 for the outlying *cantons* or districts. These outlying districts, which in 1911 had a population of 1,266,000, return fourteen out of the fifty-four deputies for the Seine, and participate in the election of the department's ten senators. The Conseil général does not interfere with the strictly municipal affairs of Paris, but attends only to those which concern the whole department.

The Prefects of the Seine and Police virtually represent the Prévôt de Paris and the Prévôt des Marchands, the Lieutenant criminel and the Lieutenant civil, of the old French monarchy. The Prefect of the Seine, who receives a salary of £2000—his secretary-general taking £720—is appointed by Government and is the chief State representative for the administration of the whole department, excepting the police services. He is assisted by a prefectural council. It may be said that he is the general mayor. He takes precedence of the President of the Municipal Council. The Prefect of Police, whose salary is £1600 (his secretary-general receiving £600), exercises authority, under Government which appoints him, over the municipal and judicial police, the prisons, railways, places of worship, etc. For certain police purposes his jurisdiction extends beyond the department of the Seine. There is a commissary of police in each *quartier* or sub-district of Paris, ten of them ranking as divisional commissaries, and one in each of the twenty *arrondissements* being invested with minor magisterial functions. The salaries mentioned above are paid by the State, which also contributes to those of the employees of the two prefectures. The rest of the money is

found by the department or the city. The cost of the Garde Républicaine is defrayed as to one-half by the State, and as to the other by the municipality of Paris. There is yet another Parisian functionary appointed by Government, that is the Director of Poor Relief (*Assistance publique*).

The many figures given in previous paragraphs will have made the opening passages of this book somewhat dry reading, but they are figures which have their importance, and although I shall have occasion to refer somewhat later to the various component parts of the population of Paris, I have preferred to give the reader at the outset an idea of what the population amounted to during and after the Franco-German War, and what it had become on the eve, so to say, of the recent great struggle. In the following pages I propose to set down what I recollect and what I learned of Paris and her people during the greater part of the period which intervened between the two wars. At times I shall have occasion to glance at earlier periods of Parisian history, on account of the light they throw on some episodes of the times with which I wish to deal, and I shall also have to quote other statistics. Whilst I give, however, in certain respects the very latest figures I can find, it has been impossible for me, in this present volume, to carry my general chronicle of Parisian happenings beyond the year 1900. I hope to review subsequent years in another book.

In the summer and autumn of 1871 many Parisians who had quitted their homes the previous year when it became evident that the Germans intended to besiege the city, and who had prolonged their absence—often in some far-away province—during the war's terrible aftermath, the Commune, returned once more to their former surroundings—the Boulevards, the Bois, the Champs Elysées, and other favourite spots. The hotels were doing good

business, for the city was full of foreign and provincial tourists eager to gaze upon the ruins and other traces of strife and destruction which the war, and particularly the insurrection, had left behind them. In the early pages of the last instalment of my reminiscences ('In Seven Lands') I sketched the aspect of the environs of Paris such as I found them to be whilst engaged with my father in house-hunting. Some of the more immediate suburbs had suffered severely. The German bombardment had done most damage on the southern side; whilst the operations of MacMahon's forces against the Commune had more particularly affected outlying localities on the south-west and west of the city, such places, for instance, as Issy, Neuilly and Levallois being full of ruins. Artillery fire had also been responsible for some destruction inside Paris, but that was as nothing compared with all the damage wrought by the conflagrations which at night time, during the last desperate week of the Commune's agitated existence, cast a lurid glow over so many parts of Paris.

Naturally enough, the thousands of arrests which attended or followed the quelling of the insurrection resulted for a while in a great shortage of labour. After the city's capitulation to the Germans labour had been plentiful enough, but no work was to be had. Now the position was changed, though the resumption of work was further impeded by another serious shortage, that of money. When Paris capitulated to the Germans, its municipality had to pay them a war-levy of £20,000,000, and this laid a strain on its resources, the more particularly as during the 130 days of investment no municipal taxes or dues—such as those of the *octroi* service—had been levied. Matters remained in much the same state during the brief interval preceding the Commune, at whose advent all became confusion, the forerunners of the Petrograd Bolsheviks

appropriating every franc of State and municipal funds that they could contrive to lay hands upon. Thus, on the restoration of law and order, Paris was, administratively, very hard-up.

At the first moment it seemed quite impossible to raise a loan. The State had the foremost claim on the country's resources, it being necessary to find money to pay the war indemnity demanded by the Germans and to defray the cost of maintaining their "army of occupation." It followed that although the Commune collapsed at the end of May, and the requirements of Paris were urgent, the city had to wait until the latter part of September before it could well borrow any money. The transaction was costly, but necessary. Premium-bonds were issued, each having a face-value of 400 francs (£16), but the actual price of issue averaged about 275 francs, or only £11. The rate of interest was fixed at 3 per cent. per annum, and the loan was to be repaid by annual instalments spread over a period of about seventy-five years, the last payments being due in the spring of 1946. The annual amount payable in premiums or "prizes" was fixed at £60,000. The number of bonds issued was 1,296,300, and the actual amount realized by the city on the transaction was £14,000,040. Four years later Paris issued another loan—one at 4 per cent. interest, with annual premiums amounting to £36,000. This loan (the face-value of the bonds was £20) brought the city £8,800,000. Then, in 1876, there came a third loan, which realized £4,800,000, each bond again representing £20 at 4 per cent. interest, and £20,000 being payable annually in premiums.

That the credit of Paris was improving was shown by the fact that whereas the average price at which the 1875 loan was issued was about 439 francs or, roughly, £17 11s. 3d., that of the loan of '76 was £18 12s. Referring back to the loan of 1871, it will be found that if the bonds, like those of

the later issues, had represented £20 instead of £16, the price of issue would have been equivalent to £13 15s. It is true that the interest on the '71 loan was 1 per cent. less than on the others.*

I was not in Paris at the moment when the loan of 1871 was contracted, but I afterwards secured a few bonds at an advance of between £2 and £3 apiece. None of them ever won a "prize," but they were redeemed in course of time at their face-value of £16, so that, in addition to receiving interest on them, I derived from each a profit of about £3. One of a dozen bonds of the loan of 1875 which I purchased proved to be what is called "a lucky number," and I thereby netted £200. Those were some of the little speculations of a young man who was seeking—vainly, as it happened—a much bigger prize in the great lottery of life. I was very fortunate in other ventures at that period, owing chiefly to the help of an old school chum who had become connected with the banking-world and the Bourse; but, subsequently, after I had made in a couple of years or so a profit of between two and three thousand pounds on an original capital of barely a hundred—saved out of the proceeds of my work as a writer—there came a change in my life which did not conduce to a continuance of pecuniary good fortune.

There has been considerable controversy in Great Britain respecting the advisability of issuing premium-bonds. Paris continued doing so down to the outbreak of the recent war, and the French authorities have never regarded the practice as immoral. In 1913, apart from half a dozen *Crédit Foncier* loans, Paris was paying interest on thirteen loans represented by premium-bonds, the oldest dating from

* About the time when the Great War broke out the £16 bonds of 1871, issued at £11, had a market value of about £15 18s. The £20 bonds of 1875, issued at about £17 11s., commanded at the Bourse over £21, and so did those of 1876, issued at £18 12s. It should be remembered that these last loans were 4 per cent., and that in 1914 the French capital had long ceased borrowing at so high a rate of interest.

1865 and the latest from 1912. The original face-value of all these bonds was about £137,200,000. The amount they had so far brought the city (the issue of two of them not being absolutely completed) was approximately £129,760,000. The rate of interest varied, being 4 per cent. in three instances, 3 per cent. in another three instances, $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. in two instances, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in three instances, and 2 in a couple of others. The premiums which were payable amounted altogether to rather less than £418,000 annually. On December 31, 1913, the total outstanding capital amount for which the city was liable in respect to the bonds of the aforementioned loans was, in round figures, £97,132,000.* One loan, contracted in 1910, was not to be fully redeemed until 1981, but earlier dates were fixed for completing the redemption of others.

The above details may constitute yet more arid reading, but I have given them because they show how largely Paris has availed herself of the opportunity to raise money for great municipal improvements by means of premium-bonds. Those who are opposed to the issue of similar bonds in Great Britain talk glibly of their demoralizing effect. But assuredly they have never demoralized the Parisians, who have applied for them eagerly every time a fresh loan has been issued. Many of these bonds are purchased by provincial, even foreign, investors, but large numbers are bought by the Parisians themselves, and are disseminated among all classes of the community, from very wealthy people down to the more thrifty members of the proletariat. In only one instance has the face-

* About £20,000,000 were owing to the Crédit Foncier, and various sums, amounting to rather less than £490,000, and payable in annual instalments, were owing with respect to canals, markets, etc. On the other hand, the total revenue of Paris in 1912 (the last year for which I find complete accounts) was £31,859,856 8s., besides which the municipal exchequer received in 1912 £8,947,204 8s. 6d., being moneys overdue from previous years.

value of a City of Paris bond been as low as £12. The usual figures have been £16 and £20 ; yet I have often found folk in quite humble circumstances saving franc after franc in the hope of ultimately being able to purchase an *obligation* which—should “the wheel of fortune” favour it—might yield them, if not a competence for life, at least a welcome addition to their slender means. Besides, money was not thrown away by such a speculation. The lottery-ticket which fails to win a prize becomes a worthless scrap of paper, whereas the premium-bond, besides bearing interest, must at least be redeemed on some appointed date at its face-value, and, in the meanwhile, it can always be disposed of, though, of course, as happens with respect to all speculative ventures, the market-value may vary. But I have known far more violent fluctuations in the value of our gilt-edged Consols than in that of the premium-bonds which so appropriately bear the motto, *Fluctuat nec mergitur*, associated with the shield of Paris.

The loans of 1871, '75 and '76 were raised chiefly to defray the expense of repairing some of the ravages of war and insurrection. Not, however, until 1877 did the question of rebuilding the Hôtel-de-Ville, reduced to a mere skeleton by the fires which the Communards had kindled, take practical shape. During the two following years the work proceeded under the direction of Ballu and de Perthes, the new edifice being loftier and larger than the old one, but retaining virtually all the features of its style. Many buildings which had suffered from incendiarism and gun-fire were not the city's property. Numbers of dwellings and storeplaces and several theatres belonged to private individuals and companies, and these owners had to be indemnified—chiefly, I believe, by the State. The latter owned several of the principal edifices which had been destroyed or damaged, among them being the palace

of the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, the Ministry of Finances, the parts of the Louvre which had contained the library, the Palais de Justice, the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur, and the Cour des Comptes. The churches, several of them more or less seriously damaged, and a few destroyed, were also mostly State property. In a good many instances repairing or rebuilding work was started as soon as became possible, but there was much to be done, and re-edification and renovation proceeded slowly, so that years elapsed before all traces of the Commune's final week of blood and fire were effaced.

The Tuileries palace was never rebuilt, though there was occasionally some talk of doing so, particularly at the time when the Royalist members of the National Assembly were intriguing for the Restoration of the Monarchy. But Republicans of all shades resolutely opposed every suggestion which was made to raise any kind of edifice on the site of the "accursed palace of royal and imperial despotism." I sometimes heard one or another acquaintance urge that when you stood under the Arc de Triomphe and looked down the Champs Elysées you naturally felt disappointed at not perceiving some imposing pile at the end of the long vista. But Republicans remarked: "If we should ever be so foolish as to build a new palace on that spot and assign it as a residence to some President, he would soon want to become our King or Emperor. Even if we should build a museum there it would fire somebody's ambition. It is best to let the ruins remain as they are—an object-lesson to all would-be majesties."

For a considerable time the dark bare walls remained, indeed, much as they became on the Commune's downfall.* I had opportunities of

* A full account of the destruction of the palace will be found in my book 'The Court of the Tuileries,' and the subject is also dealt with in the volume which I called 'My Adventures in the Commune.'

visiting the lugubrious remains on various occasions, when, looking around and above me, I tried to identify the little that remained of one or another particular room known to me in my early youth. And more than once I thought of Volney and his melancholy, half-forgotten masterpiece, 'Les Ruines.' At last the scarred, sinister-looking shell of the gutted palace was demolished—only the corner Pavillon de Flore, overlooking the Seine, being restored—and the site gradually became such as it is to-day.

The principal buildings of the Palais Royal, in which, before the war, Prince Napoleon Jérôme had long resided, were re-edified, and assigned for the time being to the Council of State; and, on the Quai d'Orsay, that somewhat coquettish-looking structure, the Palace of the Legion of Honour, rose once more from its ashes. But its neighbour, the square, lofty, many-windowed Court of Accounts, continued during several years to rear beside the Seine its gaunt, charred outer-walls which, even in Imperial days, had looked singularly unprepossessing, suggesting, indeed, that the building was, at the best, merely a military barracks. The interior, however, of this big rectangular pile, where the national accounts of France were audited, had contained some fine decorations, fresco paintings and others, together with a magnificent staircase.

But this conspicuous edifice had never been a show place. Few tourists had ever visited it, and, as for the Parisians, only those whom work or business called thither, crossed its threshold. Passers seldom raised their eyes to the gaping walls which, as time went by, and other structures were restored, rebuilt or replaced, became the sole remaining mementoes of the Commune's orgy of incendiarism. One day, however, a botanical enthusiast was privileged to wander among the *débris*, to examine the many plants which carpeted the space behind the gaunt façade, to climb, by means of a ladder, to

divers nooks and crannies, and identify and catalogue the growths which had sprung up there. He wrote a little book on the subject—its title and his name I unfortunately forget, but I remember that he chronicled various curious things and speculated as to how it happened that the winds of heaven had carried thither the seeds of flora unknown elsewhere within the zone of Paris. A time at last came, however, when the wild garden of these ruins was trampled underfoot and obliterated, when beneath the onslaught of many pickaxes the lichens and the climbing plants fell with the masonry to which they had attached themselves, and were carted away in order that a new pile—the railway-station known as the Gare d'Orsay—might be raised on the abandoned spot which had so long recalled the last great Convulsion of Paris.

I have said that the Parisians seldom raised their eyes to the ruins of the Cour des Comptes. Nor, after the first general inspection, in which everybody participated subsequent to the Commune's downfall, was any particular attention given to other traces of insurrectional fury. Every now and again, whilst the work of rebuilding proceeded, some curiosity was displayed on the removal of sundry hoardings and scaffoldings, people pausing as they passed to scrutinize some new structure and decide whether they liked it better than the former one. But, for the rest, Paris had several other things to think about: work, money-making, and, in particular, amusement.

The reaction which usually follows a period of crisis and convulsion set in. Relief was sought from all the restraint imposed as much by circumstances as by governmental measures. The tension had been so great and so prolonged. When the overstrung nerves of Paris relaxed there was a widespread desire to forget those successive nightmares—the German siege and the insurrection. Peace

having returned, it was surely allowable to taste *la joie de vivre* once more. Many had been the good resolutions formed during days of stress and starvation. On all sides melancholy moralizers had exhorted people to lead strenuous, frugal lives and forego all sorts of pleasures in the future. Some folk, judging by their language, desired to make Paris a city of perpetual gloom, for ever doing penance in sackcloth and ashes.

During recent times we likewise have heard all sorts of prophecies, have been confronted by all sorts of plans to be carried out when the Great World War is absolutely over. Whether any such anticipations will ever be realized is a question which cannot now be determined. We have to wait and see; but personally I have no great faith in the sermonizers, the prophets, or the inventors of the many schemes which are being devised nowadays for universal regeneration. Like St. Thomas, I shall believe when I behold. Looking backward, I only know that the many predictions, the many plans by which one was assailed in Paris both during and immediately after the war of 1870-71, never attained fulfilment. The well-meaning folk to whom those plans and predictions were due, neglected to take into account an important factor—human nature, which is essentially wayward.

There was a period when the English Puritans doubtless imagined that they had established among us for all time—perforce and under pain of the direst penalties—a kind of heaven upon earth, an intensely righteous form of existence, which would for ever hold in check those abominations, the flesh and the devil. But all at once came the so-called “scandalous years of jubilee,” which Pepys, Evelyn and Anthony Hamilton pictured so vividly. The greater the restraint imposed and the greater its enforced duration, the more violent becomes the succeeding reaction. The Renaissance was but an

explosion of human nature reasserting itself after long subjection to narrow religious tenets. The voice which, in the long ago, was heard calling over the waters: "The great god Pan is dead!" spoke in error. Pan slumbers at times, but he does not die. He is with us still, and will remain with us till the end.

The desire to forget largely inclines people to seek amusement—*distraction*, as the French say—both during and after periods of stress. It must not be thought that Paris was all gloom and horror and savagery during the Reign of Terror in 1793. The brothers Goncourt have recorded in a book of theirs, 'La Société française pendant la Révolution,' how Paris amused itself on the promenades and at the theatres during that period when human life was held so cheaply, when the guillotine was always at work, sometimes on the Place de la Révolution, sometimes at the Barrière d'Enfer, and sometimes at the Barrière du Trône renversé.* But it was particularly after the fall of Robespierre and the Directory's assumption of power that a craving, a positive passion for enjoyment set in. During the Terror people sought amusement because they did not want to think about what was happening, or to brood over the possibility of being suddenly arrested and consigned, like so many others, to the bloody offices of executioner Sanson.

The Terror over, people wished to forget all about it, and as the Goncourts have shown in another book, 'La Société sous le Directoire,' never in all her history had Paris been so gay as during this period when the country was rushing at top speed along the high road to bankruptcy—the *assignats*, nominally secured by the national properties, falling and falling in value until they became virtually worthless

* The Place de la Révolution is now the Place de la Concorde; the Barrière du Trône is the Place de la Nation. The Barrière d'Enfer was beyond the Boulevard St. Michel.

scraps of paper. Never had the purchasing power of a nation's official currency dwindled in like degree. Yet those same days when your coat might cost you £1000 in paper money, were also the days of the *incroyables*, the *muscadins* and the *merveilleuses*, the days of innumerable public ballrooms and gardens, and many theatres, and every kind of entertainment and show. Paris danced and sang and promenaded and feasted as though it had never known the throes of a revolution. There were plenty of *nouveaux riches*, profiteers who had utilized the Revolution to make big fortunes, and who flaunted quite as much luxury as ever the farmers-general of the old Régime displayed. There were also the women, fair and frail, clad in the costliest and most fantastic raiment, and bedizened often with jewels which had once belonged to some *grande dame* who had perished by the guillotine simply because her birth had unluckily made her an aristocrat.

The Napoleonic era supervened with its military triumphs and pageantry. Guns were always thundering salutes; standards and artillery taken from one and another enemy constantly passed along the crowded streets amidst universal applause; there were the festivities of the Imperial Coronation, those attending the birth of the King of Rome, and many others—festivities spread like veneer over many submissive, almost inarticulate, sufferings. But reverses followed. Anxiety increased during the famous *Campagne de France*, in which Napoleon's genius at last proved unavailing, and finally the awed Parisians heard the sinister booming of the guns of many enemies. The battle of Montmartre preceded capitulation. That was in 1814. No attempt at resistance was made in the following year when, after Waterloo, Napoleon abdicated for the second time. Strong detachments of foreign troops occupied the city on both occasions. Cossacks at one time tethered their horses in the Champs Elysées. A

Prussian general became military governor of the city. Wellington wisely exercised a restraining influence on the Germans of the garrison.

Meanwhile the British, like the Russian officers before them, were mainly intent on plunging into the pleasures which Paris still offered. The most varied uniforms thronged the Palais Royal galleries and the Boulevards. Many restaurants and cafés suddenly acquired European fame. The Café des Mille Colonnes and the restaurant of Les Trois Frères provençaux in the Palais Royal were particularly patronized by British officers and visitors. The Hôtel Meurice in the Rue de Rivoli became *par excellence* the aristocratic English hotel. On the Boulevards the Café Anglais arose to celebrity. Over the way the Café Riche and the Café Hardy also competed for the patronage of English *milords*. The *cuisine* of those establishments was excellent, but the charges, for those times, were prodigious, a circumstance which led to the saying: "Il faut être riche pour dîner chez Hardy, et hardi pour dîner chez Riche." It was for his English customers that Hardy first provided his great silver gridiron which afterwards became famous in Paris. When Hardy passed away, some time in Louis-Philippe's reign, I think, a new proprietor had the iron balconies of the house gilded, and it then became known as the Maison dorée.*

In those days of 1814-15, most of the Parisians were on amicable terms with the foreign element, that is excepting with the arrogant and predatory Prussians, whom Wellington repeatedly had to check. Naturally, however, Napoleon's old officers bitterly resented the presence of any of their former antagonists, and duels became frequent. All prohibitions were defied, "meetings" took place by

* Some French writers have called it the Maison d'Or, but that was never, I think, its real name. At all events, in our time the bill slips (*additions*) always bore the name "Maison dorée."

stealth, and there was an instance when, no suitable spot being available, an encounter between a French and a British officer took place in a closed coach which was driven slowly up and down until, if I remember rightly, both of the antagonists were mortally stricken. Apart, however, from those "affairs," which so often ended tragically, life in Paris at that time suggested a prolonged carnival. There was the usual reaction on both sides. The wars were over, anxieties were ended, and all one had to think of was to eat, drink and be merry. Night after night the theatres were crowded, the gold of many states rained upon the *tapis verts* of the gambling hells and filled the purses of shopkeepers, or passed, for a moment, to the frail sisterhood who thronged the wooden galleries of the Palais Royal. It was then that "Milord" Berkeley carried off the fair Régine, and that Walter Scott, according to some accounts, philandered with *la belle limonadière*.

In 1871 the German occupation was restricted to one district of Paris and lasted only three days. Thus the position was very dissimilar. There was no opportunity for the intruders to have "a good time." They could only induce the landlord of a Champs Elysées café to open his doors and supply them with refreshments. The place was wrecked by indignant people after their departure. A few officers certainly contrived to slip through the cordon, in order to visit the Boulevards, but soon had to beat a hasty retreat. The men who were allowed to enter the Tuileries gardens, where they decorated their helmets with sprigs of laurel, slunk off on hearing the threatening growls of the crowd in the Rue de Rivoli. The Communalist insurrection was then already brewing, and the Parisians generally were in no amicable mood, for bitter as gall and wormwood did they find the terms of the Devil's Peace.

II

THE REVIVAL IN THE SEVENTIES—THE STAGE

The Completion of the Grand Opera—The Paris Theatres and their Takings—The Tax on Amusements—Theatricals in the earlier Seventies—'Tricoche et Cacolet'—The Death of Auber—'L'Arlésienne' and Bizet—Zola and Busnach—'La Fille de Madame Angot'—The "Book" and its Authors—Siraudin's Sweetmeats—Charles Lecocq's Rise to Fame—Sardou and 'Le Roi Carotte'—Jacques Offenbach and Naturalization—The Case of Meyerbeer—Offenbach's Chief Productions—Cœdès and 'Clair de Lune'—"First Nights" in Paris.

THE nerves of Paris did not really relax until some months after the Commune. Peace had become a *fait accompli*, and one had to make the best of it pending the time when *revanche* might appear possible. For the nonce, however, the future might take care of itself, and so *Vogue la galère!* became the order of the day. Politicians, of course, keenly followed the proceedings of the National Assembly which sat at Versailles, but in the world of *viveurs* matters of that kind were regarded as *très embêtants*. The theatres, several of which had suffered by the Commune, were among the very first buildings to be repaired and renovated, and, curiously enough, to the indignation of a good many folk, the Government, whilst doing nothing to hasten the completion of the new and badly needed hospital called the Hôtel-Dieu, pressed forward the completion of the new Opera House, where all work had been suspended since the outbreak of war in 1870. It certainly did not seem to be urgently required, for Paris still had its old Opera House in the Rue Le Peletier, but this was destroyed by fire in 1873, and, meantime, so

diligently had the work on Charles Garnier's great structure been advanced, that within two more years (January, 1875) it was inaugurated with much pomp and ceremony. The new Hôtel Dieu, however, was not finished until 1878, when the old one was falling to ruins.

The war and the insurrection had certainly brought many cruel sufferings to members of the theatrical profession. A number of promising young actors had laid down their lives in defence of France. Numerous actresses had become nurses. Several had died in obscure, hungry poverty. During the German siege the only entertainments were some occasional concerts and recitations, with now and again the performance of an act of some classic tragedy—the proceeds going to an ambulance or a charitable institution. An attempt which was made to revive theatrical life as soon as the war ended was nipped in the bud by the Commune's advent. Law and order being restored, however, the prospects of theatrical enterprise improved. The Parisians were craving for their favourite amusement. The stage had long been an essential element of Parisian life. Without it, indeed, Paris was not herself.

I find one of the Statistical Annuals of France recording that in 1850 the gross receipts of the theatres of Paris amounted to £328,000. In 1864 that sum was doubled. In 1867—the year of the great Exhibition, when the Second Empire was at its zenith—the receipts rose to £879,360. A drop afterwards ensued, as was only to be expected, but in '69—the Empire's last complete year—the very respectable figure of £608,000 was attained. The war with Germany began in the summer of '70, and that year the receipts fell to £324,280. During the next twelve months (which covered the period of the Commune and the time given to repairs, the recruiting of companies, and a great deal of other

preparatory work) the gross takings were no more than £228,600. Wonderful, however, was the difference in 1872, when they rose to £645,000.

During the five years, 1873-77, they averaged £784,000 ; in the next five years they amounted to about £1,040,000 per annum. From 1883 to 1892 they were not quite so considerable. Until this time the returns had taken no account of a number of café-concerts and other places of amusement, such, for instance, as public balls ; but from 1893 onward the returns cover all amusements excepting occasional fairs with their show booths, and sundry isolated performances. The annual averages are : 1893 to 1897 inclusively, £1,184,000 ; 1898 to 1902, £1,544,000 ; 1903 to 1907, £1,680,000 ; and 1908 to 1912, £2,228,000. The receipts have always been larger in Exhibition years than in others. In 1878, when, as George Augustus Sala phrased it, Paris had become herself again, they rose from about £840,000 to over £1,224,000. That figure was surpassed by about £60,000 during the next Exhibition year, 1889. In 1900 the receipts were only a fraction less than £2,317,000. In 1913—the last complete year before the Great War—they amounted to £2,738,080.

The latest detailed figures which have been issued are those for 1912. Taking first the houses favoured with subventions, the Opera's receipts then amounted to about £130,600, those of the Comédie Française to £104,180, those of the Opéra Comique to £124,660, and those of the Odéon to £40,230. Other theatres with large takings that same year, were the Variétés, about £72,100 ; the Châtelet, nearly £67,400 ; the Porte Saint-Martin, £64,400 ; the Gymnase, nearly £57,000 ; the Vaudeville, about £56,800 ; Apollo, £55,000 ; the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, roughly £54,100 ; the Gaîté, £52,120 ; and the Palais Royal, £47,450. The receipts of several other theatres—the Athénée, the Renaissance,

the Théâtre Antoine, for instance—ranged from £35,000 to £40,000. Further, in that same year the Folies-Bergère took £76,500 ; Olympia, £64,133 ; the Alhambra, £57,000 ; the Moulin Rouge (apart from the dancing hall), £42,870, the dancing yielding over £9,000 ; Magic City (dancing apart), £86,000 ; the Hippodrome Cinéma, over £56,800 ; Pathé-Palace, above £30,400 ; * the Nouveau Cirque, nearly £30,000 ; the Cirque Médrano, £22,700 ; La Cigale, £39,560 ; Ba-ta-clan, £33,240 ; the Scala, £26,660 ; and Mayol's nearly £24,000. Tabarin headed the lists of public balls with receipts exceeding £13,400, those of the Bal Bullier being but a third of that amount. Indeed all the public balls in Paris took little more than £44,000, evidencing a very considerable change in public tastes. Meanwhile the Concerts Colonne realized about £8,300, the Concerts Lamoureux about £7,670 ; and the Concerts du Conservatoire a trifle less than £5,400. Altogether about a hundred and fifty places of amusement figured in the official returns, which included also various exhibitions held in Paris that year.

It is well known that a poor-rate is levied on all Parisian places of entertainment. It was this indeed which suggested our own amusement tax, which is appropriated, however, by the State. The French tax originated in a law which was devised at the time of the Directory and which was modified and extended by later enactments. The total yield of the so-called *droit des pauvres* in Paris during 1912 was, in round figures, £284,640. The tax is, in practice, one of 9·09 per cent. on the gross receipts of all theatres, ordinary concerts, games of chance, *divertissements* and other *spectacles* ; of 15 per cent. on the gross receipts of all public dancing places ; † of 5 per cent. on the receipts of concerts given for the benefit of performers, and on those of charity fêtes which are

* Nearly £274,000 were taken by 26 "picture-palaces."

† The law allows a maximum tax of 25 per cent.

not for the benefit of Parisians ; whilst only one per cent. is levied in the case of entertainments given by friendly societies and of those which are held for the relief of Parisian poor, whether of French or of foreign birth.

But I must now *revenir à mes moutons*. Small as were the theatrical receipts in 1871, the year of the Commune, some notable pieces were then produced. For instance, Jules Verne's 'Round the World in 80 Days' was then first placed upon the stage ; and Alexandre Dumas *fils*—whose father had died in the midst of the war the previous year, and who, although already conspicuous as a dramatic author, was to rise to a yet more commanding position in connection with the French stage—gave us both 'La Visite de Noces' and 'La Princesse Georges.' Very different from these was that farcical satire on Parisian private inquiry agencies which Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy (then best known as Offenbach's customary librettists) called 'Tricoche et Cacolet.' This highly amusing piece occupies quite an outstanding position among French farces. The names of Tricoche and Cacolet have passed into the French language like the names of some of Henri Monnier's creations, Monsieur Prudhomme, Jean Hiroux, and Madame Gibou, like Eugène Sue's Pipelet and Cabrion, and Antier and Saint-Arnand's Robert Macaire and Bertrand. Judging by some of Ludovic Halévy's later writings, notably 'La Famille Cardinal,' I am inclined to think that 'Tricoche et Cacolet' was principally his work.

I cannot recall any notable musical piece of 1871. I only remember the funeral of Auber that year. A very long and distinguished career lay behind the composer of 'La Muette de Portici' and 'Fra Diavolo.' I believe that 'Le Premier Jour de Bonheur,' produced in 1868, was his last work. 'La Muette,' which made him famous, dates back to 1828. He was a Norman, born at Caen in

1782, and being endowed with a fine memory, could recall many incidents of the Great Revolution. To have described him as a grand old man in his last years would have been an error. His appearance did not suggest advanced age. Down to the end of the Second Empire, when he was often to be met on the Boulevards, holding himself erect in his grey frock-coat, he retained a sprightliness and grace of manner which was in keeping with much of his music.

With the year 1872 a revival in musical matters began. Georges Bizet, a Parisian by birth though he belonged, I think, by descent to the South of France, contributed some scenic music—symphonies and choruses—to a melodrama called ‘L’Arlésienne,’ the work of Alphonse Daudet, who was then in his thirty-second year and had but a small *bagage littéraire* behind him. The play ‘L’Arlésienne’ was founded on the story of that name which figures in the ‘Lettres de mon Moulin.’ Bizet, at this time, was known chiefly as the composer of the ‘Pêcheurs de Perles’ and the ‘Jolie Fille de Perth.’ The first (1863), whilst containing some charming passages, was of no conspicuous merit. The second (1867), based on Scott’s ‘Fair Maid of Perth,’ supplied evidence of progress on the composer’s part, and gained some measure of popularity in Paris. Sir Thomas Beecham made it known to Londoners during the recent war, but it would not appear to have been received here with much appreciation. As for the incidental music to ‘L’Arlésienne,’ this was often striking; but Bizet’s triumph with ‘Carmen’ did not come until 1875, and he did not live to enjoy it, for the first reception of ‘Carmen’ was very mixed, and the composer died that same year—then being but seven-and-thirty years of age.

It was in 1872 that Henri Litolf, whom I knew very well (he was by birth a Londoner), produced his graceful *opérette-bouffe*, ‘Héloïse et Abélard,’

the "book" being by old Clairville and young William Busnach. Of the former I shall soon have something to say; respecting the latter I may at once mention that he became the adapter of several of Zola's novels, sometimes accomplishing this work entirely himself, and sometimes working *en collaboration* with Zola. The latter's earlier personal attempts to write for the stage had resulted in dismal failure. Busnach possessed, however, what Zola lacked—a real *sens de la scène*, and although one cannot ascribe to him entirely the success of the dramatic versions of Zola's writings,—for that success was largely promoted by the prodigious circulation of the works in their form as novels—I am distinctly of opinion that the plays would have proved far less able had they been prepared exclusively by Zola himself.* The art of play-writing differs so greatly from that of novel-writing that few writers have excelled in both these branches of literature.

Zola was responsible for the scenario of 'Messidor,' composed by Alfred Bruneau, but when the latter conceived the idea of transferring 'Le Rêve' to the lyric stage, the preparation of the "book" was wisely entrusted to Louis Gallet, an expert who had prepared the *libretti* of many successful operatic works. Zola, by the way, was drawn more and more towards the stage during his last years, perhaps for the very reason that he had never reaped any personal success from his theatrical attempts. After the famous Dreyfus case, when he was undoubtedly unpopular in several sections of Parisian society, and had therefore reason to fear a hostile reception for any work of his that might be staged, he conceived the idea of writing the libretto of an opera which Bruneau was to have undertaken,

* Born in Paris in 1832, Busnach was of Arab extraction, his father having been a minister of the Dey of Algiers, who sought refuge in France. Busnach wrote from 30 to 40 pieces or libretti and founded in 1867 the Athénée Theatre.

and which was to have been produced, in the first instance, either at Brussels or in London. In the latter event I was to have prepared an English version of the book. But nothing came of the project, owing to Zola's sudden death.

I have merely mentioned Litolff *en passant*. I shall have occasion to refer to him again. I must now speak of what was really the musical event of 1872—that is the production of ‘*La Fille de Madame Angot*.’ The present generation can have no idea of the overpowering success of that famous comic opera. It came precisely at the moment when it was wanted. It cried “Begone, dull care!” to all the Parisians. It set the ball of pleasure rolling once more as it had rolled during the days of Napoleon III. Well-meaning people sighed and said: “Voilà le carnaval de l’empire qui recommence!” but Paris generally felt that a “good time” was due to it after all its sufferings; and I shall be much surprised if London does not experience a similar feeling when “controllers” are no more.

I do not know whether the idea of the book of ‘*La Fille de Madame Angot*’ occurred first to the composer, Charles Lecocq, or to one of those who prepared the “book.” But the idea was truly an inspiration of genius. It will be remembered that the scenario is laid in those very days of the Directory which I previously recalled, days when Paris, surfeited with revolutionary atrocities, turned once more, and very hungrily, to *la joie de vivre*—even as people were turning to it in 1872. That did not altogether exclude politics from the general purview, but the political situation in ’72 was such that nobody knew if the Republic would last or whether a King would be imposed on France by a majority of the baldheaded and generally unprepossessing old gentlemen who belonged to the National Assembly at Versailles. Similar doubts as to the future had prevailed at the time of the Directory, which was

essentially a transitional *régime*, marked, like the present Republic at its outset, by no little intrigue and conspiracy. Briefly, 'La Fille de Mme. Angot' was precisely a piece for the time. The censorship struck several topical references out of the book, and banned one of the duets, but the rest remained sufficiently suggestive for the Parisians, who have always been quick-witted in matters of political allusion.

The authors of the book were three in number, and it is a question as to which of them most credit should be ascribed. Two were old hands at this kind of work. Born at Lyons in 1811, Louis-François Clairville had for many years rained books of operettas, revues, *féeries*, etc., upon the composers and managers of Paris. Paul Siraudin was Clairville's junior by two years, and a Parisian by birth. Less prolific than his senior collaborator, he enjoyed a greater reputation for wit. I cannot recall under what circumstances this *amuseur des boulevards* established a sweet-stuff shop, but establish one he did, and it became renowned all the world over. It stood at one corner of the Rue de la Paix and the Place Vendôme, and Siraudin's name still appeared above it long after he had sold the business to a M. Reinhardt, who, in spite of his German name, was, I believe, a born Frenchman, possibly from Alsace. Every year, at the period of the great gift-giving Jour de l'An, otherwise the first of January, the Siraudin establishment produced a new sweetmeat, baptized by some topical name, which was frequently derived from a successful theatrical piece.

Siraudin's shop had but one real rival, Boissier's, which worked on similar lines but specialized more particularly in "chocolates." At both houses you were served by young ladies selected for their beauty, and bright eyes and smiling lips often encouraged one to deeds of great extravagance. The sweetmeats themselves might not cost very much, new

“creations” varying from ten to twenty francs a pound, but they required fitting receptacles, a casket-like box or a daintily embroidered silken bag, and as there was no limit to the cost of these adjuncts, a real void in your purse often followed a visit to one or another of the *confiseurs à la mode*. But you had a first reward in a bright smile and a tender glance from the *demoiselle* who served you, and a second in the reception accorded to your gift by its recipient—sometimes the fair lady of your heart, at others the maiden aunt from whom you had expectations.

Siraudin proved that he was an *homme d'esprit* by founding his alluring business. I am inclined to credit him with a good deal of the wit which may be found in the book of ‘La Fille de Mme. Angot.’ There was, however, a third author, Victor Koning, a much younger man, who had before him a stormy career of notoriety and misfortune which unhappily ended in madness. To Koning, I think, the first idea of the piece may have occurred. I am not certain whether Mme. Angot ever really existed, but her name had certainly been transmitted from the Directory period as that of a typical low-born woman who suddenly becomes wealthy and who, amidst luxurious surroundings and the pretensions which wealth inspires, retains her original coarse tastes and speech. A somewhat similar idea will be found underlying Sardou’s ‘Madame Sans Gêne.’ For the rest, Barras and Larivaudière are certainly historical personages. Ange Pitou really lived, besides figuring in one of Dumas’ novels, whilst Mlle. Lange actually graced the stage in the Directory’s gay days.

Charles Lecocq, the composer, was a Parisian in his fortieth year, and, until his triumph at the Folies Dramatiques, had been esteemed chiefly by members of his own profession. From that time onward, however, he became for several years one of the favourite composers of the Parisians. In

'74 he gave us the gay and sprightly 'Giroflé-Girofla.' In '75 came 'La Petite Mariée,' which was full of charm. In '78—the year of the first International Exhibition after the war—'Le Petit Duc,' with its graceful music, filled the auditorium of the Bouffes Parisiens every night. During the following year 'La jolie Persane,' melodious and rhythmical, had its turn. 'Le Jour et la Nuit,' with its really amusing book, followed in '81, and 'Le Cœur et la Main,' held by some to be, musically, the composer's best work, in the ensuing year. Meilhac and Halévy supplied the book of 'Le Petit Duc,' Charles Nuitter (archivist and librarian of the Grand Opera) that of 'Le Cœur et la Main,' and Leterrier and Vanloo the others.

At the time when 'La Fille de Madame Angot' was coining gold at the Folies Dramatiques,* the Châtelet Theatre held a success with a diverting extravaganza perpetrated by Victorien Sardou and entitled 'Le Roi Carotte.' Some of the antiques of Versailles who wished to bestow a King on France were scandalized by such an appellation as King Carrot, regarding it as a reflection upon royalty. Sardou may well have had such an intention, for he did not hesitate to "stage" his antipathies—as witness 'Rabagas,' his satire on Gambetta, which was produced that same year, 1872. I, myself, however, did not detect much that could really be construed as political allusion in 'Le Roi Carotte'—that is in the form it took on the stage, for, of course, it had been previously subjected to the blue pencil of Anastasie, as the Parisians called the Censorship. The piece was full of tuneful music, and this music was by one who then ranked as the premier composer of Parisian operettas—Jacques Offenbach.

Offenbach was by birth a German Jew, a native of the city of eleven thousand virgins, one perfume, and

* Early in '72. It was first produced late the previous year at Brussels, and then transferred to Paris. Lecocq died in the autumn of 1918.

a thousand evil smells, otherwise Cologne, where he was born in 1819. But he was also a naturalized French citizen, and he had come to regard himself as thoroughly French, thoroughly Parisian. I believe his sympathies were entirely with France during the Franco-German war, but he had some apprehensions respecting his naturalized status, though he had lived in Paris since 1833. I am inclined to class him with Heine and Meyerbeer. The former, we know, detested Prussia, and spent the latter part of his life in France. The second, though by birth a Berlineser, identified himself with the French operatic stage. The "books" of his famous productions, 'Robert le Diable' (1831), 'Les Huguenots' (1836), 'Le Prophète' (1849), 'L'Etoile du Nord' (1854), and 'L'Africaine' (1865), were provided by that prolific and versatile purveyor of virtually every branch of French dramatic writing—Eugène Scribe; and Michel Carré and Jules Barbier supplied that of the 'Pardon de Ploërmel,' which we call 'Dinorah.' Like Heine, Meyerbeer died in Paris—1864, the year preceding the production of 'L'Africaine.' What his line of conduct would have been had he lived through the Franco-German War, one cannot say, but it is difficult to regard as an "alien enemy" one who lived so many years in France, derived from her so much of his inspiration, and lavished his art upon her.

The question of the sympathies which nationality derived from blood and birthplace is said to carry with it, is at times a very perplexing one to solve. If we subscribe to the proposition "Once a German always a German," we must accept the formula "Once an Englishman always an Englishman," and if that were true, how should we account for all the thousands of our countrymen who, in our own time, have emigrated to the United States and become good American citizens? Let us suppose that the United States had joined Germany against

us. It is, I know, a preposterous idea, but I take it that if the American Government had decided to make war on us, most English-born Americans would have accepted the decision of their new country, even as most German Americans also accepted it. I put the case broadly, well aware that there are exceptions to virtually every rule, and that there are people, who, whilst assuming a new nationality, still give most of their sympathies to the old one. For that reason, a Government which becomes involved in war is bound to take all necessary precautions in regard to its subjects or citizens who originally belonged to an enemy state. It seems to me that most countries ought to overhaul their laws of naturalization, and that in Great Britain we might revert to the old-time system of royal letters of denization in regard to all foreigners. Denization conferred a right of domicile during good behaviour, but without any political or similar rights. Naturalization (essentially a modern institution) should only be granted after a fairly long term of denization, which ought also to be preceded by a probationary period.*

* I have not space here to dwell on the French system, but except in special cases it was formerly the rule only to grant naturalization after a foreigner had obtained permission to fix his domicile in France and had been of good behaviour for some years. Until 1881 very few foreigners were naturalized in France. From 1876 to 1880 the number was only 214; but 563 acquired the privilege of domicile during that period. Since 1887, when the number of naturalizations was 1522, with 3074 *autorisations de domicile*, the figures have varied in a curious fashion, increasing to 5984 naturalizations in 1890, falling gradually to 1910 in 1900, and then again rising gradually to 3563 in 1911, the last year for which complete returns are available. During the last two decades, from 1890 onward, owing to increased facilities for naturalization, the applications for the right of domicile declined to a few hundreds per annum. In 1911, 223 such applications were granted. The naturalizations of that year included 1738 Italians of both sexes with 2445 children; 1846 Belgians of both sexes with 1515 children; 520 Spaniards of both sexes with 840 children; 279 Russians of both sexes with 285 children; 209 Swiss of both sexes with 236 children; 73 English of both sexes with 74 children; 1195 Alsatian-Lorrainers with 795 children; and the following Germans: 209 men, 100 women, 194 children.

The French undoubtedly accepted Offenbach as a loyal fellow-citizen. Otherwise it would have been very difficult, if not impossible, for him to have continued his career in Paris after the war, particularly as he became less and less indispensable as a purveyor of operettas, for quite a number of French musicians, inspired undoubtedly by the example of his success, now came more and more to the front, threatening his quasi-sovereignty in the particular branch of musical art to which he owed his fame. In those days, however, there seemed to be ample room for one and all, provided their work were good, and Offenbach, for his part, was never more active than in the years following the Franco-German War. Before that time he had given us notably the 'Mariage aux Lanternes,' the first version of 'Orphée aux Enfers,' 'La Belle Hélène,' 'Barbe-Bleue,' 'La Vie Parisienne,' 'La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein,' 'La Périhole,' and 'Les Brigands,' these representing a period of about twelve years. He died in 1880, having produced since the war a revised and enlarged version of 'Orphée aux Enfers,' the music for 'Le Roi Carotte,' 'La Jolie Parfumeuse,' 'Les Cent Vierges,' 'Madame l'Archiduc,' 'Madame Favart,' and 'La Fille du Tambour Major.' Moreover he left behind him the well-known and admired 'Contes d'Hoffmann,' which was first produced in the year following his death, and in which he made a very notable effort to excel in music of genuine artistry.

The foregoing will have shown that Offenbach's last years were busy ones, crowded, moreover, with successes which Paris welcomed without a thought that the composer whom she applauded was a native of Rhenish Prussia. Reverting to that matter, let it be remembered that Offenbach was, like Heine and Meyerbeer, a Jew, and that the question of political nationality may have seemed to him of secondary importance. In one sense, prior to the '70 war, he

certainly gave some indirect encouragement to Prussia, for 'La Grande Duchesse'—produced in the Exhibition year of 1867, when royalties crowded the Théâtre des Variétés eager to laugh and enjoy themselves—was essentially a satire on the petty German states which Prussia had been annexing or mediatizing since her victory over Austria. There is a story that Bismarck, who was in Paris that year, remarked to a high French personage: "We are getting rid of the Gerolsteins, there will soon be none left. I am much obliged to your Parisian artistes for showing the world how ridiculous they were."

I have always understood that the book, by Meilhac and Halévy, was Offenbach's own idea. He used to tell amusing stories about life in petty German duchies and principalities; how, for instance, railway trains would suddenly stop in the open country, and how the engine-driver on being asked the reason for this unexpected break in the journey, would reply complacently: "I am waiting for the washing of his Serene Highness the Grand Duke"—at the same time pointing to a portly, perspiring, basket-laden female, who was trying to hurry across some ploughed fields.

I had seen Offenbach on various occasions before the war, and afterwards I more than once joined in conversation with him. I can readily recall his appearance. He seems to stand before me still—short, with a big head, a hooked nose, a gold pince-nez, long whiskers, and an overcoat whose high fur collar gave him somehow the appearance of being hunch-backed, which was not the case, though there was certainly some slight curvature of the spine. The *maestro's* general appearance was undoubtedly Jewish, but nothing about him suggested affinity with Germany. His sparkling eyes, his extreme vivacity, his frequent gesticulations, his almost dancing walk, were all incompatible with Teutonic phlegm. I remember sitting beside him one night

in the stalls at the Folies Dramatiques. The occasion was the first performance of an operetta by Cœdès, who was or had been *chef d'orchestre* at the Grand Opera, and his piece bore some such title as 'Clair de Lune.' The composer being generally regarded as *très sympathique*, everybody in the audience hoped to witness a success. Offenbach, in a very vivacious conversational mood on his arrival, chatted freely with friends and acquaintances until the overture began. He then settled himself to listen, and throughout the first act made no sign of any kind whatever. The piece had not been particularly well-staged, but that was not of much moment. The pity was the music. There was absolutely nothing distinctive about it, not the faintest sign of any originality. I caught Offenbach's eye during the interval after the first act, and his glance was extremely significant of compassion. When, however, somebody remarked to him that there was nothing noticeable in the partition so far, he replied cheerily: "Sans doute, sans doute, pas encore! Mais il faut attendre. Nous allons voir!"

It was as though he hoped that something better might ensue. But the whole piece, unhappily, was of the same character as the first act. At one moment Offenbach made a slight gesture of impatience, then sank back in his *fauteuil* with his eyes half-closed and his lips closely set. Not until it was all over did he explode, and then it was more by gesture than by words that he relieved his mingling feelings of anger and pity. Everybody hurried away, eager for some supper, which might help to banish depression. The unfortunate composer—*le malheureux*, Offenbach called him—had not even achieved a *succès d'estime*; his piece was a *four*, a *four complet*, as one used to say. I cannot recall exactly how many performances were given, but the run certainly did not last a week. For my part I cannot remember a more lugubrious "first night" in the whole of my theatre-going.

Some "first nights" in Paris are very lively affairs, even when the piece proves a failure. The audience often includes some of the author's or composer's rivals or detractors—people who by reason of their position cannot be omitted from the invitations to the function. I have seen men of that kind maliciously venting their delight at the failure of some play written by a rival. The auditorium may contain many of the author's real friends who are genuinely solicitous for the welfare of the play and desirous of saving it from disaster, but during the intervals between the acts the sarcastic remarks and the contemptuous laughter ringing out here and there, effectually silence the pleadings of well-wishers. Except on just a few occasions, which might be counted on the fingers of one hand, I never knew nor heard of an organized cabal to wreck a piece, but I have often observed signs of weakness in the earlier scenes sufficing to damn a play, although its second and, generally, crucial act might be remarkably good. But a bad first impression, which is eagerly seized hold of by the author's enemies, often indisposes the audience for the rest of the evening. Of Parisian "first-nighters" generally it may be said that they are most critical, not unfair but distinctly exacting. Now and again, however, when a favourite author does not quite attain his wonted level, he is in a measure forgiven in memory of previous good work, and a *succès d'estime* ensues. This, too, is at times the portion of a newcomer, whose work, though immature, is found sufficiently promising to warrant encouragement to another effort. Whilst, however, a *succès d'estime* is a salve to the author's feelings, it brings no satisfaction to the management, which realizes the necessity of an early change of bill.

III

FARTHER IN THE SEVENTIES—THE MAID OF ORLEANS, SOME LITERARY MEN, THE STAGE AGAIN

The Cult of Joan of Arc—Statues and Paintings of the Maid—Wallon's Book about her—Her Association with the Stage—More Operettas of the Seventies—Emile Gaboriau and his Detective Stories—F. du Boisgobey—Théophile Gautier's last Days—Jules Janin, the Prince of Critics—Francisque Sarcey—My Excursions into Theatrical and Music-hall Life—Bizet's 'Carmen'—Henri Litolf and his Failings—My Connection with the Folies-Bergère and the Concert de l'Horloge.

It was perhaps natural that after the disastrous war with Germany French patriotism should turn for consolation, as it were, to the memory of Joan of Arc. To my thinking, though others may differ from me, French art has never produced anything commemorative of the immortal Maid that can be unhesitatingly acclaimed as a great work, such as one might have expected the thought of her to inspire. There has always been something inadequate, something deficient in the achievements of the ablest French sculptors, though many disciples of sculptural art have exerted themselves to give us an effective presentment. The stamp of mediocrity rests certainly on the bronze statues by Gois and Foyatier which are supposed to adorn the city of Orleans. Though Rude was a very great artist, one cannot say that he excelled in the statue of the Maid which may be seen at the Luxembourg in Paris. Nor is Chapu's statue, which is also there, and which dates from 1872, a masterpiece. More than one objection might be taken to Albert Lefevre's effort in 1875. As for Frémiet he was essentially a sculptor of

animals, and thus, in regard to his equestrian statue of Joan, set up on the Place des Pyramides in Paris in 1874, although one may pass a fairly favourable judgment on the horse, one cannot detect in the figure that bestrides it the slightest sign of inspiration. The graceful marble statue by the young Princess Marie of Orleans, who became Duchess of Würtemberg, is to be seen at the Louvre, and, in its way, may well be admired. But it does not suggest Joan the Warrior Woman. Much less known than this familiar work is an equestrian statuette by the Princess, which is preserved at the Hôtel-de-Ville of Orleans. This attempt has its good points, and Louis-Philippe's young daughter was undoubtedly endowed with remarkable talent, which, but for her untimely death when she was only twenty-six years old, might have resulted in yet greater work than that which she left behind her. Of the equestrian statues of Joan, the one by Paul Dubois at Reims is (or was?) in my opinion by far the most able.

Several years ago when I was investigating the career of Gilles de Rais*—one of the Breton Bluebeards and for a time attached by Charles VII to the person of Joan of Arc—I noticed at the Orleans Museum, whither my work carried me, a picture representing the Maid's entry into the city after its relief. I was considerably astonished when I found that this canvas was ascribed to Fragonard. I would not like to express an opinion respecting its authenticity without seeing it again; but I wondered at the time how it happened that the painter of 'Le Serment d'Amour' and 'L'Escarpolette' had essayed an historical subject so foreign to his talent. I need scarcely add that the picture, however clever it might be in its way, in no wise supplied an adequate representation of the scene it was supposed to depict.

* My book, 'Bluebeard: Comorre the Cursed and Gilles de Rais,' was published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus in 1902, but has long been out of print.

At the same period, on the staircase of the museum of Angers, I found Eugène Devéria's Death of Joan of Arc. Delaroche's picture, I know only through the engraving made of it. This composition, like Devéria's, is essentially theatrical. In my younger days the most popular presentment of Joan was supplied by an engraving after a painting by Ingres, and this black-and-white transcription of his work was more satisfactory than the original, for Ingres, though an impeccable draughtsman, was no colourist. In 1880 came a remarkable and greatly discussed "new interpretation" of the Maid, emanating from Bastien-Lepage, who was, like her, a Lorrainer, a native of the Meuse country. Types of the Meuse peasantry frequently figure in his paintings. It might be interesting to know where and how he found the model for his much criticized Joan.

Of the many books written about the Maid I will mention only one, and that for a particular reason. It was the work of Henri Wallon, the father of the present French Constitution. A native of Valenciennes, a Professor for some years at the Sorbonne in Paris, and the author of several esteemed historical works, Wallon * became in 1871 a member of the National Assembly, and three years later, when the subject of a new Constitution was under discussion, and there was much heated controversy whether the Government should or should not be formally declared Republican—a course opposed by all the deputies who desired a monarchical restoration—under these circumstances, I say, Wallon solved the difficulty by means of an ingenious amendment which left the Republican form of government implied. A proposal that the Republic should be expressly declared had previously been brought forward by Edouard de Laboulaye, the eminent jurisconsult and publicist, but was defeated by a majority of

* His name bespoke his origin. He belonged to the Wallon, or, as we say, Walloon, race, which predominates in south-eastern Belgium.

twenty-four votes. Even Wallon's amendment only just turned the scales, being adopted by a majority of *one*—that is his own vote! Thus was the present French *régime*, merely the *de facto* form of government since September, 1870, formally accepted, though, of course, half of the deputies hoped that it would prove only a temporary stop-gap.

The question whether France was "to be or not to be" a Republic was one of the few political subjects in which Paris—apart from its working-class faubourgs—took a real interest at that time. It intruded even into theatres, gambling clubs and supper-rooms. To return, however, to Wallon, who afterwards became an able Minister of Education, his book on the Maid of Orleans was a very commendable piece of work, and has probably appealed more than any other to the general French reader of the last two generations. Even scholars cannot afford to neglect it. There is a very sumptuous edition, beautifully illustrated with plates, reproductions of famous or curious paintings, portraits, facsimiles, etc., the whole forming no unworthy tribute to the Maid's memory.

In 1873 was produced a five-act drama on Joan of Arc by Jules Barbier, the librettist of Gounod's 'Faust' and 'Roméo et Juliette,' as well as of Massé's tuneful 'Galatée.' Gounod composed some music for Barbier's drama, which was expensively produced and had, less for its own merits than by reason of its subject, some measure of success. Three years later an author-composer named Mermet tried to capture Paris with an opera on the Maid, both libretto and music being his own work. Again, however, there was only some measure of success. It is curious to note that of all the theatrical pieces on Joan the ablest is one by a German—but a German of genius, Schiller, whose tragedy on the great French heroine took Leipzig by storm in the first year of the nineteenth century. Among French

operas, directly or indirectly connected with the Maid, the best is probably Halévy's 'Charles VI,' for which Casimir Delavigne—whose work, to my thinking, has been unduly underrated by later generations—wrote the libretto. From a literary standpoint this is probably the best libretto ever written for any opera—one abounding in lines of genuine poetry. 'Charles VI' contains a famous spirited chorus-song, which is known to Parisians even nowadays. At concerts during the war of 1870-71, I more than once heard the stirring refrain—

“ Jetons le cri de délivrance !
Guerre aux tyrans !
Jamais, non jamais en France,
Jamais l'Anglais ne règnera ! ”

For *Anglais*, however, the word *Allemand* was substituted at that period, and such, naturally, has been the case of recent times.

In the earlier Seventies with which I am dealing here the taste of Paris was rather for light than for grand opera. The days were those of 'Le Roi l' a dit,' 'La Jolie Parfumeuse,' 'Giroflé-Girofla,' 'La Timbale d'Argent,' 'Les Cent Vierges,' and 'Madame l'Archiduc,' all of which were produced in 1873 and '74. All took rank as *des operettes à succès*, and were extremely amusing. For folk who did not care for mirth, there was the Châtelet theatre with 'La Haine,' and the Porte-St.-Martin theatre, where they might weep over the cruel lot of 'Les Deux Orphelines' as depicted by Adolphe d'Ennery and Cormon in their famous melodrama of that name. Thousands of people repaired to the Porte-St.-Martin to see that vile harpy La Frochard, a part taken chiefly by the old stage duenna Sophie, but assumed for a few nights by Marie Laurent. Sensitive spectators shuddered at the sight of her. Mme. Laurent (whose real name, by the way, was Alliouze-Luguet) was then forty-eight years old, and in full possession of all the powers which had made her famous as an

interpreter of melodramatic rôles. She survived for another thirty years, that is until 1904, being predeceased by D'Ennery in 1899. Of Jewish origin, and according to some accounts really named Philippe, he was an old hand at such productions as 'Les Deux Orphelines.' The most famous of all his melodramas, 'La Grâce de Dieu,' dated from 1841; yet nothing would surprise me less than to learn that it was still being played by some touring company here or there in the French provinces about the time when the recent Great War began. Fewer playwrights ever had a longer or more prosperous career than D'Ennery, who was nearly ninety years old when he died. In the course of so long a life he naturally had rivals and compeers in the branch of playwriting which he more particularly affected. He occupied in relation to melodrama much the same position as that to which Emile Richebourg attained in relation to popular *feuilleton* fiction. Both catered for audiences partial to pathos, people who found a keen enjoyment in following the misfortunes of innocence either through four long acts or through a hundred newspaper instalments, and who, when their feelings had been sufficiently played upon, were suddenly relieved and comforted by a fifth act or a hundred-and-first *feuilleton*, in which guilt was punished and virtue fittingly rewarded. By ministering to the tastes of such spectators and readers, both D'Ennery and Richebourg became men of wealth long before they died, by which time their names had been for years household words among all the *concierges*, *dames de la halle*, and *marchandes des quatre-saisons*,* to say nothing of the *midinettes* of Paris.

In 1873 there died prematurely a purveyor of popular fiction whose works I helped to make known

* This name is currently applied in Paris to the female costermongers who sell in rotation the fruits and vegetables of the four seasons of the year.

to English readers during the subsequent decade. Emile Gaboriau cannot strictly be called the creator of the detective story, or, as the French put it, *roman judiciaire*, for it existed before his time; but he certainly stamped his personality on this branch of fiction, and his 'Monsieur Lecoq' was as distinct and as able a creation as any detective imagined by Eugène Sue or Victor Hugo. Born in 1835, Gaboriau was a native of Saujon, a little place of three or four thousand souls in Saintonge—not far from the estuary of the Gironde. Saujon figures as Saulieu in 'La Corde au Cou,' one, I think, of Gaboriau's earliest stories, written before he created 'Monsieur Lecoq.' His first literary ventures, however, after he had come to Paris to study law there, thus becoming a denizen of the Quartier Latin, were, I believe, articles and booklets of no particular account on actresses, *demi-mondaines*, royal mistresses, and so forth. His father was a member of the legal profession, but experienced reverses of fortune, and young Gaboriau turned from his studies to a clerkship in a notary's office, then enlisted in a cavalry regiment, and finally took to fiction-writing as a means of livelihood. He produced altogether eight or nine long stories—some of them running to two volumes—and most were published, at least in serial form, before the Franco-German War. Then his health gave way and consumption carried him off at the early age of eight-and-thirty. A faded photograph lying before me shows a young man, slim and short, with sunken cheeks and a somewhat straggling beard.

Gaboriau's legal studies undoubtedly inclined him to the branch of fiction which he took up. He had become well versed in the criminal law, and formed an acquaintance with sundry members of the detective force. Some years after his death, when I was living on the Cours Marigny at Vincennes, M. Claude, the famous Chef de la Sûreté, with whom

I occasionally played dominoes—he had then retired from the force—told me that he had read Gaboriau's books and distinctly remembered him personally, for at one moment it had been his ambition to join the detective service. But he was not physically fitted for arduous duties, and his application failed.

Gaboriau's books may not be literature, but they are most ingeniously constructed and supply very interesting reading. When Vizetelly & Co. (my father's firm) decided to issue them in English, it was discovered in the pages of Busch or some other writer on Bismarck, that the latter, in moments of relaxation, was extremely partial to Gaboriau's books; and accordingly our series was well advertised as "Prince Bismarck's favourite reading." Its success was so pronounced that my father asked me to suggest a "follow on." I then recollected that since Gaboriau's death, Fortuné du Boisgobey had written a clever book which he called 'The Old Age of Monsieur Lecoq.' This was translated and produced by us, and led to our publishing a large number of Du Boisgobey's stories. Some of them were extremely able, virtually as good as anything by Gaboriau; but Du Boisgobey was far too prolific, and his later works by no means equalled the earlier ones.

My father and I were on very friendly terms with the Marcs, who were at the head of the senior French pictorial weekly, 'L'Illustration,' and, having also business relations with them, I used to call, when in Paris, practically every week at their offices in the Rue de Richelieu. I thus became acquainted with Théophile Gautier, who in his last years was a regular contributor to 'L'Illustration,' criticizing in its pages both the Salons and the more important theatrical productions. Like Gaboriau, Gautier was virtually killed by the Franco-German War. Our visits to the Rue de Richelieu often coincided, and,

noting after the Commune how helpless he appeared to be physically, I used to assist him to alight from his cab and to regain it when his business was concluded. Burly and ponderous, with pasty, drooping cheeks and tired, lack-lustre eyes, he struck me at the time as having well-nigh gone his course. Yet he was not an old man—only one-and-sixty when he died in 1872. At the times when I met him he seemed conscious of the fact that his end was not far off. It was in a very wistful way that he said to me one afternoon when I had rendered him a little assistance: "It is a very beautiful thing to be young and active." The words were commonplace enough, but the manner in which they were spoken gave them a deep meaning. Wrecked though Gautier's health might be, there was little if any falling off in the quality of his writing, which remained vivid, full of colour and picturesqueness, even when he was dealing with some comparatively trivial subject.

His brilliant contemporary, Jules Janin, passed away two years later, having by that time reached the age of seventy. Noted for the sparkling *verve* of his style Janin had long been called the Prince of Critics. His literary judgment was not, however, nearly so sound as that of Sainte-Beuve, who died in the year preceding the Franco-German War. But it was chiefly as the foremost dramatic critic that Janin was best known, and there certainly was a time when his pronouncements largely influenced the fortunes of a play. His times were mostly leisurely ones. In the middle years of the nineteenth century the French theatrical critic was not required to draft his "copy" at express speed the moment a first performance was over, in order that the public might read all about the new piece in the newspapers of the following morning. He was allowed time to think matters over and to deliver a considered judgment, for as a rule theatrical criticism appeared only once a week in the chief organs of the Parisian

press. That was the custom with the 'Journal des Débats,' in which Janin's pronouncements appeared as *feuilletons*. Now at the time when he signed his first contract with the 'Débats'—which must have been during the reign of Louis-Philippe—theatrical performances began and ended at earlier hours than became the case some years afterwards when Napoleon III was on the throne. Janin, who lived, if I remember rightly, at Passy, or, at all events, at a very considerable distance from the Comédie, the Odéon and the Boulevardian theatres, greatly objected to the later and later hours allotted to performances by managers who found themselves obliged to take account of the change in the Parisian dinner-hour, which passed during the Second Empire from 6 to 6.30 p.m., than to 7 p.m., and even 7.30. It should be added that for a considerable time the Paris Omnibus Company gave no regard to this change in habits, and that the bus services ceased at what would now be regarded as an abnormally early hour. Well, one evening, at about ten o'clock, Janin was seen consulting his watch and then rising from his seat at some theatre where a first performance was being given. To most of the audience the play had seemed distinctly promising, but when the Prince of Critics was observed quitting the auditorium in the middle of the second act, people generally imagined that he, the man of superior judgment, found the play so extremely poor that he could stand no more of it. The manager and the author pulled long faces, but some days later when Janin's *feuilleton* appeared it was found to contain a very appreciative though by no means detailed critique of the play from which he had fled.

A short time afterwards a similar incident occurred at another theatre. Janin consulted his watch, found it was ten o'clock or a little later, and thereupon departed. A friend who met him the following day inquired the reason of this novel

behaviour, suggesting that he had hurried off, perhaps, because he felt unwell. "Not at all, not at all," Janin replied. "The matter is simple enough. When I signed my contract with the 'Débats' performances ended in time for me to catch the last green bus, which has always taken me home. If I were to remain until the end of a performance nowadays, I should have to walk home or else engage a cab. Now I do not object to a bus fare, but I am certainly not going to pay for cabs out of my own pocket. If the management of the 'Débats' wishes me to remain till the end of a performance, my cab fares must be paid, and, what is more, a cab must be waiting for me when I quit the theatre. Meantime, I shall keep to my contract and not go beyond it."

"But is that quite fair to the authors?" asked Janin's friend. "How can one judge a play when one sees only half of it?"

"*Mon cher*," was the reply, "Do you imagine that, after attending so many first performances during so many years, I cannot tell, when once I have seen the *exposition* of a piece in the first act, and observed the tendency of the second, what is logically bound to follow?"

Early in the Seventies a paper called 'Le Bien Public' was established in the interests of Thiers and the more moderate Republican party. M. Yves Guyot became closely connected with this journal, and secured for Emile Zola, who was then fighting his way upward, the post of dramatic critic. Though Zola failed as a writer for the stage, he displayed no little good judgment in regard to the works of others. The man, however, who became essentially the Prince of Dramatic Critics under the Third Republic—that is until his death in 1899—was Francisque Sarcey, who had already sat in judgment on many plays of the Second Empire period. Sarcey made no secret of his likes and dislikes, and was cordially

detested by a good many playwrights on whose feelings he had not hesitated to trample. As time elapsed he acquired a curious tendency which at last developed almost into monomania. To put the matter broadly, he took the outlines of a play or some particular situation in it, and then attempted to show that under such or such conditions such or such a scene ought to have ensued. But the author had not supplied it, and the inference was that he had preferred to shirk a difficulty because he was not competent to deal with it. Sarcey's views in this respect were at times quite correct, and when he first indulged his *marotte* of *la scène à faire* he was found both instructive and amusing, for he threw light on the possibilities resulting from any given situation, and at the same time revealed the limitations of certain writers who entertained extremely high opinions of themselves.

But Sarcey eventually carried his theories to excess, and, presuming on the pontifical position to which he had attained, became much too dogmatical. This was largely explained by the fact that he had been educated for the scholastic profession, and was never afterwards able to shake off entirely the tendencies of a pedagogue. There was scarcely a playwright in Paris who, at one time or another, could not have turned round and inquired of him: "Are you the author of that piece or am I?" At the same time Sarcey had his weaknesses. Now and again he became enamoured of some pretty petticoat, on which for the space of a honeymoon or so he lavished unstinted praise. To some other petticoats, however, he never rendered even bare justice, though they excelled the ones that he extolled. Of course the scandalmongers found it easy to explain why some were well and others badly treated.

Early in the Seventies the 'Illustrated London News' proprietary acquired the 'Illustrated Sporting

and Dramatic News,' and the post of Paris correspondent of the latter journal was thereupon offered me. The conditions of publication made it difficult to write to any great extent on racing in France, and although I did not neglect that or any other form of sport, whenever there was anything of real importance or interest to be said, my contributions to the 'I.S.D.N.' dealt more particularly with matters theatrical. As a rule, my weekly "copy" made from two to three columns of print, and before long my initials were appended to my letters, though in those days the English press seldom departed from its rule of anonymity in regard to contributors. There were times when, as those who have read my book 'In Seven Lands' will know, I had to quit Paris in order to accompany my father to Germany, Austria, Spain, Portugal and elsewhere, but those journeys occurred more frequently in the summer or the early autumn, when there was little doing in the theatrical world of Paris. At such times I usually passed the pen to my brother Edward or my cousin Montague Vizetelly, if one or the other was available.

I certainly missed witnessing some notable performances which were given in my absence, but on the whole I had not much to regret. I was fortunately in Paris when Bizet's 'Carmen' was produced in 1875, and I was one of the very few critics, either French or foreign—who unhesitatingly recorded a most favourable impression. 'Carmen,' indeed, incurred at the first moment the danger of being damned by faint praise, such commendation as was bestowed by the majority of the critics after the first performance being given far less to the work itself than to Galli-Marie, who created the title *rôle* even as she had created that of 'Mignon' nine years previously. That she was admirable as Carmen goes virtually without saying. A Parisienne by birth she was in her thirty-fifth year in '75 and in full possession of all her powers. As for

'Carmen,' to extol its merits now would be waste of ink.

I suppose that the delight which I have always taken in music was derived by me from my mother, who often set her own words to tuneful airs. My father seemed to have no ear for music. I believe, indeed, that it really bored him. I occasionally sat beside him in opera-houses—at Paris, Berlin, Vienna—where he had to be present as a matter of duty, but he never evinced the slightest appreciation of what he heard. He would become interested in the staging of an opera, as for instance that of 'Aïda' at Berlin, but the music he seemingly regarded with indifference. In my younger days my passion was for musical pieces of all descriptions. Facilities for gaining admission to the Opéra Comique in Paris made me, however, a particular of that house when I was little more than a child. I know not how many times I may have heard 'Le Chalet,' 'Le Postillon de Longjumeau,' 'Le Pré aux Clercs,' 'La Fille du Régiment,' and 'Si j'étais Roi.' Even in more mature years, on seeing, *en passant*, one of those old favourites billed at one or another house I have not hesitated to enter in order to hear it once again.

My connection with the 'Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News' placed me in touch with many members of the French theatrical world—managers, composers, authors, vocalists, actors and actresses. With a few theatrical folk I had previously become acquainted—for instance, the rotund Marie Sass of the Grand Opera; the dignified Bressant of the Comédie Française, whose acquaintance I first made in an omnibus by which we both used to travel virtually every day; Victor Capoul, the Paul of Massé's 'Paul et Virginie'; Coquelin cadet and his (at one time) innamorata, Céline Montaland, a lady of most luxuriant charms; and Henri Litolff, the talented composer of 'Les Templiers,' 'La Boîte à Pandore,' and 'Héloïse et Abelard.' Litolff was

our neighbour at Nogent-sur-Marne, and it was this circumstance which brought us together soon after the insurrection of the Commune. He was then little more than fifty years old, but one might have thought him a septuagenarian. His appearance suggested that of Berlioz. His clean-shaven face had a waxen hue and his long, streaming hair was of a snowy whiteness. His eyes were bright but dreamy—in a word, he looked his profession. At first I thought him much older than he really was, whilst his good-looking wife seemed to me to be surprisingly young for such a very elderly husband. She was a member of the famous ducal house of La Rochefoucauld, and had married Litolff under romantic circumstances, virtually defying her high-born relations, who strongly objected to such a match. Unfortunately Litolff developed that terrible vice, an all-mastering passion for strong drink, and his circumstances thereby became very reduced. Sometimes on my way home at night I found him hopelessly intoxicated at the railway station on the Place de la Bastille, where we both had to take the train. On more than one such occasion I played the part of the good Samaritan; but Litolff became such a confirmed tippler that he had to be provided at last with a “guardian angel” in the person of a man who accompanied him to Paris every evening and returned with him to Nogent at night.

Litolff, I may explain, was then acting as *chef d'orchestre* at one of the Parisian concert and dancing halls, where he received a salary of a thousand francs a month. We all know what the craving for drink may lead to. Placed, as I have said, under a kind of restraint, this man of high talents gradually developed the greatest cunning in order to satisfy his passion. It was necessary for his guardian to watch him incessantly, for at the first opportunity off he went, rushing away until he reached some secluded boozing den where he could tipple as far

as his purse allowed. In my romance 'The Lover's Progress,' there figures a composer who on one occasion, after dining and wining well, calls loudly for coffee, "as sweet as love, as black as the devil, and as hot as hell," and who at another time insists on playing a composition called the 'Dance of Death,' much to the horror of a hitherto merry supper party. In those pages it was Litolf whom I endeavoured to portray.

One day, whilst I was walking along the Boulevards, I was accosted by a music-publisher named Dignat, with whom I had become acquainted during my theatrical experiences. He told me that he had just accepted the position of manager at the Folies-Bergère, which was then being run by Léon Sari, who before the Franco-German War had acquired some notoriety by producing "leg pieces" at a little house called the Délassements Comiques. The Folies was in a bad way at this time, owing in part to Sari's extravagance and neglect. The upshot of my conversation with Dignat was that I undertook certain secretarial duties and assisted him generally in providing an entertainment which might again attract the Boulevardian world to a house which was fast becoming deserted. It was then that the bright idea occurred to me of treating the jaded Parisians to an English pantomime harlequinade—English companies, first one under Tom Lovell, and later one under Fred Evans, being engaged for this purpose. The Majiltons and other clever variety artists were also secured. Olivier Métra, "the French Strauss," who, in spite of the world-popularity of the 'Valse des Roses,' was vegetating as conductor at the dancing-hall of the Elysée Montmartre, was engaged by us as *chef d'orchestre* and commissioned to compose some sparkling ballets for an adequate troupe of lively girls, and, briefly, in a surprisingly short space of time the Folies-Bergère started on a career of renewed prosperity which never ceased to increase down to

the advent of the Great War. As for my personal experiences in connection with the house, these are indicated in 'The Lover's Progress'—the romance to which I previously referred.

Some of our English variety artists, with whom, notably the Majiltons, I was soon on very friendly terms, afterwards secured engagements at the *Café-concert de l'Horloge*, one of the open-air establishments in the *Champs Elysées*. It was being run by an Austrian named Stein, who had amassed considerable means by importing Viennese beer into France. French beer, be it said, was in those days altogether execrable. Stein was a man of very jovial disposition, and as I had been in Vienna (1873) and could talk to him of his beloved *Prater*, *Dreher's* brewery, and the *Esterhazy Keller*, we were soon on friendly terms together, and in summer-time I often dropped in at the *Horloge* to enjoy a glass of his "particular" and chat and smoke with him.

But my connection with the *Folies-Bergère* ceased—*Dignat* joining forces with *Vizentini* at the *Théâtre Lyrique*—and I was repeatedly called away from Paris, going to *Madeira*, *Teneriffe*, *Portugal*, and eventually *Italy*. Thus, although I always returned to Paris after each excursion, and invariably experienced a keen delight at setting foot on the asphalt of the *Boulevards* once more, my acquaintance with Stein ceased. One day, however, in May, 1878, the year of the Republic's first great Exhibition, I chanced to stroll into the *Horloge*, where I was greeted as an old friend. In the midst of the performance that evening Stein's acting-manager fell down some stairs leading to the dressing-rooms, which were underneath the stage, and broke his leg. He had to be removed, and on being appealed to by Stein I took, on the spur of the moment, charge of the remainder of the performance. For about a month I discharged virtually all the managerial duties, regulated the performances, supervised rehearsals,

and drew up the programmes. Then, Stein's manager recovering, I was offered the management of the dancing-hall of the Casino Cadet, where a clever but bibulous Pole named Markowski, who claimed to have introduced the mazurka to Western Europe, was acting as *chef d'orchestre*. I knew, however, to what classes the bulk of the frequenters of the Casino Cadet belonged, and so I declined Stein's proposal, and never afterwards took part in the management of any Parisian house of entertainment.

I may conclude this chapter by mentioning a few incidents of Parisian life which have not been chronicled in my previous pages. In 1872 there was a great stir over a *crime passionnel*—the murder of a young woman named Dubourg by her husband, who escaped with a few years of imprisonment. In '73 we had two sensations, the death of Napoleon III and the trial of Marshal Bazaine—events which, like the Dubourg affair, are narrated at length in my book 'Republican France.' During the same year, '73, the Persian Shah visited Paris and was accorded an unduly magnificent reception. In '74, when both Michelet and Guizot passed away, Paris was long kept in a state of horror by a series of brutal murders perpetrated near Limours in Seine-et-Oise. Several of these crimes were traced to a peasant named Poirier who had developed a positive mania for taking human life.

IV

THE END OF THE SEVENTIES

Inauguration of the New Opera—Massé's 'Paul et Virginie'—Erckmann-Chatrian's 'L'Ami Fritz'—Coppée's 'Le Passant'—Sarah Bernhardt and the Comédie Française—Etienne Mélingue—Frédéric Lemaître—Lafontaine—Political Unrest—The Situation in Literature—The Salons and a few Popular Pictures—Detaillé, de Neuville, J. P. Laurens—Revival of the Noble Faubourg—E. C. Grenville-Murray—Work and Pleasure—The Great Exhibition of 1878.

IN January, 1875, the new Opera-house, the building of which had been in progress ever since 1861, was at last inaugurated. The huge pile covered $2\frac{3}{4}$ acres of ground, which had been acquired at a cost of £420,000. On the building itself no less than £1,440,000 were expended. Sundry details were modified whilst the work was proceeding. For instance, immediately after the Revolution of 1870 all the imperial crowns and eagles and the initials of Napoleon III were removed or effaced, whilst alterations were also carried out with respect to the imperial box, its adjacent *salons*, and the special approach intended for the court equipages. In all essential respects, however, Charles Garnier's original plans were adhered to. Garnier, a Parisian by birth, was but five-and-thirty years old when those plans were adopted. After the final scaffoldings were removed from the new building the critics did not regard its front elevation as an unqualified success. Seen from the square, the entrance floor, which was approached merely by a few steps, looked low and squat, dwarfed and crushed by the long, lofty colon-naded loggia above it. The completion of the

Avenue de l'Opéra was needed in order that the edifice might be seen to more advantage. However, no little praise was bestowed on the grand staircase, and the two lounges—that is the public *foyer* and the *foyer de la danse*—whilst the auditorium, though it had no particularly original features, was generally approved. Of the innumerable decorations some were extolled, perhaps excessively, and others more or less criticized. The paintings by Paul Baudry were the most admired; whilst Carpeaux' group of *La Danse* decorating the façade was of all the sculpture the most questioned.

Completed in 1869, this group was certainly a very realistic daring performance for those days. "An orgy, a saturnalia, a national disgrace," shrieked some of the pontiffs of art. "Cart it away, send it to the Bal Bullier or the Jardin Mabille!" clamoured others. One night some wrathful and foolish person disfigured this much-abused piece of statuary by dashing some ink over it, whereupon it naturally became more conspicuous and questionable than ever. The stains were only removed with great difficulty; possibly, indeed, some trace of them may still remain; however, the outrage seemed to appease the detractors of Carpeaux' work, and the agitation subsided.

Visitors to the Grand Opera may be reminded that its paintings, its sculpture, its decorations generally, sum up the art of a well-defined period of French history—the Second Empire. The initials of Napoleon III have been removed, but nothing can alter the fact that this edifice and its adjuncts, with all their merits and all their faults, belong essentially to his reign, although he had fallen from power and was, indeed, dead when everything was ready for inauguration. It was said in '75 that the gilding, bronzing and polychromatic work which Garnier lavished on this structure—he employed thirty-three distinct varieties of marble—suggested in a striking

way the tinsel and glitter of the last Imperial *régime*. One critic likened the edifice to a huge *bonbonniere*, and he was not altogether wrong.*

The Lord Mayor of London (Alderman Stone) came to Paris in state for the inauguration—which was the first great social function witnessed under the present Republic—and was received with virtually regal honours. London's chief magistrate at least exercised more authority than the various throneless royalties who attended the ceremony as the guests of Marshal MacMahon, President of the Republic. Isabella of Spain, Francis II of Naples, and blind George of Hanover had lost their crowns, and the Orleans princes were never to secure the one which they coveted.

As I previously recorded, 'Carmen,' produced at the Opéra Comique, was the musical event of that year—'75. During the ensuing twelvemonth, Victor Massé, already known by his 'Galatée' and his 'Noces de Jeannette,' gave us 'Paul et Virginie,' which inspired some amusing comic songs, a sure proof of popularity in Paris. There was diversity of opinion respecting 'L'Ami Fritz,' a comedy which was based by Erckmann-Chatrian on their story of the same name. When it was staged during '76 at the Théâtre Français, some people held that it grossly libelled the Alsatians—and in fact, as it was first performed, there was certainly too much guzzling and gorging in the piece. Milder critics on their side opined that it would have been better to have abstained from evoking the memory of the lost provinces on the stage, even though the authors were natives of the territory which Germany had filched from France. 'L'Ami Fritz,' however, certainly proved a *succès de curiosité*, and drew thousands of spectators to the Comédie Française. Another theatrical success of that year was François

* The stage of the Grand Opera-house is 180 feet in width, 80 feet in depth, and 47 feet in height.

Coppée's graceful one-act comedy, 'Le Luthier de Crémone,' which recalled memories of his charming earlier work, 'Le Passant' (Odéon, 1869), by which Sarah Bernhardt had been first brought into notice. Her star was to rise to its zenith during the ensuing years of the Third Republic, whose great *tragédienne* she was destined to become. But the genuine fame which was to be her due was preceded by much blatant notoriety.

In that earlier period of the "divine" Sarah's career—she was but five-and-twenty when she appeared in 'Le Passant'—no little restless eccentricity was blended with her genius. At quite an early stage the caricaturists pounced upon her as a model well suited to their art. She was so extremely slim, so slight, so willowy, so frail of aspect that it seemed as if the faintest spring breeze would suffice to blow her over the house-tops. Accordingly the caricaturist who desired to be kind portrayed her as a sylph, whilst the wretched man who was bent on being as unkind as possible depicted her as a kind of living skeleton. In the shop windows or the pages of illustrated journals one or another presentment of her was always to be seen. In April, 1880, apropos of some adverse criticism of her impersonation of Doña Clorinde in Augier's play, 'L'Aventurière,' she quitted the Comédie Française, though she was not entitled to do so. Others, however, in later years took the very same course, for the *sociétaires* of the Comédie were bound by rules which, if justifiable at the time of Napoleon's famous decree of Moscow, could scarcely satisfy the aspirations of leading players in the days of the Third Republic.

It was undoubtedly an honour to belong to the Comédie Française, and the shares or *parts* allotted to the *sociétaires*, and the pensions or *retraites* which ensued in later years, sufficed for subsistence; but the *sociétaires* were tied to the theatre, and could

perform nowhere else unless they were expressly "lent" or received "leave" for a very limited period. On the other hand, they saw fellow actors and actresses of the Boulevardian theatres entering into such contracts as they pleased, receiving larger and larger salaries, touring the world, carrying the genius of the French stage in every direction, and reaping the plaudits of many nations. Limited ambition might rest content with membership of the Comédie's company, with the security this offered, with the honour of belonging to the foremost theatrical organization in the world, and of seeing people come to Paris expressly to witness one or another performance, but to higher ambition the restraints imposed by the regulations became irksome and at times quite unbearable.

Sarah's struggle with the Comédie was not the only matter that tended to her notoriety. A hundred eccentric actions were imputed to her, some of them truly enough, and others quite falsely. There was, however, always some fresh story about her going the round of the Press. Now it had something to do with a pet bear or a cherished tiger-cub which was said to have made its escape from her residence, to the terror of all who met it on their walks abroad. Now there was a question of a coffin, lined with black satin, in which Sarah was said to sleep at night by way of preparing herself for the eternal repose which would some day become her lot. Next she was said to be writing poetry to a new metre or a play on most original lines. Afterwards she was supposed to be trying her hand at painting. Then she had resolved to become a sculptor, and was already modelling a bust. There was truth in the reports about her literary and artistic attempts, for her restless versatility ever sought some fresh outlet. Amidst it all (1882) she married Jacques Damala, an actor of Greek origin, from whom she soon parted. In one or another way

Sarah's name was always before the public, irrespective of the art of which she became so accomplished an interpreter. As a *tragédienne* she stands forth in the theatrical annals of the Third Republic, as Mles. George and Duchesnois did in those of the First Empire, and as Rachel did from the days of Louis-Philippe to the earlier years of the third Napoleon's rule. Between Rachel and Sarah a link in the *tragédienne's* art was supplied by the less remembered Léonide Agar, a woman of powerful personality and embittered life.

In the Seventies the stage lost two leading impersonators of the old romantic drama, such as Dumas the elder had often provided for the entertainment of the Parisians. Etienne Mélingue passed away in '75. He had begun life as a carpenter, but took to carving and modelling, and on coming from Caen, his native place, to Paris, was employed on some of the ornamental work at the church of the Madeleine. Mélingue's nature was a restless one, however, and he at last joined an obscure company of players. Dumas, I believe, saw him acting some part or other at a little Paris theatre, and was so struck by his ability that when the famous melodrama called the 'Tour de Nesle' was produced at the Porte-St.-Martin, he gave him the leading part of Buridan. Mélingue's success was instantaneous. Quick and ardent, with cavalier ways, he excelled in what are called *cape et épée* parts. During my boyhood I saw him in one of the many revivals of the 'Tour de Nesles'—a play, by the way, for which Dumas took all the credit, though Gaillardet, his collaborator, claimed to have done virtually all the work—which, remembering how much Auguste Maquet wrote of Dumas' romances, may well have been the case. A few lines of the 'Tour de Nesle'—which has as its theme the amours of the profligate Margaret of Burgundy—still survive, having passed into the French language. One phrase is used to signify

a determination for revenge after one has been worsted in some encounter. In the play Margaret has Buridan cast into the deepest dungeon of the tower of Nesle, whereupon the brave young knight, far from losing heart, shakes his chained arms and cries: "Bien jouée, Marguerite, à toi la première manche, mais à moi la revanche!" Many a night have those words rung out in a Parisian café when a customer, after losing a game of dominoes, has claimed his revenge; and, times changing, often were they repeated by *poilus* on the French front in the recent war after some advantage had been gained by the enemy. An equally familiar sentence: "C'est une belle nuit pour une orgie à la tour," comes from the same play.

Another of Mélingue's successful parts was that of Benvenuto Cellini in the drama of the same name. In one scene of this production he worked very cleverly at a statuette of Hebe. There is no doubt that he possessed genuine talent as a sculptor, for he repeatedly exhibited at the Salons, and gained some well-deserved prizes for what he showed. His wife was a *pensionnaire* of the Comédie Française, where she played in drama and comedy under the name of Mme. Théodrine; and both of their sons became well known as painters of talent. The elder, who died in 1889, left one particularly clever picture, 'A Dinner at Molière's at Auteuil'; while the younger, who, I believe, is still with us, first tried his hand at landscape-painting and afterwards turned to historical episodes.

Mélingue was followed to the grave during the ensuing year by his contemporary and fellow Norman, Frédéric Lemaître, long known as the Talma of the Boulevards. Frédéric's most famous creation was undoubtedly the character of Robert Macaire, in the play called 'L'Auberge des Adrets,' by Antier, Saint-Amand and "Polyanthe." The two first-named authors afterwards wrote a continuation or

sequel which bore the title of 'Robert Macaire,' Lemaître having made that name quite famous. Indeed, from that time—the year 1823—it was constantly used by literary men and the public generally to designate a bold, boastful, swaggering scoundrel who, besides robbing, does not hesitate to murder; whilst the name of his bosom companion and acolyte, Bertrand, is applied to one who, with an equal inclination to villainy, but a more simple mind, is constantly led into criminal deeds by his principal's commanding influence. Honoré Daumier helped to popularize the types of Robert Macaire and Bertrand by a series of powerful designs which fixed these scamps in the public imagination.

From the time when Frédérick Lemaître created the rôle of Macaire he played at virtually every great theatre of Paris excepting the haughty and exclusive Comédie Française. Tall and broad-shouldered, built indeed like an athlete, he excelled in parts which applied to a wild, passionate nature. Nevertheless, when occasion required it, he could take the rôle of quite an elegant personage with the most polished and charming manners. At another time he would be all sarcasm and cynicism, or would put on the ways of a disorderly, devil-may-care "bohemian." He gave a wonderful impersonation of the chief part in the great gambling play which Victor Ducange called 'Trente Ans ou la Vie d'un Joueur'; and it was expressly for him that Alexandre Dumas wrote 'Kean ou Désordre et Génie.' Born at Le Havre in 1800, Frédérick's * best days were naturally quite past at the period when on a few occasions I saw him perform; but the leonine head and bearing were still there, and at times he could still summon the lion's roar to thrill his audience.

Another noteworthy actor of the time to which

* Lemaître assumed the name of Frédérick. His real Christian names were Antoine Louis Prosper. He was a well-educated man of good middle-class birth, his father having been an architect.

I have been referring, but one who survived until almost the end of the century, was Lafontaine—that is (to give him his real name) Louis Marie Henri Thomas, grandson of Antoine Thomas, the eighteenth-century panegyrist of the French Academy. Young Thomas was at first intended for the Church and placed in a seminary, but he ran away to sea, deserted from his ship, became a commercial clerk, and afterwards a hawker, as which he finally made his way to Paris, where, speedily becoming stage-struck, he resolved to join the “profession.” For a period he vegetated in minor parts under the assumed name of Charles Rook. But he possessed a real sense of the dramatic, and in 1856, when he was but thirty years old, and had already acted at the Porte-St.-Martin and the Gymnase, he entered the Comédie Française as a *pensionnaire*. There, however, he quarrelled with the directorate, and he ended by returning to the Boulevardian stage. He was extremely versatile, but sometimes attempted parts for which he was not at all suited, and thus he failed in some rôles of the Comédie’s *répertoire*.

After the Franco-German War I often saw him perform in one or another piece at the Odéon, the Porte-St.-Martin, the Gymnase and the Gaîté. His greatest successes were achieved in the ‘Fils de Famille,’ ‘Frou-Frou,’ and finally ‘Abbé Constantin.’ I remember him also in a *cape et épée* melodrama called ‘Le Gascon,’ for which Offenbach composed some clever incidental music. Lafontaine acted the title rôle (which suggested D’Artagnan) in the genuine style of Mélingue, whose achievements he well remembered; and sensitive people were always thrilled by the artistic manner in which he died upon the stage to the accompaniment of a very pretty dreamy melody by Offenbach, which in these later years has often recurred to me, haunting me, I know not why, in a very curious fashion. For a considerable time the ‘Gascon’s Death Song,’ as it was called, proved very popular in Paris.

On the musical stage the year 1877 was marked by the first performances of Audran's 'Grand Mogol,' Massenet's vigorous yet poetical 'Roi de Lahore,' Saint Saëns's stately and much-admired 'Samson et Dalila,' and last, but not least, by the most popular of Robert Planquette's operettas, the familiar 'Cloches de Corneville,' which proved, perhaps, the most successful piece of its kind since 'La Fille de Madame Angot.' Its tuneful airs were carried all the world over, for it kept the stage throughout the ensuing year, 1878, when many thousands of foreigners flocked to Paris to visit the first great International Exhibition held there since the war of 1870-71. Once more then did the recuperative energy and the genius of France become manifest.

There was still some political unrest, for the Royalists had not quite despaired of turning the Republic into a monarchy, and the Clericalists were still constantly agitating the question of the Temporal Power of the Papacy, though the stubborn, *intransigent* Pontiff Pius IX died in January that year, being succeeded by the far more diplomatic Leo XIII. Thiers had passed away in May, '77, Gambetta now becoming the principal Republican leader. Mac-Mahon's attempts to stay the march of Republicanism by dismissing Jules Simon from office and entrusting power first to the Duke de Broglie and M. de Fortou, and later to General de Rochebouët, had proved abortive, and he had been constrained to reconstitute an administration of at least moderate Republicans under M. Dufaure. This led to some quietude, so that the Exhibition period began with a kind of political truce. Whatever their political differences might be, all Frenchmen were well pleased that their country should offer to the world the spectacle of a nation reborn, as it were, after the greatest disasters, and excelling once more in industry, science and art.

Literature, moreover, was again in the ascendant. Already in '72 the war with Germany had inspired the veteran Victor Hugo to write his eloquent distressing 'Année Terrible,' whilst the insurrection of the Commune had afterwards induced him to trace that dramatic tableau of the Reign of Terror, which he called "'93." But in 1877 he sounded a far milder and kindlier note in the compositions which were gathered together under the title of 'L'Art d'être Grand-père.' In fiction a younger generation of writers was rapidly coming to the front. George Sand was dead ('76), Flaubert was declining, even the Goncourt Brothers had done their best work. But Alphonse Daudet was pushing forward with his 'Froment jeune et Risler aîné,' his 'Jack' and his 'Nabab.' In two more years 'Les Rois en Exil' and 'Numa Roumestan' would follow. As for Zola, his Rougon-Macquart series was well advanced, and 'L'Assommoir' was the talk of Paris. Maupassant, moreover, was penning some of his best stories, and, on all sides, there were signs of literary activity.

The Salons, then held at the now demolished Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées, had been chiefly remarkable ever since the war for the great number of battle pictures and other works depicting military episodes which were exhibited. These paintings were of all sorts, good, bad, and indifferent, and many had a distinctly depressing effect by reason of the bitter memories which they revived. Alphonse de Neuville, however, had made himself both famous and popular by his well-known 'Dernières Cartouches,' that stirring episode of the desperate defence of Bazeilles near Sedan. His young *confrère*, Edouard Detaille, who afterwards collaborated with him in painting a panorama of the battle of Champigny (siege of Paris, 1870), was also coming to the front rank. In my opinion, however, Detaille's work never equalled De Neuville's, for though it at first showed great promise, and at times

real energy of treatment, it ended by becoming formal and spiritless. Detaille paid too much attention to the details of uniforms, his troopers were too spick and span, they did not figure in any real engagement, they merely appeared in a parade, a review, or at best a sham fight. De Neuville's representations of warfare were far more realistic, though in that respect they fell short of the work with which Verestchagin afterwards startled those good people who knew nothing of war's sufferings and horrors. In the days to which I have been referring Meissonier was still alive, and turning to larger compositions than those to which he had accustomed us. We had passed from Imperial to Republican days, yet Meissonier did not waver in his cult of Napoleon and the First Empire.

I can recall just a few paintings which for one or another reason—chiefly their subjects—attracted general attention at the Salons of the Seventies. One of these was Gérôme's 'Eminence Grise,' in which the painter depicted Richelieu's *confident*, Father Joseph, descending some steps amidst bowing and cringing courtiers. Another picture, before which groups of people always assembled, was a work by Jean-Paul Laurens, who was steadily rising to celebrity. It represented the Duke d'Enghien of Napoleon's time listening, in the moat of the fortress of Vincennes, to the reading, by the light of a lantern, of the sentence condemning him to death. A few years later another painting by Laurens attracted even greater notice. It depicted the lifeless Marceau lying, still in uniform, on a bed, by the side of which were gathered the Austrian general—Clerfayt, I think—and his staff officers, all with their heads bared and bowed, in reverential homage, as it were, to that heroic adversary of theirs who at twenty-seven years of age had given his life for France and the Republic. Byron's line—

“Brief, brave and glorious was his young career,”

comes irresistibly to mind when one thinks of Marceau. Those same words might be applied to many who gave their lives for Britain and Right and Justice during the recent great struggle.

Most of the painters whose works figured at the earlier Salons of the Third Republic were survivals of the Second Empire period, though the "open-air" and the impressionist schools, led by Bastien-Lepage and Edouard Manet, were well on the warpath. Bouguereau was still painting pretty "mythologies." Henner was still in his prime, and one year his 'Alsacienne,' a female figure typical of his grief-stricken native province, became one of the most admired exhibits. It passed, by presentation, I believe, into the possession of Gambetta. Portraits abounded at those early "shows." On almost every wall you perceived the presentment of a general or a politician, and year by year the number of fashionable ladies portrayed in velvets, silks, satins and laces steadily increased. It was evident that such painters as Dubufe, Cabanel and Carolus Duran (real name, Charles Durand) were busy men. One wondered how they had found time to turn out so many gleaming or shimmering studies of the costliest fabrics draped by Worth or Pingat or La Ferrière on the female form divine.

The feminine element had once more become very conspicuous in Paris. All the ladies of the Imperialist and Royalist *noblesse* formed little coteries which dabbled in politics. Some wished France to have another Emperor, others desired either a divine-right or a constitutional King. Boudoir cabals were formed, and the rival coteries warred against one another as well as against the Republic. There was something marvellous about the resurrection of the noble Faubourg St. Germain. During Napoleon III's sway of twenty years or so the great majority of the Faubourg's denizens had remained sulking stubbornly against the impudent usurpation

of yet another Bonaparte, who, given his mother's scandalous reputation, was perhaps no Bonaparte at all. The great *portes-cochères* of the large massive-looking mansions belonging to noble families who traced their ancestry back far into the days of the old *régime*, remained tightly closed. The windows which overlooked the streets were often shuttered. Never was there any sound of revelry at night, never a line of carriages waiting in the courtyards, where weeds sprouted between the paving-stones. The noble Faubourg remained in gloom from the time of the Coup d'Etat till the end of the Communalist insurrection. Then, however, it suddenly began to wake up. Priceless old furniture was dusted and furbished, new hangings appeared at the windows, the carriage-ways were opened, flowers decorated the steps and balconies, footmen in gorgeous liveries waited in the halls, the salons were all light and splendour, the dining-tables were hospitably spread, music sounded, guests arrived, people ate and talked and laughed and danced, and every face was eager, bright, wreathed in happy smiles. How wonderful is the effect of Great Expectations! In one or another way, by mortgaging town residences or selling farms, the Parisian aristocracies raised money, and began to live once more in as near a fashion to the good old times as was yet possible.

Moreover, Paris was invaded by shoals of petty aristocrats from the provinces, who had resorted to every possible device in order to procure the wherewithal to cut a figure in the capital and wait there for the day when the King would come to his own again and they might solicit from him some such posts as their names and the services of their ancestors might, in their estimation, justify. Thus the fashionable world of Paris became even larger than in the days of the Empire, and the leading *couturiers* and *couturières* found business increasing by leaps and bounds. For a while, indeed, the Septennate, as

the *régime* was called—MacMahon having been elected for seven years—proved the very gayest of times. The fashionable drive in the Bois de Boulogne was crowded with equipages every afternoon. Great ladies in the bravest and sprightliest array flocked to the Salons or the Horse Shows, which were also held at the Palais de l'Industrie; and on race Sundays the *pésage* at Longchamp became a veritable parterre of beauty and elegance.

Grenville-Murray, an illegitimate scion of the house of Buckingham and Chandos, was at that period contributing to the 'Pall Mall Gazette' a number of bright, lively, satirical articles, in which he described all sorts of phases of Parisian social life. Other articles, which were not quite so light in tone, were at the same time supplied by him to the 'Daily News.' I came in touch with him by chance, and occasionally rendered him a little assistance. He knew that I myself sent articles to the 'Pall Mall,' notably on feminine fashions, on which subject I was regarded almost as an expert—my first journalistic work, in the Empire's days, having been the Paris fashions articles for the 'Illustrated London News.' When my father was establishing the publishing business of Vizetelly & Co., he arranged with Grenville-Murray to write several books for him, the outcome being such volumes as 'Sidelights on English Society,' 'Under the Lens,' 'People I have Known,' and so on. Rights in Murray's 'Pall Mall' articles on Parisian society were also acquired by Vizetelly & Co.; but nothing had been done with respect to their publication in book form when Murray died quite suddenly at his cosy little residence in the Faubourg St. Germain. On his articles afterwards being handed to me, I found them out of date in various respects, but I took them in hand, touched most of them up in one or another part, amalgamated others, and virtually rewrote three or four of them. I gave the series the title of 'High Life in France,'

and as such the book was issued and proved remarkably successful. As I had occasionally "devilled" for Murray, knew his views and method of work, and was generally conversant with the subjects he treated, I was, I daresay, more qualified than others might have been to prepare the 'High Life' volume for the press. I have no wish, however, to exaggerate my own share in it, particularly as I desire to add that no other book in our language gives as good an idea of what Parisian society was like during MacMahon's presidency and the immediately succeeding years.

I was indebted to Grenville-Murray for a few introductions to French aristocratic families. One of my old schoolfellows at Bonaparte was also in the aristocratic swim, and took me both to that recognized school of politeness, the stately and polished *salon* of the Marquise de Blocqueville, and to the semi-artistic, semi-political *soirées* given by the handsome Countess de Beaumont, sister to Mme. de MacMahon. I often met Murray on the Boulevards, and now and again we went to sup together in Brébant's large room at the corner of the Faubourg Montmartre. Here one fell in with the Boulevardian crowd—writers, actors, artists, adventurers, *cocottes* and so forth. I know, and I confess it, that I began to burn the candle at both ends. My connection with the French theatrical world brought disturbing elements into my life. I certainly never ceased working, but I found enjoyment very much to my taste, and in order to secure time for both work and pleasure I tried the prescription which is indicated in one of Tom Moore's best songs, that is, in order to lengthen my days, I stole at first a few, and afterwards a good many, hours from the nights.

Unfortunately a penalty always follows such a regimen. I was born, I believe, with a constitution which ought to have carried me through some four-score years and ten. But I am still far from having

attained any such age, and there are times when I already feel desperately tired. Had I not tried too quick a pace in the days of my youth it would have been better for mine old age. When a man is young and vigorous, however, the witching hours of night are very delightful, very fascinating. I can recall nights spent with friends in and around the Central Markets of Paris, others exploring thieves' haunts in the northern districts of the city, others rollicking in the Quartier Latin, and others again in the supper-rooms on the Boulevards. I remember, after hours spent in supping and fun and frolic, driving with friends in an open cab to the Bois de Boulogne, and at five o'clock in the morning drinking milk there. Then, returning to Paris, we would drive to one of the Seine swimming-baths, plunge into the cold water, emerge from it like giants refreshed, and afterwards betake ourselves homeward to change our clothes and prepare for the day's work. Heavy heads seldom followed, because however much vitality we might expend we did not drink to excess. If we intoxicated ourselves it was chiefly with prattle and jest and laughter. At Carnival time we often did silly things. I confess that I have gone to a *bal masqué* at the Opera with my face lavishly painted, and surmounted by a flaring red wig. But *que voulez vous !* My own view is that unless one amuses oneself whilst one is young, one never really amuses oneself at all, for life, as it progresses, brings with it too many cares, one or another of which always intrudes upon one like the skeleton at the feast. But now, my confession having been made, let me return once more to my narrative and give some account of the Great Exhibition year which showed that Paris had really become herself again.

There had been two general international exhibitions in the city during the period of the Second Empire. It was for the first, which was held in 1855, that is in the midst of the Crimean War, and was

visited by Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, and their elder children—the future Empress Frederick and Edward VII—that the so-called Palais de l'Industrie was erected in the lower part of the Champs Elysées. From 1856 till 1900, when the building was demolished, it served for the annual fine-art Salons, horse and cattle shows, and such other exhibitions as it could accommodate, its length being 824 feet and its breadth about 222 feet. Those dimensions were altogether inadequate for the great Exhibition which it was proposed to hold in 1867, the period of the Empire's apogee, and the site selected for this purpose was therefore the military exercising ground known as the Champ de Mars. Here arose a huge temporary structure, inclined to be oval in shape and constructed largely of metal, most of which was painted a dull red. The critical Parisians promptly christened this unprepossessing building "the Gasometer," and when seen from a distance it did suggest some such structure.

But its arrangements were extremely ingenious, and, as one who has visited most of the other world shows held since those days, I am of opinion that no better arrangements could really be devised. Sectors of the oval (extending from the outer to the innermost ring, which looked on to a small central garden,) were allotted to the different exhibiting countries, and exhibits of the same category invariably had to be displayed in one particular concentric gallery or ring, extending round the building. It followed that if you were interested in a certain class of product or manufacture you merely had to confine your peregrinations to the same concentric gallery, making the circuit of the building and inspecting on the way the various goods of the same category made in the different countries of the world. If, on the other hand, you wished to study the products, manufactures, arts, etc., of a particular country, you simply had to keep to that country's sector of the

oval, crossing the latter from the outer ring to the central garden. The outer ring, by the way, was a succession of cafés, bars, restaurants and so forth, which served to illustrate the eating and drinking habits of mankind. On quitting the grounds, which were full of specimen dwellings of artisans, peasants and other inhabitants of one and another country—France, Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain, etc.—you could, before inspecting the exhibits in the palace, secure sustenance for the inner man at one or another of the outer gallery's refreshment places, sampling one day the cuisine of France, on another, perhaps, that of Spain or China, and on yet another the jolly "roast beef of old England," which last Messrs. Spiers and Pond imported specially every day. Their great bar was patronized by all the young mashers of Paris—*gandins* and *petits crévés* we used to call them—and this was not surprising, for twenty or thirty of the most beautiful girls in all the British Isles had been carefully recruited to minister to the requirements of customers.

Paris was remarkably gay that year. Among the high and mighty personages who visited Napoleon III were the Russian and Austrian Emperors, the Sultan of Turkey, the King of Prussia, attended by Bismarck and Moltke, the King of the Belgians, the Kings of Portugal and Sweden, the Prince of Wales (Edward VII), and hosts of Grand Dukes, Arch-dukes, and other royal or princely folk of every possible category. Over 52,000 exhibitors participated in the great show on the Champ de Mars, nearly 16,000 of them being French, whilst the British numbered over 6000. The Exhibition was organized by the eminent economist Frédéric Le Play; and a yet more renowned economist, Michel Chevalier, the foremost upholder of free-trade doctrines in France, was at the head of the international jury which pronounced on the merits of the different exhibits and granted suitable awards.

Many of the foremost men of the age contributed to the reports which were subsequently issued, and the historian who might wish to sum up the resources, the position, in virtually every respect, of the whole world in what was still the middle period of the nineteenth century, would find a mountain of materials for his purpose in those exhaustive reports on the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

Three years later France was invaded. But the war passed, and the recuperative energy of the nation was so great that, already in 1873, 5312 French exhibitors participated in the Weltaustellung at Vienna, the Austrian and Hungarian exhibitors then numbering 12,122, the Germans 7973, and the British only 1828. The Paris Exhibition of 1878 was decided on two years before that date, at the instigation, it was generally said, of that remarkably energetic lady, Mme. de MacMahon, the wife of the Marshal-President. She was further credited with the appointment of M. Krantz, a moderate Republican senator, to the post of Commissary General. Invitations to join in the coming display were issued to thirty-six Governments—only one of which declined the offer. That, as the reader, I think, will have already guessed, was the Imperial Government of Germany.

The refusal, wrapt up in excuses, was of bad augury for the future, and, to my thinking, a great mistake on the part of Bismarck, from whom it emanated. Doubtless, France could not have omitted Germany from her list of *invités* without incurring the reproach that she desired to perpetuate bitterness of feeling. But she invited Germany as she invited the other powers in a cordial manner, and the German refusal tended to increase the latent desire for *revanche*. I do not think that the French would ever have become reconciled to the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, but, looking back, I feel that the position between France and Germany might well

have become easier, less productive of friction, if the latter had participated in the Exhibition of 1878. It is even just possible that some compromise might then have been arrived at on the Alsace-Lorraine question, in which case Europe might have been spared the long years of unrest which tended more and more towards the recent Great War. Whilst, however, the defeated nation evinced a generous, a magnanimous spirit, the victor kept a stiff lip and declined all overtures. Bismarck, indeed, had no desire even to attempt a *rapprochement*. On the contrary, carried away by his jealousy on perceiving how swiftly the genius of France was recovering from great disasters and soaring yet once more, he already had an idea of finding some pretext to strike her down again and rob her of yet other portions of her territory. If the industrial classes of Germany made any attempt to persuade the Chancellor to alter his decision respecting the Paris Exhibition they were unsuccessful, for he adhered to it in all respects so far as they were concerned. The only concession which he made at the eleventh hour was granted in response to an outcry in the German art world, this resulting in a small official display of paintings and statuary controlled by a special Prussian commissioner. The grudging way in which this concession was made did not tend to improve matters. More than one song breathing a spirit of *revanche* became current in Paris that year.

However, although Germany, with the trifling exception I have mentioned, did not participate in this great gathering, there were 52,835 exhibitors, nearly half of whom were naturally French. Spain, in this respect, took second place with 4583 exhibitors. Then came Austria-Hungary with nearly 4000, Great Britain and her Colonies with 3184, Italy with 2408, and the United States with 1200. The chief Exhibition Palace on the Champ de Mars had a frontage of over 900 feet facing the Seine, with a depth of over

1800 feet. Agricultural exhibits were displayed on the Quai d'Orsay; exhibits pertaining to ports, navigation, and so forth were assembled on the banks of the Seine, and live animals found accommodation on the Esplanade of the Invalides. There was a large display of machinery of all descriptions on the Champ de Mars, free motive-power being supplied by the authorities, who, moreover, followed the system (adopted in 1867) of making no charge whatever for the space occupied by exhibitors. A great many works of high merit were gathered together in the Fine Art sections, and I remember that Leighton's exhibits, both in painting and in statuary, attracted great attention. Before then he had been virtually unknown in France. There was also an extremely interesting exhibition of ancient art, in which the early Gallic and the Classical periods found first place, followed by the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

One of the chief features of the Exhibition was the absolute transformation of the Trocadero, where the present familiar palace with its concert hall was erected at a cost of £544,000, in accordance with the designs of Davioud and Bourdais. Before then the Trocadero had been for many years an absolute eyesore, a blot, as it were, on the face of Paris. In olden time the spot had been known simply as the height of Chaillot, a little village on the fringe of the far-spreading forest of Rouvray, of which the part nearest to Paris has become the Bois de Boulogne. It was to a convent at Chaillot that Louise de La Vallière betook herself the first time she fled from her lover, Louis XIV. Escaping from the Tuileries early one morning, she made the journey on foot; but when Louis heard of her flight he hastily mounted horse and galloped *ventre à terre* to the convent, where, after much sighing and sobbing, he prevailed on her to return to him.

Napoleon at one time intended to build a grand

palace for his son, the King of Rome, on this height overlooking the Seine, but he became too much involved in warfare to carry out his project. Later, when his remains were brought back from St. Helena, there was a proposal to erect a mausoleum on the site; but this idea likewise came to nothing, on account of the expenditure which it would have entailed, and so the Conqueror was laid to rest under the dome of the Invalides. At that time the height was already known as the Trocadero, this name being derived from a fortified position on the Bay of Cadiz, which the Duc d'Angoulême (son of Charles X) took by assault in 1823, when the French were suppressing revolution in Spain. When I first knew the Parisian Trocadero it was (like the site of the present Buttes-Chaumont Park) a succession of great gaping quarries, where criminals and houseless wanderers found shelter at night. Towards the end of the Second Empire, however, tons upon tons of *débris*, refuse, sand and earth were carted thither, and the quarries having been filled up a great bare flight of steps was built, leading from the Seine to the summit of the height. Thus matters remained until the transformation, which was effected with such wonderful rapidity in 1878, that it seemed as if the palace, the aquarium, the trees, the lawns had all sprung into being at the touch of a magician's wand.

In order to enable a large number of provincial folk of small means, schoolmasters, artisans and peasants, to come to Paris and inspect the Exhibition—a very desirable course from the educational standpoint—a National Lottery was established. There were 12 million tickets, which readily found purchasers, as the prizes were very numerous and had a total value of £288,000. With the bulk of the money 19,000 persons were brought to Paris, many from some of the farthest points of France, and were lodged in the capital free of charge for several days.

A balance of about £30,000, which afterwards remained in hand, was chiefly applied to the purchase of works of art for the national museums. The original estimate of the cost of the Exhibition to the State was about £1,412,000. The city of Paris, moreover, guaranteed about a quarter of a million sterling. The total expenses rose, however, to no less than £2,215,600, whilst the total receipts which passed to the Treasury amounted to £947,400. Inclusive of the contribution of the city of Paris the deficit exceeded a million and a half. On the other hand, thousands of people reaped pecuniary benefits and other advantages; Paris was crowded with foreigners, many of whom had long purses which they emptied freely; and, in addition, France once again took full rank among the world's great powers. That alone was well worth the money expended by the State.

The inauguration was attended by our future Edward VII, the Crown Prince (later King Frederick VIII) of Denmark, and the Duke of Aosta (previously King Amadeo of Spain). Many other scions of royalty visited Paris during the summer. My father acted as one of the British jurors, that is in connection with wines, beers, and spirits, as had previously been the case at Vienna in 1873, and I was again called upon to assist him. It has already been indicated that there was some political unrest in France at the time of the Exhibition in Paris, and in this connection I remember that at the inaugural ceremony Marshal MacMahon was greeted with loud and repeated shouts of "*Vive la République!*" This, of course, was a constitutional cry, and no exception could be taken to it. If it was raised so deliberately, so loudly, so violently on the occasion in question, this was because the Parisians desired to let the Marshal-President know that they were opposed to any idea of a monarchical restoration. I well remember that MacMahon looked

rather glum on hearing the terrific outburst, and that the Prince of Wales, who was on his right hand, in the full uniform of a British Field-Marshal, smiled the broadest of smiles. He was far too shrewd and well-informed to have had any doubt of the purport of the shouting.

A friend of mine, Arthur Savile-Grant, the inventor of the Boulevard Kiosks, which yielded him a fair annuity paid by the Kiosk Company, found himself in hot water on the day of the inauguration. He was connected with the display of the Australian colony, now dominion, of Victoria, and on this section being visited by the Prince of Wales and his suite, Grant set himself the task of keeping all strangers out of the gallery. One gentleman whom he somewhat rudely repulsed proved, however, to be the then Duke of Manchester, a member of the Royal British Commission, and Grant therefore had to admit him and tender the most humble apologies. A few minutes afterwards a taller and younger man tried to enter by the portal which Grant so jealously guarded. "You can't enter," the visitor was told, "you are not an exhibitor. What is it that you want?" "I want to speak to my brother-in-law," the stranger replied. "Your brother-in-law? I know nothing of him," said Grant. "He cannot be here. Only the Prince of Wales and his party are inside." "But the Prince of Wales," retorted the visitor with a smile, "is my brother-in-law. I am the Crown Prince of Denmark." Thereupon Grant collapsed and absolutely abandoned his attempts to prevent strangers from entering the Victorian section. His motives had been excellent, for he wished to prevent "Teddy" from being mobbed; but, as he remarked to me a few minutes afterwards: "I gave it up and let everybody pass in. The next man whom I might have tried to stop might have been a king or an emperor, there was no telling. Let's go to the American

bar and have a cocktail. I feel that I need a reviver."

A great *fête* was given at Versailles during the Exhibition period, but it was by no means a successful affair, as the arrangements were extremely bad. No fewer than 16,000 invitations had been issued, and however vast the palace of Louis XIV may be, the rooms allotted to the entertainment in no wise sufficed for such a crowd. Besides, it must be admitted that the Republican elements in the throng—people who had suddenly sprung into some kind of social notoriety since 1870—were often painfully deficient in good manners. In the end there came a terrible *mêlée* on the Grand Staircase, one crowd trying to force its way upward whilst another tried to force its way down, until both became mixed in inextricable and violent confusion. Women's costly frocks were torn, their false hair fell from their heads, others had their natural locks streaming wildly over their shoulders, many fainted, and shrieks and sobs and oaths and protests were heard on every side. Some former *habitués* of the Imperial Court of the Tuileries looked on with an air of compassion. What the yet more polished courtiers of the days of Louis XIV and Louis XV would have thought of such a scene may be left to the imagination.

The Parisian theatres were very busy during the Exhibition year. The Opera devoted itself far too much to 'L'Africaine,' but there were various musical novelties, such, for instance, as 'Le Capitaine Fracasse,' a comic opera based on Théophile Gautier's romance of the same name, the libretto being by Catulle Mendès, who was married to Judith Gautier, and the music by Pessard. Also Offenbach's very successful 'Madame Favart,' which afterwards had a long run in London. The same composer's 'Orphée aux Enfers' was revived with various new features. Lecocq's 'Petit Duc' drew crowds to the Renaissance, thanks largely to Jeanne Granier, who was

delightful in the title rôle, though off the stage she always seemed to be as simple-minded a creature as ever lived. Her "bulls" and her blunders always inspired *une douce joie*. Wicked old Villemessant of the 'Figaro' once persuaded her that she was his illegitimate daughter, and she did not rest until she had reproached her mother for having concealed so important a fact from her during so many years! At the Comédie Française that season the chief "attraction" was Emile Augier's interesting piece 'Les Fourchambault.' 'Babiole' held the stage at the Bouffes, 'Niniche' at the Variétés, and 'Le Bébé' at the Gymnase. Massé's 'Paul et Virginie' drew many people to the Théâtre Lyrique, and 'Round the World in Eighty Days,' based on Jules Verne's amusing story, was revived with equal success at the Porte-St.-Martin, whilst the 'Bells of Corneville' still jingled as merrily as ever at the Folies Dramatiques. In matters theatrical the following year, the last of the Seventies, was that of Busnach's adaptation of Zola's 'L'Assommoir,' with its "real" washhouse scene, and its "real" pails of hot water which Virginie and Gervaise flung at one another prior to the former receiving a castigation *à coups de battoir*. That was a sight which all Paris rushed to see. It was even more amusing than Coupeau's drunkenness. People of more delicate tastes, however, infinitely preferred Edouard Paileron's little comedy, 'L'Étincelle,' which was as sparkling as its title suggested.

Meanwhile, Marshal MacMahon had resigned the Presidency. He had been unwilling to give way to Republican opinion on an important military question, that of the great army-corps commands. Republicans distrusted some of the generals of the time, and wished to see them removed or shifted. In the result the Marshal-President relinquished his position at the end of January, 1879, sending a letter to the Senate in which, after recalling his fifty-three years

of services to France, he expressed the opinion that the suggested changes in the army-corps commands would prove detrimental to the country. He was succeeded by Jules Grévy, then President of the Chamber of Deputies, and seventy-two years old. A distinctly *bourgeoise* Republic was now at hand.

Before saying good-bye to the Seventies a few omissions from my narrative may be supplied. In '75 Virginie Déjazet passed away after a very long theatrical career, for, born in 1798, she had made her *début* when only five years old. She was Sardou's first protectress. In '76 we lost George Sand and Félicien David, and in '77 died Leverrier, the great astronomer of the Paris Observatory, and one of the discoverers of the planet Neptune. In '78 came centenaries of Joan of Arc and Voltaire, which were duly celebrated. Several horrible crimes occurred that same year—an attempt was made to murder a bank messenger who had £2000 with him at the time; a poor old milkwoman was despatched by a pair of young scoundrels named Barré and Lébiedz; and another woman was not only killed but cut up by her "lover," a man named Prévost, formerly of Napoleon III's bodyguard. During May half Paris was shaken by a terrific explosion at some cartridge works in the Rue Beranger; and in '79 several houses, erected over the ancient catacombs under the upper part of the Boulevard St. Michel, suddenly gave way. We then learned that it cost the city £10,000 a year to ensure the comparative safety of the many buildings standing over the excavations.

V

THE DECADE OF THE EIGHTIES

The Harvest of Death: Gambetta, Chanzy, Gramont, Reffye, Pereire, Flaubert, Offenbach, Lilian Neilson, Mme. de Civry, Mme. Thiers, Blanqui, the Blancs, Hugo, Girardin, About, Monselet, L'Isle Adam, D'Aurévilly, Scherer, Augier, Labiche, Littré, B. Lepsgé, Cham, C. Bernard, P. Bert, Bertillon *père*, Drouyn de Lhuys, Pierre Bonaparte, Marshal Lebœuf, etc.—Steamboats on the Seine—Pneumatic Clocks—Church, State and Education—Expulsion of Religious Orders—Libel Suits: Colonel Jung, General de Cissey and Mme. de Kaulla—Father Didon's Affair—Gambetta and List Voting—The Union Générale Crash—My home at Boulogne-sur-Seine—Pichio the painter—Ohnet's 'Ironmaster.'

DURING the decade of the Eighties death was very busy among eminent Frenchmen, many of whom were closely associated with one or another phase of Parisian life. One loss was, from the national standpoint, of more moment than all others: A few minutes before the year 1882 expired Gambetta died at his little suburban residence of Les Jardies, Ville d'Avray. He was but forty-three years and eight months old, and the suddenness of his death, due to complications which arose after he had accidentally injured his hand and wrist whilst endeavouring to rectify a defective revolver, came as a great shock to everybody. Ever since the war of 1870-71, however, he had been regarded as the personification of "La Revanche," and no sooner was his death known than there came a general rise in all funds and securities at the Bourse, the world of speculators opining that his disappearance from the scene would favour the continuance of peace.

But France bestowed splendid obsequies on his remains, which for two days lay in state at the Palais Bourbon and were afterwards followed to a temporary resting-place at Père Lachaise cemetery by a procession two and a half miles in length, being subsequently removed to Nice in accordance with his father's desire. Curiously enough two days before the funeral in Paris, General Chanzy, who in the event of another war with Germany would have acted as commander-in-chief of the French armies, died even more suddenly at Châlons-sur-Marne, and this, in the opinion of the Boursiers, also made for peace. The idea of "La Revanche" was certainly not dead (it blazed up again in General Boulanger's time) and no patriotic Frenchman could entirely banish it from his thoughts so long as Alsace-Lorraine remained in German hands, but at the time of Gambetta's death its realization seemed to be postponed *sine die*.

Several notable deaths occurred in 1880. Among those who then passed away were a few men prominently associated with the Franco-German War—among them being, for instance, the Duc de Gramont, the Foreign Minister by whom that war had been formally declared; General de Reffye, the inventor of the *mitrailleuse*, and General Vinoy, who signed the capitulation of Paris. The last named had reached the age of eighty, but his demise was undoubtedly hastened by his removal from the Chancellorship of the Legion of Honour, in which office he had been charged with showing laxity and favouritism. In the same year died Hippolyte Passy, one of the few French partizans of Free Trade, and Isaac Pereire, the financier who founded the Crédit Mobilier bank at the time when Baron Haussmann was transforming the face of Paris. The Crédit Mobilier ultimately came to grief, but it certainly helped to endow Paris with many new streets and boulevards.

Literature suffered that same year the loss of Gustave Flaubert, whose best work—'Madame Bovary' and 'Salamambo'—had been done long previously under the Second Empire. But although his later productions were distinctly inferior to those romances, he retained great influence until the last. From him proceeded both Maupassant and Zola and, in some degree, Alphonse Daudet also. The death of Paul de Musset severed one of the few remaining links with the palmy days of the Romantic school. In the autumn Offenbach died very unexpectedly, that is a few hours after attending a rehearsal of 'Le Cabaret des Lilas' at the Théâtre des Variétés. He had been suffering from gout, and it suddenly affected his heart and carried him off. A few months previously, that is in August, the English stage had suffered a real loss by the death of Lilian Neilson, who was taken ill whilst driving in the Bois de Boulogne. Already renowned for her impersonations of Rosalind, Juliet and Beatrice, she was, I believe, only about thirty years of age at the time of her sudden demise. She was born, it has been said, at Saragossa, of a Spanish father and an English mother.

In November, Paris heard of the death of a woman whose misadventures had often contributed to the gossip of the Boulevards. This was the Comtesse de Civry, a daughter of the eccentric Duke Charles II of Brunswick, famous for his diamonds, his painted face, and his flaxen wig. Driven from his throne, the Duke long had his home in Paris. Madame de Civry was said to be his child by a morganatic marriage, and until she was eighteen years of age he provided for her. But she came under the influence of the famous Père Lacordaire, who converted her from the Lutheran to the Catholic faith, much to the horror and indignation of her father, who from that moment disowned her. Her marriage to the Count de Civry, a nobleman of slender means,

did not improve matters. There was litigation between the Countess and her father, and this was perpetuated by her son after Duke Charles had died and left his entire wealth to the city of Geneva, where he had found an asylum in his last years. The Civrys were unable to substantiate their claims to any of the property, and the son, after figuring in various scandalous affairs, disappeared from public view.

Thiers's widow passed away a month or so after Mme. de Civry, dying in the house on the Place Saint Georges which the State had erected for her husband in place of the one which the Communalists demolished during their insurrection. Mme. Thiers had been drooping ever since the autumn, when she attended the inauguration of her husband's statue at Saint Germain-en-Laye. It was, I remember, a most horrible day, but although the rain poured in torrents it quite failed to check a large body of demonstrators, partizans of the Commune, whose clamorous insults prevented the speech of Jules Simon from being heard and sorely affected the great statesman's widow. What would have been the position of France all these years if the Parisian Bolsheviks of 1871 had triumphed, it is impossible to say. Thiers certainly made various mistakes in dealing with the insurrection, but it had to be suppressed, and he rendered as good service to his country in that respect as he did in liberating the territory from the German occupation. That the foul aspersions cast upon his memory at the ceremony of Saint Germain-en-Laye dealt his widow a mortal blow is certain. She personally was one of the best of women, simple and engaging in her ways and possessed of no little culture.

The demonstration at Saint Germain-en-Laye was one of the consequences of the amnesty passed in favour of most of the Communalists earlier in the year. This enabled many who were in exile to return to

France. Henri Rochefort had a triumphal reception when he arrived in Paris towards the middle of August. There was also an attempt at a demonstration at Père Lachaise cemetery, in memory of the final stand which the Communalists made there and the summary execution of the survivors there, by order of General de Galliffet, after they had been captured by the troops.

Early in 1881, the death of that old revolutionary Auguste Blanqui again supplied the Communalists with an opportunity to demonstrate. A column of over 1000 ex-insurgents followed Blanqui's remains to the cemetery. Prominent in the procession was Rochefort, whom I had not seen since his court-martial at the time of the Commune. He carried himself as jauntily as ever, but his hair had become quite white. Auguste Blanqui and his elder brother Adolphe, the political economist, were the sons of a Girondist member of the National Convention. Adolphe was a very able man of moderate views, but in Auguste the revolutionary opinions of his father were accentuated to an extreme degree. His life was one long series of conspiracies, and thirty-seven of his six-and-seventy years were spent in prison. In these later days there have been various attempts to rehabilitate Blanqui's memory, but he was a very shifty customer, one who was always minded to leave his confederates in the lurch in any moment of danger, and there is no doubt that on one occasion he betrayed his friend Armand Barbès—an extremist but a high-minded man—in the hope of thereby saving his own skin.

In spite, however, of all his slimness Nemesis perpetually dogged Blanqui's footsteps. In vain, from time to time, did he endeavour to hide himself. His lurking places were always discovered by the police, and fresh incarceration followed. In Louis-Philippe's days, when the famous old abbey of Mont Saint Michel had been converted into a state prison,

Blanqui underwent imprisonment there for a term of several years. There have been grossly exaggerated accounts of the rigour of his confinement, but records exist showing that he was well provided with creature comforts. During the siege of Paris he repeatedly tried to overthrow the National Defence Government and he afterwards tried to stir up risings in Southern France. These failing, he went into hiding once more, but was traced, arrested and lodged in a fort at Marseilles. Thiers afterwards pardoned him, but he again took to plotting, and was, indeed, hiding in Paris when he was overtaken by his last illness. Like Delescluze, Blanqui had the appearance, the eyes, the facial expression of a fanatic, one carried away by a fixed idea. All his policy was destructive. He was bent on sweeping everything away in the very best Bolshevik fashion. His views were summed up in the motto which he assumed: Neither God nor Master.

The most notable death in the literary world during the whole decade of the Eighties was that of Victor Hugo, whose funeral was one of the most imposing spectacles Paris has ever known. Others whom we lost during this period were the brothers Louis and Charles Blanc. The former's excursions into politics were not fortunate, but some of his writings were of real value. Henri Martin, well known by his painstaking, conscientious, though scarcely brilliant *History of France*, died in 1883. He was more accurate in many of his facts than Michelet (who died in '74), but he lacked the latter's graphic genius. Emile de Girardin, long the premier political journalist of Paris, predeceased Martin by two years. Edmond About passed away in '85. His last years were likewise given over to political journalism, the creed which he expounded being moderate Republicanism. His secession from literature was for the latter a real loss. Gifted with wit

and fancy, he had shone as a writer of fiction. It was claimed also for this son of the lost Lorraine (the Germans expelled him from the annexed territory) that he was one of the very best prose writers that France had produced since the days of Voltaire.

Three years after About, died Charles Monselet, the most famous *bon vivant* of the Boulevardian world and an extremely versatile writer. It was, I think, his 'Almanach des Gourmands' which inspired Blanchard Jerrold to produce, under the pseudonym of Fin-Bec, a corresponding volume, called 'The Epicure's Year Book,' for the benefit of English gastronomists. In physique Monselet was short, round and chubby. If it had not been for his long hair he might easily have passed for a plump little friar who certainly did not feed on hip and haw. Monselet could discourse learnedly and enthusiastically on the subject of sauces, but he was also expert in fashioning a madrigal, in combining a set of triolets, in turning out a sprightly 'Chronique de Paris,' and telling a witty tale.

A year after his death we lost two other notable literary men: first, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, the heir to a famous name, for he was a direct lineal descendant of the Grand Master of the Order of St. John, who in the sixteenth century so vigorously defended Rhodes against the second Soliman, and to whom the island of Malta was afterwards assigned by the Emperor Charles V. 'L'Amour suprême' and 'Les Contes Cruels' were perhaps the best work of this somewhat Bohemian nineteenth-century scion of one of the oldest houses of the French *noblesse*. He was followed to the grave by Barbey d'Aurevilly, an octogenarian long noted for his eccentricity of attire as well as for the originality of his writings, which were sometimes brutal to excess, and at others bespoke an imaginativeness which some may have thought akin to insanity.

Withal, whether in 'Les Diaboliques' or 'Une vieille Maîtresse,' Barbey's style was always brilliant and full of *verve*. Edmond Scherer, the critic, died in the same year. His judgments were sometimes too dogmatic, and some folk imputed to him a narrowness of views due to the fact that he was a Protestant; but the clarity and precision of his style could not be disputed. Another death which occurred in 1889 was that of Emile Augier, to whom I have previously referred, and who ranked, even above Dumas *fils*, as the premier dramatic author of France. Augier's work was often of real social import. It testified to a profound knowledge of his contemporaries and a very keen sense of the dramatic. Quite different was the talent of Eugène Labiche, who died the previous year. He was one of the most entertaining *vaudevillistes* that France has ever had. His gaiety, his fancy, his profuseness seemed inexhaustible. Yet this man of merriment was also a man *de bonne compagnie*, and contrived to force the doors of the French Academy nine years before his death.

That mention of the Academy recalls to mind its famous dictionary, which, like Penelope's web, is always in the making but never finished. The Immortals of the Institute at least had the good sense to bestow one of their historical armchairs on the most famous lexicographer of his period, Emile Littré, and this they did in despite of the frantic protests of the right reverend Monseigneur Dupánloup, "eagle of Orleans," who, horrified by the admission of a Positivist to the sacred precincts, promptly resigned his academical position. Littré died in 1881, and during the same year France lost another great scholar, Paulin Paris, famous for his studies on the literature of the Middle Ages.

Victor Massé, the composer of whom I have already spoken,* died in 1884. Three years later

* See pp. 52, 59, *ante*.

came the death of Padeloup, the *chef d'orchestre*, to whom Paris owed a debt of gratitude, for to him was it first beholden for those popular concerts which made thousands of people acquainted with the beauties of a great range of classical music. Colonne arose afterwards. Passing to the realm of painting we lost the courtly Dubufe in '83, Bastien Lepage, of the open-air school, in '84, and Jules Dupré, known for his landscapes, in '89. Cham, the caricaturist, died in the same year as Bastien Lepage. He was then the oldest member of the staff of that famous satirical journal the 'Charivari,' for which, I believe, he began to draw before he was out of his teens. His artistic powers were very limited, however—he could not be compared for a moment with his friends Gavarni and Honoré Daumier (the latter of whom passed away in '79)—his figures were always the same, rough stock types of Monnier's Monsieur Prudhomme, Madame Gibou, and so forth, but at the same time they were amusing, and the "legends" placed beneath the drawings were invariably witty. You could not help smiling when you read them, even if you did not laugh outright.

Cham was really the Vicomte Amédée de Noé, and belonged to a very ancient family of Southern France. He was an intimate friend of my father's, and I experienced many little acts of kindness from him. He was a conspicuous afternoon figure on the Boulevards in the days when the Boulevards were at their best. He carried himself like a d'Artagnan, and was indeed of the d'Artagnan type, slim, wiry, muscular, with perhaps just something about his figure and his moustaches that suggested the Knight of La Mancha. An expert swordsman, he fought several duels, in which he generally contented himself with pricking his man. His martial appearance would have been perfect but for the companion which he always took with him on his walks abroad—this companion being a tiny toy terrier—which he

invariably carried on his arm. I must have met Cham scores of times on the Boulevards, but I do not remember ever seeing the little dog walk. It reposed on its master's knees when the latter seated himself at one of the tables outside the Café Riche. It was carried thither virtually every day to see all the celebrities at "the hour of absinthe," and every evening it was carried back to Batignolles, where Cham had his abode. Anybody who might have twitted M. de Noé about his little dog would have exposed himself to a challenge and a sword thrust.

The losses of the French scientific world during the Eighties included Paul Bert and the elder Bertillon. They were predeceased in '78 by Claude Bernard, who at the time of his death ranked as the foremost representative of experimental science. His discoveries in connection with the digestive organs and the nervous system had made him famous all the world over. Paul Bert, the physiologist, abandoned in his later years the pursuit of science to embrace a political career, becoming for a time Minister of Public Instruction in Gambetta's Ministry, and later French Resident in Tonquin, where he died in 1886. At an earlier period great controversies had raged around his name, for he was a keen vivisectionist, and it was asserted that many of his experiments with dogs were extremely cruel. The period was distinctly an experimental one in matters of physiology, and there may have been abuses on the part of some over-zealous scientists. But I cannot blame Charcot for experimenting with absinthe on animals, for although no action was then taken by the powers to restrict the sale of that pernicious drug, Charcot at least proved how deleterious were its effects.

The study of hypnotism and suggestion also gave rise to many experiments about this time, and in 1880 or '81 there was, I remember, a case in which a young man named Didier was hypnotized by two

doctors in presence of the judges of the Paris Appeal Court, and became transformed into a kind of raging lion. He suffered from a nervous disorder and was adjudged to be irresponsible for his actions. The elder Bertillon, whom I mentioned just now, was a very distinguished man who made a particular study of demography. I have always understood, moreover, that although his son, Alphonse, who died in 1914, is credited with having devised the anthropometrical system of measuring the different parts of the body with a view to establishing a person's identity when he is under arrest, the idea originated with Bertillon *père*, and the first experiments were made by him, the son only perfecting the system at a later date.

Viollet-le-Duc, archæologist and architect, who so ably restored many French edifices of the Middle Ages, notably the Empress Eugénie's feudal castle of Pierrefonds near Compiègne, died, I find, in 1879. Two years later came the death of Lefuel, the architect who completed the Louvre and joined it to the Tuileries. His Pavillon de Flore still remains, but the Tuileries, as I have already related, perished during the Commune. A year after Lefuel's death its ruins were sold for £1300, the State reserving to itself all rights to any works of art which might be found among the *débris*. Whether anything still exists of Viollet-le-Duc's masterpiece at Pierrefonds I cannot say. The ruthless German invader may have destroyed it.

In attempting this imperfect list of the notabilities of France who passed away during the Eighties, I find my footsteps constantly pursued by memories of the Second Empire. Thus, in March, '81, there died old Drouyn de Lhuys, who had been for a considerable period Foreign Minister to Napoleon III. He was not lacking in sagacity. He foresaw much of the trouble with Prussia, and contrived to avert it during his tenure of office at the Quai d'Orsay.

But he ended by disagreeing with the Emperor on important questions—notably the bolstering up of the Pope's temporal power—and was at last virtually constrained to resign office. From that moment the Empire's foreign policy became more and more erratic, as if indeed it were courting disaster. About the same time as Drouyn de Lhuys died, there passed away a member of the Imperial family who did the *régime* an infinity of harm, that is Prince Pierre Bonaparte, who murdered Victor Noir a few months before the war of 1870. His last years were spent in strict retirement at Versailles. During the war his wife, a seamstress of Luxemburg named Ruffin, kept a milliner's shop in Bond Street in order to support the family. Until Napoleon III died at Chislehurst, Prince Pierre was always cadging him for money, regardless of the harm that he had done to the Empire by his wild, passionate violence. It was reserved to his son, Prince Roland, a very different type of Bonaparte and, like his kinsman Lucien, a man of talent, scholarship and culture, to restore the family fortunes, which he did by marrying the only daughter of old Blanc, the founder of the Monte Carlo gaming-tables. That marriage made Prince Roland a millionaire, and as he put his wealth, derived from the losses of many foolish gamblers, to good and enlightened use, there is no reason to blame him for it. Prince Roland's daughter, Marie, became by marriage Princess George of Greece.

I will add just one more name to this necrological list. Again it is one associated with the Second Empire and its downfall, being that of Marshal Lebœuf, who on the death of Marshal Niel in 1869, succeeded him as Minister of War. On Lebœuf's memory rest heavy responsibilities for the shortcomings of the French army when the Franco-German War began. He roundly declared that absolutely everything was ready for the campaign, that not even a gaiter-button was missing among

the entire forces. The very first days, however, revealed the general unpreparedness for a great struggle, the lack of all sorts of supplies, the deficiencies in the strength of many regiments. During nearly eighteen years after that war of disaster Lebœuf was able to meditate on the enormity of his crime against his country. He must have known the truth, and, had he revealed it to the Emperor, the latter might have shrunk from the idea of encountering Germany in the field. But the Marshal let things take their course until a time arrived when war could no longer be averted.

The winter of 1879-80 was particularly severe in Paris, the Seine was frozen over, and I well remember the striking spectacle offered by the subsequent *débâcle*, when the ice broke into great jagged blocks, which were whirled down the river, doing no little damage to the steamboat-piers, bridges, barges, floating-baths, and washhouses, etc. It was, I think, during the Eighties (perhaps, however, in one of the last Seventies) that steamboats of a new type were provided for the conveyance of passengers by river from one to the other end of Paris, and also to certain suburban spots beside the Seine. Somewhat small, but of pleasing aspect, compact, well fitted and speedy, the new boats at once secured plenty of patronage. I find that at the advent of the Great War the service was carried on by the *Compagnie générale des Bateaux Parisiens*, which had a flotilla of ninety-six boats, some of them plying between Charenton and Auteuil and others between the Tuileries Quay and Suresnes. The engines of the flotilla represented 9070 h.p., and the boats were capable of carrying 30,700 passengers. The extent to which they were patronized is shown by the fact that in 1911, 17,300,000; in 1912, 17,160,000; and in 1913, 16,408,000 passengers were carried. Unfavourable weather appears to have been the cause of the falling off in the last-named years.

In February, 1880, there was a sudden outbreak of typhus in Paris, resulting in fully a hundred deaths. During the spring the first public pneumatic clocks were installed in the city. There are nowadays more than a hundred of them, and the service also regulates some 6000 private clocks. Further, there is another service which provides for the unification of time by means of electricity.

It was also in 1880 that Ferdinand de Lesseps launched that famous Panama Canal Company—which was destined to end so disastrously. For the rest the year was very largely one of acute political turmoil arising from a bitter conflict between the State and the Church with respect to educational matters. No love was lost between the Church and the Republic. The former had abetted every effort that was made to restore monarchy in France, and was training thousands of children to believe that a republican *régime* was odious in the eyes of God, Who had commanded obedience to Kings and Princes. In 1879 Jules Ferry, on becoming Education Minister under the premiership of M. de Freycinet, resolved to put down these intrigues. He secured the exclusion of clerics from the Upper Council of Public Instruction and the limitation of the right to confer degrees to the State Faculties only. Further, he brought before the Chamber of Deputies a general education bill, one clause of which, the seventh, prohibited any member of any unauthorized religious association from directing any public or private school whatever.

This violently-debated clause, which was levelled chiefly at the Jesuits, who were largely responsible for the intrigues of recent years, was adopted by the Chamber, but rejected by the Senate, whereupon the former body called upon the Government to enforce such laws as already existed against unauthorized religious communities. The authorities then issued decrees ordering the Jesuits to close their

schools, but granting to the other unauthorized orders a delay of three months to solicit permission to pursue educational work. The so-called Christian Brothers, being an authorized community, were exempted from those provisions. On the Jesuits refusing to obey they were ejected (June, 1880) from their house in Paris, in spite of the turbulent demonstrations of their partisans; and when another three months had expired similar action was taken in various parts of France, including the capital, against other recalcitrant communities. The Parisian Carmelites and Barnabites, like those of Toulouse, Bordeaux, Saint-Omer, etc., suffered the same experience as the Jesuit fathers. Again there came tumultuous scenes. The "religious world" was all agog throughout the country. When November arrived one heard that the authorities had closed in all eleven unauthorized houses with 120 inmates in Paris, and 384 with 7400 inmates in the provinces. Apart from the Christian Brethren and certain sisterhoods, virtually only the Carthusians and the Trappists remained in their accustomed abodes.

All these events, all the unrest, anger, and even fury, found echoes in the Legislature, the pulpit, and elsewhere, as far, in fact, as the racecourse and the duelling ground. Clemenceau—it was the period of his greatest political violence—girded at Ferry for his half-measures and his failure to bring in legislation in order to suspend the irremovability of the judges, many of whom, being Clericalists,* upheld the pretensions of the religious orders. On the other hand, a Breton Royalist deputy, M. de Baudry d'Asson, supported the Communities, and fomented scenes of extreme violence in the Chamber, whence he had to be removed *manu militari*. Meanwhile preachers thundered against the authorities in the churches, declaring that the reign of Antichrist

had come, and even calling on true believers to overthrow the wicked atheistical Government of the Republic.

That summer Robert the Devil proved a great (and, as it happened, a true) "tip" for the Grand Prix de Paris by reason merely of his name, which in some mysterious way was regarded as symbolical of the Government of the time. In addition, one of the Kœchlings of Mulhouse, a brother-in-law of Andrieux the Prefect of Police, fought a duel with Rochefort, whom, after a bout of barely two minutes duration, he wounded severely.*

Rochefort was a defendant in one of the scandalous libel actions which were tried that year. There were all sorts of nasty rumours abroad respecting certain happenings at the War Office. A Boulevardian journalist, known as Ivan de Woestyne, brought various charges against Colonel Jung, a prominent official of the Ministry and the author of a clever, suggestive, but not absolutely convincing book on the perpetual mystery of the Man with the Iron Mask. Woestyne charged the Colonel with abstracting, or being privy to the abstraction of, important documents. General Ney d'Elchingen, a grandson of the famous Marshal, was said to have supplied the information, but on appearing as a witness he declared that he had no charge whatever to bring against Colonel Jung. This entailed the conviction of M. de Woestyne for libel, and he had to pay £200 as damages in addition to a fine of £40. A few years later General Ney died under mysterious circumstances by his own hand. The whole Boulevardian world then asserted that he had killed himself to avoid the exposure of certain offences

* When Andrieux went to expel the Jesuits from their establishment he was dressed in the height of fashion, and wore immaculate lavender kid gloves. Some folk construed that as a delicate attention, but most Parisians, who are gifted with a keen sense of the ridiculous, poked fun at the dandy Prefect.

which would have covered him with disgrace. The extremist press made much of this affair, and no action for libel being possible, as Ney was dead, was very outspoken in its language.

The second notable libel action of 1880 was one in which Rochefort and another journalist, Laisant, were co-defendants, their prosecutor being General de Cissey, ex-Minister of War. This case was virtually a new and revised version of the Jung-Woestyne affair. Colonel Jung had married a woman of foreign birth—Austrian or Russian, I think—and known as the Baroness de Kaulla. She and her husband separated, and it was alleged that she afterwards became the mistress of General de Cissey. That in itself would have been of little public interest, but a report spread that this woman was really a spy in the pay of Germany. There was possibly some truth in that assertion, but I hesitate to believe that General de Cissey ever confided any military secrets to her. He had many enemies, however, particularly among the Republican extremists, on account of the vigour which he had displayed during the street-fighting in Paris at the close of the Commune, and thus all sorts of more or less vague charges were brought against him, notably by Rochefort and Laisant, as I have indicated. As they failed to substantiate their assertions they were found guilty of libel and each had to pay a fine of £160 and damages amounting to twice that sum. It is a question whether Mme. de Kaulla was ever really M. de Cissey's mistress, though she tried to ingratiate herself with him. For the rest, it may be admitted that she was a suspicious character, and it is known that Bismarck had several women in his employ. Not, however, German ones, for he pronounced them to be much too stupid to act as secret agents, on which account he gave the preference to Russians, Austrians and Italians.

Another prominent legal case of 1880 was that

of the old Revolutionary and Communard, Félix Pyat, who for writing some articles in praise of regicide was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. There was also the affair of the Bois de Boulogne gang, which practised both highway robbery and burglary in the western suburbs of Paris. More than fifty desperadoes, most of whom had been previously convicted, were arrested by the police in connection with these matters and sentenced to terms of imprisonment and hard labour. As usual, the leaders were known by picturesque nicknames, such as would have appealed to Eugène Sue. One was called the Vampire, another Risk-Everything, and another the Diable-à-quatre.

The aristocratic society of Paris was, however, more interested about this time in the affair of the fashionable and extremely eloquent preacher, Father Didon, who had delivered at the Church of La Trinité a course of sermons on marriage and divorce, religion and science. Didon's opinions were held by his superiors to be heterodox, and after being summoned to Rome he received orders from the Vatican to go into exile in a little Corsican monastery. Didon was a liberal-minded man, but preferred to make his peace with the Church rather than to act as Father Hyacinthe did under somewhat similar circumstances.

At the time of the Exhibition of 1878, apart from an official fête on June 30, there had been great demonstrations on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. In 1880 the Government came to the conclusion that an annual national celebration was advisable, and it is since then that the Quatorze Juillet has been an official as well as a popular fête in France.

The ensuing winter was again remarkably severe. February brought with it a great demonstration in honour of the eightieth birthday of Victor Hugo, who ranked as the Grand Old Man of the Republic.

Huge processions marched to his house (in the avenue which now bears his name), and the proceedings assumed the character of a great popular festival. Moderate Republicanism was now prevalent in Paris, at whose municipal elections both the Reactionary and the Revolutionary parties were severely defeated. Very scanty, moreover, was the attendance at a Mass celebrated at Saint Augustin on the anniversary of the death of Napoleon III. The young Prince Imperial had been killed in Zululand in '79, and the heirs of the Empire, Prince Napoléon-Jérôme and his son Prince Victor-Napoléon, were at loggerheads, in such wise that the Bonapartists had sunk into a very despondent mood.

Gambetta was at this time endeavouring to secure the adoption of a list-voting scheme which, he asserted, would consolidate the Republic, but many people were distrustful of his ambition, and the Senate rejected the project by a considerable majority. Jules Ferry, who was now Prime Minister, proved more fortunate with several reforms which he proposed—such as gratuitous elementary education, the extension of the right of public meeting, and the freedom of the Press. At the same time Ferry engineered the Tunisian Expedition which resulted in making Tunis a French protectorate. He was abused by some politicians for embarking on this venture, on the ground that France ought to have husbanded all her military resources in order to be able to cope with Germany. The affair certainly alienated Italy and threw her into the arms of Bismarck, the Triple Alliance being the result. Moreover, it ended in the downfall of Ferry's administration, and the advent of Gambetta to office (November, 1881).

One of the most interesting events in Paris that year was the holding of an Electrical Exhibition and an international Congress of Electricians. At the same time the first electrical tramway service was

inaugurated, Berlin in this respect following the Parisian example during the ensuing year. The Congress and Exhibition proved important factors in advancing electrical science. At the latter, however, several unfortunate accidents occurred, a visitor on one occasion being killed by his imprudence. In his inquisitiveness he drew too near to some exhibit and his watch-chain becoming red-hot set fire to his clothes.

Gambetta's so-called Great Ministry was only an affair of seventy-three days' duration. It fell over a project for the revision of the Constitution which would have carried with it the adoption of the great man's pet scheme of list-voting. This meant that instead of an elector being limited to the choice of one or two deputies for the particular *arrondissement* (or section of the department) in which he lived, he would have participated in the election of all the deputies of that department, thus having four, five, six or even more votes, according to the number of deputies which that particular department was entitled to elect by reason of its population. Gambetta objected to *arrondissement* or sectional voting, on the ground that it favoured parish pump considerations to the detriment of regional and material interests. It so happened, however, that general elections on the *arrondissement* system had taken place in 1881, and from the Republican standpoint had demonstrated the fallacy of Gambetta's views, for far from the Monarchical parties profiting by the system on this occasion, they only secured the return of 90 candidates, whereas 467 Republicans of various shades were elected. Nevertheless, after Gambetta's death, a trial of list-voting was made, the system remaining in force from 1885 to 1889, when it was abolished, as it was found to have favoured the ambitious dictatorial designs of General Boulanger. Since then the original plan of voting only for the one or two

deputies of one's *arrondissement* has remained in force.*

At the time when Gambetta's administration fell (January, 1882) Paris was in the throes of a financial crash. A bank known as the Union Générale suspended payment. It had been established in 1876 with the object of furthering the interests of "all good Catholics," and had afterwards received the blessing of Pope Leo XIII. Well-known members of the French aristocracy, the Duke Decazes, the Marquis de Biencourt and the Marquis de Ploeuc, were at first the figureheads of this venture, whose original capital of £160,000 was at last raised to a million sterling. M. de Ploeuc and others having withdrawn from the directorate, the control of the concern passed to a couple of schemers named Bontoux and Féder, who by various devices forced up the Bourse quotations for the bank's shares from £20 to £100 and over. Money poured in from zealous Catholics all over France. Pope Leo even confided £120,000 to Bontoux for investment. Humble as well as aristocratic folk became only too eager to secure an interest in a bank whose shares had quintupled in value. Meanwhile, however, Bontoux was speculating wildly with the large sums which reached him. He had a finger in a dozen or twenty more or less dubious enterprises in Brazil, Roumania, Italy and Austria-Hungary. In November, '81, the Union Générale's capital was finally increased to six millions sterling, and after additional shares had been issued at premiums of £14 apiece, the Bourse quotations, forced up by fraudulent means, stood at £120 for a £20 share. All at once, however, just as Bontoux was trying to launch a loan for Serbia, where Milan Obrenovitch was reigning, there came a complete and overwhelming collapse. A very shrewd French

* Paris, or rather the department of the Seine, elects nowadays by reason of its population as many as 54 deputies, some of the 23 *arrondissements* returning three representatives.

financier, Lebaudy, the great sugar refiner, had been fighting the Union at the Bourse for some time past, fully realizing that its alleged prosperity was fictitious. The bank's failure completely ruined several hundreds of people, including numerous aristocratic families, and swept away at least the savings of thousands of others. The trial of Bon-toux and F  der resulted in sentences of five years' imprisonment. Some months later the Austrian Ambassador in France, Count Wimpffen, shot himself dead in a kiosk on the outer boulevards, and although there were attempts to hush up the affair, it transpired that his mind had been unhinged by his losses and his share of responsibility in regard to some of Bon-toux's schemes in different parts of Austria. In Paris the average man in the street generally but wrongly surmised that the Union had been crushed by the "rascally Jews." But Lebaudy, who did most to overthrow it, was a Protestant. He added largely to his own fortune by the success of his campaign, but in later years a considerable part of his wealth was squandered by an imbecile son, who wandered about the world calling himself Emperor of the Sahara.

At the period which I have now reached I had become a married man, and my home, for some years previously in Paris itself, had again been transferred to the suburbs, this time those on the western side. This had followed the birth of a first child. The Parisian system of living in a flat, so extensively imitated nowadays by Londoners, has many disadvantages. It is distinctly deleterious to the health of children, it necessitates that they shall be reared on more or less artificial lines, and further it is an actual check to the birth-rate, for not only do people realize the difficulty of bringing up offspring within the narrow compass of a small flat, but landlords object—often most strenuously—to the presence of children on their premises, which they may

dirty and damage, besides disturbing other tenants who, having no children of their own, resent the boisterous play and the occasional whimperings of the children of other people.

Thus soon after the birth of my eldest daughter I removed to Boulogne-sur-Seine, which gives its name to the famous Bois where one finds the fashionable drives and the chief racecourses patronized by the Parisians. The house I secured was small and unpretentious, but it sufficed amply for a young married couple blessed with just one baby. As a matter of fact, it had never been properly finished, for the owner, after intending to build a house two or three storeys high, had met with some domestic misfortunes which caused him to proceed no further with his work beyond roofing in the ground floor which had already been erected. Thus my dwelling was like a bungalow, but a bungalow built of solid stone masonry, and with fine concreted cellarage underneath. What appealed to one most of all was the ground attached to the little house—part flower-garden, part kitchen-garden, and part orchard. In the latter one found some sixty specimens of virtually all the usual fruit trees—apple, pear, plum, peach, apricot, nectarine, cherry, and medlar, together with gooseberry and currant bushes, grape vines and strawberry beds. In the kitchen-garden I grew my own asparagus, celery and globe artichokes, as well as customary vegetables. Elsewhere I had no lack of flowers, and all this supplied my wife and myself with ample occupation for our spare time. She, as a farmer's daughter, knew more than I did in regard to the raising of produce, but before long, when another little stranger's advent approached, I had to take entire charge of the gardening operations. At a later period in my career, when I had settled down in England and purchased a few plots of land, I provided my family, virtually unaided, with all the vegetables they

required over a term of a dozen years. That was the time when I was translating a number of Zola's novels. I allotted so many hours a day to pen work, and most of my remaining time was given up to relaxation in the shape of digging, planting, hoeing, and so forth.

When I removed from central Paris to Boulogne-sur-Seine my newspaper work had become less considerable and urgent than previously. But, on the other hand, I had undertaken a number of duties for the publishing business of Vizetelly & Co. which my father and brothers had started in London. I constantly had to negotiate one or another matter with a French author or publishing house. I was called upon to watch the Paris book-trade and to report on the more successful works of fiction which came from the press. Further, I began translating a number of novels which my father decided to issue in English guise. Thus, some of my time was spent in Paris and the remainder at home, where word-spinning alternated with the raising of garden crops.

It was a very pleasant time of my life. I was by no means absolutely buried away at Boulogne. I saw old friends whenever I went into Paris, and when I remained at home I could if necessary fall back on the companionship of some agreeable neighbours, including an architect, a painter, and the Librarian of the Ministry of the Interior. Of the painter I may give a short account. His name was Ernest Pichio, and, as this indicates, he was of Italian extraction. He had been originally a designer and worker in jewellery, but had drifted into painting for which he had a natural gift. His real politics were very advanced Republicanism, and under the Empire he had created a great sensation by sending one year for exhibition at the Salon a picture representing the death of Deputy Baudin on a barricade at the time of the Coup d'État. The authorities

promptly banned this picture, and under the Republic Pichio was equally unlucky with a painting which represented the shooting of a number of Communalists at Père Lachaise cemetery. It being necessary to live, and nothing beyond notoriety accruing from such works of art as I have mentioned, Pichio took to painting Blessed Virgins for provincial churches and chapels, and as one clerical patron recommended him to another, he was able to provide for the more pressing needs of his family. After the death of Beaconsfield in 1881, he made a design in monochrome in which the head and shoulders of the deceased statesman appeared in a kind of framework, combining oak and laurel leaves with primroses, as well as the two mottoes: "Imperium et Libertas," and "Peace with Honour." The design was reproduced in a form of photogravure, and I helped Pichio to place copies of it on the London market, in the hope that it might appeal to members of the Primrose League and the Conservative Associations. I also had some correspondence on the subject with Lord Salisbury, who expressed his approval of Pichio's work.

One of the books which I translated for my father whilst I was living at Boulogne was George Ohnet's novel, 'The Ironmaster.' After Ohnet's death—which occurred during 1918—I read in various English journals some erroneous statements respecting the work which made him so extremely popular if not exactly famous. As a novel 'Le Maître de Forges' was published in 1882, and as a play it was produced in 1883. This has led to the inference that the play was based on the novel, whereas the facts were absolutely the reverse. Ohnet began by writing the play, which he offered to several Parisian managers. Not one of them would take it, however, so he ended by putting it away in a drawer until a friend, who had read it, suggested to him that the theme would supply a

good subject for a *roman-feuilleton*. Ohnet adopted that view and turned his play into a novel, which secured instant success, first as a serial and later as a volume. I called my father's attention to the story, but Ohnet was then quite unknown in England, and Vizetelly & Co. therefore negatived my repeated suggestions. But the success of the work as a novel induced the theatrical world to modify its views respecting its chances as a play, and, briefly, Ohnet merely had to send his original MS. to the Gymnase to secure immediate acceptance, followed by early performance. In a similar way, my father changed his mind on hearing of the play's success, and I was suddenly commissioned to translate the story as speedily as possible. I was able to do so in about a fortnight. Unfortunately we could not secure exclusive rights in the work. According to the provisions of the Copyright Act which was then in force, exclusive rights in a translation could only be obtained when it was produced within twelve months of the publication of the original. In the case of 'The Ironmaster' the twelve months (dating from the serial issue) had expired. Thus, in addition to my authorized translation, other versions of the novel appeared in England, including an adaptation by Robert Buchanan, who gave his work the title of 'Lady Clare.' Nevertheless Vizetelly & Co. sold some 80,000 copies of my text before transferring it to Messrs. Warne & Co., which happened when my father's business went into liquidation. Undoubtedly the sales were largely helped by the dramatic version of the story which was successfully produced in London. Other works by Ohnet followed 'The Ironmaster,' and authorized English versions of several of them were published at my instigation by Vizetelly & Co. 'The Ironmaster' was, however, the only one which I actually translated. Perhaps I may be allowed to blow my own trumpet for a moment by adding that at the liquidation of

my father's firm an examination of the accounts showed that all the works which I had recommended for publication had invariably paid their expenses, and that on most of them good profits had been realized. Not a penny had been lost on any one. Doubtless a number of those books were not literature, but they were at all events "selling lines." Literature pure and simple sometimes spells ruin to publishers as well as to authors themselves.

VI

THE EIGHTIES—*Continued*

The Stage—Operas and Opéras-Comiques—Hervé—Subventioned Theatres—Louis-Philippe and Rossini—The Carvalhos—The Opéra-Comique Fire—The Comédie and its Company in 1880—Sophie Croizette—Sarah Bernhardt—Mlle. Bartet—Got, the Coquelins and others—The Odéon—Dumas *fil*s and Victorien Sardou—The “Monsieur de l’Orchestre”—Ludovic Halévy on the “runs” of great Masterpieces—Gratuitous Performances—The Théâtre Libre and André Antoine—Various Plays and Musical Pieces.

THE efforts of the French composers of various schools were fairly numerous during the decade of the Eighties. I remember several. The year 1880 brought us the ‘Jean de Nivelle’ of Léo Delibes, the ‘Mascotte’ of Audran, the ‘Mousquetaires au Couvent’ of Louis Varney. In the following year we first heard Offenbach’s posthumous masterpiece, the ‘Contes d’Hoffmann,’ and Massenet’s ‘Hérodiade.’ In 1882 came Ambroise Thomas’s ‘Françoise de Rimini,’ and Charles Lecocq’s ‘Le Cœur et la Main,’ followed, during the ensuing twelvemonth, by Saint-Saëns’ ‘Henri VIII’—with La Krauss as Katherine of Aragon—and Delibes’ ‘Lakmé,’ a score full of charm and colour. In that same year Hervé supplied some sprightly music for Meilhac and Millaud’s highly-successful comédie-vaudeville, ‘Mam’zelle Nitouche.’ I ought to have mentioned Hervé sooner. Born at Houdain in the Pas-de-Calais, he was really afflicted with the name of Florimond Rongé, the appearance of which on a play bill might have exposed him at times to considerable ridicule. For instance, had one of his

operettas miscarried, the boulevardiers would have said that he was *rongé par le chagrin* or *par le dépit* or *par le remords*; and, as one instinctively associates the verb *ronger* with rats, even more unpleasant things than the above might sometimes have been insinuated. He therefore wisely elected to call himself Hervé, which is simply the equivalent of our English Harvey. His best-known *opéras-bouffes*, 'L'Œil crevé,' 'Chilpéric,' and 'Le petit Faust,' with their highly fantastic and amusing "books," rivalled Offenbach's productions in popularity.

Massenet gave us 'Manon,' one of his very best works, in 1884, when also Planquette's 'Rip' proved no unworthy successor to the 'Cloches de Corneville.' Reyer's 'Sigurd,' produced in the following year, was full of power. In 1886 Paladilhe's 'Patrie,' based on Sardou's drama of the same name,* proved to be the principal work of the composer of the over-familiar 'Mandolinata.' Two years later we heard Edouard Lalo's 'Roi d'Ys,' which was dramatic and poetical, as befitted its subject—the legend of a submerged city on the wild Breton coast. To the same year belonged Benjamin Godard's opera 'Jocelyn,' inspired by Lamartine's fine poem of the same name. Capoul, the singer, helped to prepare Godard's book.

In those days, as now, the State accorded subventions or grants in aid to four of the Paris theatres—that is, the Grand Opéra, the Opéra-Comique, the Comédie Française (otherwise Théâtre Français) and the Odéon. In addition, the Parisian municipality made a grant to the Théâtre Lyrique (now Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt), the site and building (the latter all but destroyed during the Commune) being municipal property. The State subventions dated, I believe, from the time of Napoleon I. The amounts have frequently varied under the changing *régimes* of France; and the duties and restrictions imposed

* First performed in 1869.

in return for these grants have not always been to the advantage of art. Under the Emperors and Kings the theatres in question depended for their allowances on the Civil List, and the sovereign generally had a hand in appointing their directors, which was done through the Ministry of the Household, of which, until the last days of Napoleon III, the department of Fine Arts was only a branch. During the greater part of that sovereign's reign, the Minister of the Household was Marshal Vaillant, the superintendent of Fine Arts under him being the Count de Nieuwerkerke, morganatic husband of the Princess Mathilde. On the advent of Emile Ollivier's ministry, however, a Ministry of Fine Arts was at last instituted, and Maurice Richard was placed at the head of it.

When Louis-Philippe was called to the throne in 1830, he decided to effect some economies in the matter of the subventioned theatres, the more so as his mind was fixed on the creation of the great pictorial museum of Versailles, which he dedicated "À toutes les Gloires de la France," and on which, in the course of years, it became necessary for him to spend several millions of money. Now at this time Rossini was at the height of his reputation, and had a contract with the Opéra directorate, by the terms of which he was to supply that theatre with five works in the course of ten years. On the other hand, he was to receive an annuity of £240, *plus* a premium of £600 for each opera which he delivered. In the opinion of the *Roi citoyen* such a contract represented too much money, and he resolved to stop Rossini's annuity, imagining that the Revolution by which Charles X had been dethroned justified him in doing so. But the composer took legal proceedings to enforce his rights and gained the day, in such wise that the directorate of the Opéra had to continue paying him £240 a year, whilst on his side he never again supplied it with any work whatever.

In that last connection Rossini is said to have been largely influenced by jealousy of Meyerbeer.

Under the present Republic the Paris Opera has been in financial difficulties more than once. Its upkeep is naturally expensive, as is also the staging of any new work. On the other hand, vast as Garnier's edifice may be, the auditorium accommodates only 2100 spectators against the 3000 of La Scala, the 2500 of Covent Garden, and the 2400 of the Vienna Opera-house. Limits, moreover, are imposed on the charges for admission; and leading vocalists and *premières danseuses* nowadays exact extremely high salaries. The record of Halanzier, the first director under the present Republican *régime*, was for several years a fairly creditable one. During a considerable period Mme. Krauss was his *prima donna*. Fidès-Devriès also belonged to the company, as did Faure, the excellent baritone, who, after retiring from the stage, survived until the year when the Great War began. Mérante was the ballet master, and at the outset of Halanzier's management his stage-manager was Léon Carvalho, who left him, however, to assume the directorate of the Opéra Comique.

A native of Mauritius, Carvalho (whose real name was Carvaille) had studied at the Conservatoire, but proved an indifferent vocalist. He met there, however, among the pupils of the class under Duprez, that gifted artiste Caroline Miolan, a Marseillaise, who soon afterwards began to achieve fame at the Opéra Comique, her first successes there being in 'Giralda' and 'Les Noces de Jeannette.' Carvalho married Mlle. Miolan, and between them they took the Théâtre Lyrique, where artistically their *régime* proved for some years brilliantly successful, though in financial respects it became quite the reverse. Personally Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, as she was generally called, sped on from triumph to triumph. She shone in the chief parts of 'La Fanchonette' and

'La Reine Topaze.' She excelled as Chérubin in 'Les Noces de Figaro,' as Pamina in 'La Flûte Enchantée,' and as Zerlina in 'Don Juan'; but the greatest of all her achievements was the creation of Marguerite in Gounod's 'Faust.' Later, still at the Théâtre Lyrique and in the Sixties, she created the parts of Mireille and Juliette, in the same composer's works. For a while she flashed on London in Italian opera, but in '68 or '69, after Padeloup had succeeded her husband at the Lyrique, she was engaged at the old Paris Opera-house in the Rue Le Peletier,* where she once again triumphed—this time as Ophelia in Ambroise Thomas's 'Hamlet.'

It was in 1872 that her husband became director of the Opéra Comique, where, partly owing to the War and the Commune, Camille du Locle's management had ended disastrously. Carvalho, however, was by no means the man to make the enterprise financially successful. Of course, it was not expected of the subventioned theatres that they would develop into great money-making machines. They existed primarily for artistic and literary purposes; nevertheless it was highly undesirable that one or the other should be constantly bowed down by financial deficits. Now, Carvalho had the artistic temperament in abundance, but no commercial talent at all, in such wise that he was often at a loss how to make both ends meet. Yet his "bills" were constantly most attractive ones, and his company, in addition to his wife, included such vocalists as Galli-Marie, Marie Cabel, Achard and Capoul. It was in 1885 that Mme. Miolan-Carvalho finally retired from the stage after a career of six-and-thirty years. She continued, however, to assist her husband in the management until, two years later, it was overtaken by unforeseen disaster.

On the evening of May 25 ('87), whilst the first

* See p. 22, *ante*, and p. 131, *post*.

act of 'Mignon' was being performed, there occurred a sudden outbreak of fire, which resulted in the virtual destruction of the building, and the loss, it has been estimated, of over 130 lives. The number was never completely ascertained, however. Only some 80 bodies were recovered, these being mostly those of persons who had been suffocated or mortally injured whilst endeavouring to escape. Of many others only ashes could be found. There was great consternation, and a loud outcry arose respecting the arrangements of the Parisian theatres in regard to the safety of spectators. Through 'Le Figaro,' to which I then occasionally contributed, I participated in a press campaign designed to bring about various alterations and improvements. Carvalho was put upon his trial on charges of culpable neglect, and the Correctional Tribunal sentenced him to three months' imprisonment and a heavy fine. On appeal, however, he was acquitted, though he remained liable, I think, for damages with respect to the persons who had perished in the disaster.

Under the Second Empire and also during the very first years of the present Republic, Paris also had an Italian Opera-house, the so-called Salle Ventadour being appropriated to the purpose. I cannot find that this house was ever officially subventioned, though Napoleon III occasionally granted it a small subsidy in the days when Patti and others of her generation sang there. It depended, however, chiefly on its subscribers, who certainly included many prominent members of society. It was, indeed, a somewhat exclusive house, where few folk of the *bourgeoisie* were to be found, the bulk preferring to hear opera sung in French, though, of course, vocalists are no more intelligible in that language than they are in any other. However, before 1880 arrived, the Italiens ceased to exist, the Salle Ventadour being acquired by a banking company.

Let me pass now to that famous institution the Comédie Française, such as it was when the decade of the Eighties began. Still organized in accordance with the famous decree which Napoleon so imperturbably issued from Moscow whilst that city was burning around him, it had as its manager Emile Perrin, painter and art critic, who had been a director of the Opera during the Second Empire. There were in 1880 twenty *sociétaire* shares (in accordance with the Emperor's first decree) and some delicate manipulation was required to apportion them among the four-and-twenty *sociétaires*. Of these the senior lady was that most amiable and witty old dowager, Madeleine Brohan, who had been elected in 1852—a few months before she undertook to teach high-placed Parisiennes, ambitious of shining before Napoleon III at the Tuileries, how to wear their court trains and bow before the new imperial throne.

Brohan's friend, that clever daughter of Lorraine, Mme. Arnould-Plessy, who had excelled at the Comédie as a *grande coquette*, after failing as a *tragédienne*, was still alive, but had retired on a well-earned pension during the war-year, 1870. Next, therefore, in seniority to Madeleine Brohan came Mme. Favart, who during a former period of some ten years duration, had been the Comédie's leading lady, but who, after playing the parts of many heroines, had been constrained by age to take such rôles as those of a hero or heroine's mother. Favart had been a *sociétaire* since 1854. Next on the list one found Mlle. Jouassin, elected in '63, and followed during the ensuing year by Edile Riquier, who had been virtually imposed on the company by a powerful gentleman-protector. She had been very good-looking, but that by no means compensated for her lack of talent.

In 1880, Mlle. Provost-Ponsin had been a *sociétaire* for thirteen, and Dinah Félix, the youngest of Rachel's sisters, one for ten years. After these

came Mlle. Reichenberg and Sophie Croizette, elected the former in '72 and the second during the following twelvemonth. Reichenberg was for several years the company's principal *ingénue*. An Alsatian by parentage, she played the part of Suzel in 'L'Ami Fritz' as to the manner born. During the Eighties her name became prominent in the club and café chatter of Paris, for folk asserted that she was particularly admired by the sexagenarian Duke d'Aumale, who was a widower, and also by the notorious General Boulanger, who was seeking a divorce from his wife. But, unfortunately for the *quidnuncs*, the wife whom he wished to take, instead of being Mlle. Reichenberg, was Mme. de Bonne-mains, with whom he was hopelessly entangled. As for Mlle. Reichenberg she married Baron de Bourgoing.

Mlle. Reichenberg's *camarade*, Sophie Croizette, showed herself almost an actress of genius. Time was when she ranked in public estimation above Sarah Bernhardt. They played together in Dumas *fil's* 'L'Etrangère,' Croizette personifying vice, and Sarah suffering virtue. Croizette's greatest triumph was probably that which she achieved in Octave Feuillet's play, 'Le Sphinx,' all Paris then hastening to see her die upon the stage, though the older critics (who did not foresee the gruesome productions of the Grand Guignol) roundly denounced her for turning the Comédie into a "chamber of horrors." I must say that Croizette's death in this play was more painfully realistic than Sarah Bernhardt's in 'La Dame aux Camélias.' Croizette's parentage may have had some influence on her peculiar talent, for her father was a Russian. She was born in 1856 at Petrograd, her mother (the daughter of an actor and playwright) being a dancer in one of the French companies performing in that city. Sophie's parents intended her for the teaching profession, and after being carefully educated she secured all possible

diplomas, evincing, moreover, considerable talent in instrumental music. But Bressant, for years one of the great men of the Comédie Française, took notice of her, and after prevailing on her to study at the Conservatoire, procured her an engagement at the leading house. She first made her mark there in 1873, in a little one-act piece called 'L'Été de la Saint Martin,' written by Meilhac and Halévy. One of her sisters married Carolus Duran, the well-known painter,* and his life-like portrait of Sophie, on horseback, ranks among his best works.

Sarah Bernhardt was elected a *sociétaire* of the Comédie in 1875. She had obtained an engagement there immediately on leaving the Conservatoire, in 1862, but no parts being allotted to her she transferred her services to the Gymnase, the Porte-St.-Martin, and eventually the Odéon, where, as I previously related, she made her mark in François Coppée's poetical little piece, 'Le Passant.' In 1872 she returned (at first as a *pensionnaire*) to the Comédie, her connection with which she severed in 1880. The legal proceedings then taken against her resulted in an order that she should pay £4000 damages, which represented about eighteen months' income, as in 1879 her share as a *sociétaire* amounted to £2480. In the following year she paid her first visit to America, making a decided hit at Booth's Theatre at New York, notably as "Adrienne Lecouvreur." I have already alluded to some of the jocular remarks provoked during Bernhardt's earlier years by the extreme slimness of her figure. I may add here that when Clairin exhibited a portrait of her with a hound lying at her feet, Dumas *fils*, after inspecting it, exclaimed: "That is quite appropriate, a dog and—a bone." About the same time 'Le Figaro' asserted: "An empty brougham drove up

* See p. 69, *ante*. In 1885 Croizette married M. Jacques Stern, a Paris banker. She died in 1901.

to the Théâtre Français yesterday afternoon. Mlle. Bernhardt stepped out of it." *

Ranking after Bernhardt as *sociétaires* of the Comédie at the period with which I am dealing, were Mlles. Barretta, Broissat, Samary and Bartet, elected (in the order named) in '76, '77, '78 and 1880. Barretta's talent was full of dainty charm ; Broissat, who was very good-looking, possessed considerable ability, but for one or another reason never rose above secondary rôles, whilst as for Jeanne Samary, a niece of Madeleine Brohan's, she was as gay and as *piquante* a *soubrette* as anybody could desire. For years the presentment of her laughing face confronted the Parisians in the windows of every shop where theatrical photographs were sold. A face it was as bright as August sunshine, and if the mouth were large, how well, how frankly, how unrestrainedly it laughed, and what fine teeth the laugh revealed ! Alas ! all those fair and charming women—

“ Où sont-elles, Vierge souveraine—
Mais où sont les neiges d'autan ! ”

I have yet to say something respecting Jeanne Julia Regnault, known theatrically as Mlle. Bartet. A Parisienne by birth and a graduate of the Conservatoire, she became a *sociétaire* of the Comédie Française when she was twenty-six years of age. She had attracted attention on her comparatively brief appearance in Daudet's ‘Arlésienne,’ produced when she was in her eighteenth year ; and later,

* Some readers may, perhaps, think it rather unkind of me to repeat these old witticisms respecting the great actress, but I am sure that she is *trop femme d'esprit* and *trop Parisienne* (which means the same thing) to take any offence. I have been one of her admirers ever since the days of ‘Le Passant’ (1869), and nobody could have felt more sympathy for her in the grievous misfortune which unhappily befell her a few years ago. Let me add that physical characteristics often inspire a good deal of banter in Paris. The famous eighteenth-century dancer, La Guimard, besides being dusky and pock-marked, was so extremely thin that people generally nicknamed her *la squelette des grâces*. Yet all Paris applauded her performances and for several years she was “protected” on a scale of the greatest magnificence.

when her studies were finished, her impersonation of Zicka in Sardou's 'Fédora,' better known to English people as 'Diplomacy,' increased her reputation. At the Théâtre Français she became the young heroine of modern comedies, in which respect she soon shone as brilliantly as ever Mlle. Favart had shone even in her best years. On Bartet's first appearance as a *sociétaire* she experienced a somewhat lively time, for she played the leading feminine rôle in Sardou's 'Daniel Rochat'—a play which provoked considerable political feeling and led to demonstrations.

Let me now pass to the chief actors of the Français in 1880. These were Got, elected in 1850, a few months before his *camarade* Delaunay, Maubant (1852), Constant Coquelin ('64), Febvre ('67), Thiron ('72), Mounet-Sully ('74), Laroche ('75), Barré ('76), Worms and Ernest Coquelin (both in '78). Born in Paris in 1822, and educated by charity, François Jules Got had served as a soldier and had also practised journalism before taking to the stage. In the professional sense he was a "low comedian," though, like Coquelin *ainé*, he often took parts of quite a different character. He excelled, however, in the comic rôles of the *répertoire* of his time, and Francisque Sarcey pointed out that in him one found incarnate some of the Comédie's most distant traditions. For instance, his interpretation of the part of Mascarille, that type of the intriguing, impudent, dishonest man-servant of seventeenth and eighteenth-century comedy, was in accordance with what he had learnt from Claude Monrose, with whom he had acted in his early years. Monrose had seen Dazincourt in the part, Dazincourt had acted with Prévile, Prévile had been a friend of Poisson's, and Poisson supplied a direct link with Molière, in such wise that Molière's conception of Mascarille had been transmitted from generation to generation down to our own times, Coquelin *ainé* in his turn

deriving it from Got, whose junior he was by nearly a score of years, and at the same time imparting to it an unsurpassable presentment by reason of his singularly appropriate *physique*.

Got was already eight-and-fifty when the decade of the Eighties began, but, unless his part required it, he gave few signs of age. He retained a young disposition, had always striven to keep abreast of his times, and, apart from the traditions of the *répertoire*, to adapt himself to modern ideas and manners. He continued acting till 1895, and died in the first year of the present century.

The brothers Coquelin, Constant and Ernest, survived until 1909. They were the sons of a baker in business at Boulogne-sur-Mer. Constant, generally known as Coquelin *ainé*, possessed great versatility and could act the part of a modern French duke quite as well as he did that of Molière's Mascarille or, in later times, that of Rostand's Cyrano de Bergerac. For several years he occupied a commanding position at the Comédie, but during the early Eighties he was suddenly seized with political ambition, which, fortunately for the French stage, came to nothing, owing no doubt to the premature death of Gambetta, with whom he had become intimate. Folk sometimes compared their relations to those of Talma and Napoleon. I doubt, however, whether the Emperor would ever have made Talma a senator, which was what Coquelin desired to become under Gambetta's patronage. Personally, I see no reason why the theatrical profession should not be represented in the Legislature. Sir George Alexander was, I believe, a very efficient member of the London County Council, a precedent which may some day encourage some member of the profession to offer himself for so-called parliamentary honours. If Coquelin had become a senator he might well have enlivened many a dreary debate at the Luxembourg without in any degree detracting from the wisdom of the assembly's

decisions. Wisdom does not depend on gravity of mien, nor is gaiety inconsistent with common sense.

Coquelin *cadet* (Ernest) was less able and less versatile than his elder brother, but there was often brilliancy and fancy in his impersonations. Four years younger than Constant, he followed him to the grave during the same twelvemonth, after a mental breakdown which quite overclouded his faculties. Judging by what I saw of him, I believe that love and money worries, associated with the pace that kills, were responsible for his sad ending.

Louis Arsène Delaunay who, from the standpoint of seniority, immediately followed Got as a *sociétaire*, was a Parisian, born in 1826. The beau ideal of a *jeune premier*, handsome, elegant, graceful, an adept in expressing the most tender, poetic sentiments, he continued to defy the "ravages of time" until he was quite an old man. Quitting the Conservatoire when he was but nineteen, he obtained his first engagement at the Comédie when he was two-and-twenty. Many were the years during which he played lovers' parts, ever fervently pouring out his soul to youth and beauty. He fascinated women, inspired them with dreams of the unattainable, and, had he not been a man of sense, might well have had his head turned by all the passionate declarations which reached him. The critics greatly praised his voice. The phrase, "la voix d'argent de Delaunay," was at one time as familiar as became "la voix d'or" of Sarah Bernhardt. This much envied discoverer of the secret of almost perpetual youth was seventy-seven when he died, after some years of retirement. Next let me mention the dignified Maubant, who so often figured in kingly parts in the tragedies of the classic *répertoire*. Passing Coquelin *ainé* (whom I have already mentioned), I note the name of Frédéric Febvre, a self-taught *artiste*, who had gained his first experience in the provinces, and had afterwards secured engagements at the Paris Vaudeville

and the Odéon. He did not shine in the *répertoire*, but showed ability in modern comedies.

Thiron was a good low comedian, whilst heroics constituted the particular province of his *camarade*, the impulsive Mounet-Sully, as was, indeed, only natural, for he was by birth a Gascon, a native of Bergerac in the Dordogne.* He was often carried away by his impersonations, enduing them with all the enthusiasm, all the *fougue* of his southern temperament. At times, in fact, he overdid his part; positive fury seemed to seize hold of him; his *tirades* of blank verse rang out like trumpet blasts, and many critics would have preferred more restrained artistry. It may at least be said for Mounet-Sully, however, that the fervour, the excess of vitality which he so often displayed, were part of his very nature.

Laroche, to whom I next come, was best as a young man in parts of somewhat secondary importance. Barré, on the other hand, was essentially the old man of the company. Worms ought to have been a *sociétaire* many years before he secured that position. As a matter of fact he was elected to it under the Second Empire, but, for some reason or other, the powers of the time raised objections, with the result that Worms betook himself to Russia, where he remained for quite ten years. He was an actor of real ability and distinguished himself in some of the revivals of Victor Hugo's pieces.

I have alluded to the fact that the number of *sociétaires'* shares was limited to twenty, and that the *sociétaires* themselves being more numerous, financial matters required some adjustment. This position was not peculiar to the period to which I have been referring, matters being similar at many other times. Moreover, there have always been charges on the funds available for division among the

* His correct name was Jean Sully Mounet; Paul Mounet, who still survives, being his younger brother.

company. In the first place, account should be taken of various retiring allowances to which *ex-sociétaires* (of whom there are often half a dozen) are entitled. When Bressant retired in the '70's he received over £3000 in a lump sum, and was granted an annuity of £400. Further, salaries have to be paid to those members of the company who are not *sociétaires*. They are usually known as *pensionnaires*, and one may liken their position to that of associates. There are also, occasionally, trial engagements of fixed duration. It is almost always necessary to be received as a *pensionnaire* before being promoted by election to the *sociétariat*. When this occurs the new *sociétaire* secures, at first, perhaps a quarter, and at times as little as an eighth part of a share. Later, there may be an increase to half a share, but in order to secure a whole one conspicuous merit and great services are requisite. I have said that the amount of money received by Sarah Bernhardt in 1879 was £2480. This was more than any other leading lady obtained. Both Brohan and Favart received £2400, whilst the sum paid to Croizette was £2200. Among the men the highest emoluments were those of Got, the *doyen*, who received £2800. Coquelin *ainé* took £40 less, and Delaunay £40 less than Coquelin. Febvre, Worms, Maubant and Thiron were each in receipt of £2400. The amount of the Comédie's receipts that particular year is not known to me, but I find it stated that in 1877 these receipts exceeded £63,000, being an increase of nearly £13,000 on the figures of '72, the first complete year after the Franco-German War.*

In the early Eighties the Odéon, which had become the second "Théâtre Français" during the reign of Louis XVIII, when it received permission to stage all the plays of the old *répertoire*, was in a fairly thriving position. It was at this house, so largely patronized by the students of the Quartier

* The above figures may be compared with those given on p. 24, *ante*.

Latin, where it displays its colonnades and their bookstalls, that such authors as Casimir Delavigne, Ponsard, Emile Augier and George Sand first made their reputations. Sardou was also somewhat indebted to the Odéon, though it was the sprightly talent of Virginie Déjazet—to whom he behaved ungratefully—that first made him favourably known to the Parisians. After the Franco-German War the Odéon's first great success was achieved (in 1876, I think) with 'Les Danicheff,' a well-constructed and interesting piece attributed on the bills to an author named "Newsy," this being a collective pseudonym assumed for the occasion by Dumas *filz* and Prince Peter Corvin-Krulkowsky. It was the Prince who first drafted the play which Dumas afterwards modified and partly re-wrote. An earlier dramatic effort by the same Russian *boyard*, staged at the Gymnase, had failed to secure favour, owing to a great mistake made by the princely author, who on the first night filled the house with his noble friends of the Faubourg Saint Germain and the diplomatic world. This, as Brander Matthews points out in his little book on the French theatres, showed total ignorance of Parisian customs.

It is necessary that a first-night audience should be composed of what is called *le tout Paris*, a peculiar assemblage of men of real society, men of letters, men about town, bankers and artists, together with women of fashion, both of good and of bad repute. Those are the kind of folk who, combined with the professional critics, have made or marred the reputations of dramatic authors, actors and actresses from at least the time of Louis-Philippe onward. Brander Matthews rightly says that it is a fatal mistake to pack a house on a "first night" with family connections or personal friends. Doubtless some friends must be admitted, some enemies also, but if the piece is to have a fair chance the bulk of the audience must be composed of the recognized "first-nighters."

The original Vaudeville theatre stood on the Place de la Bourse. It was there, I think, that during the Second Empire Théodore Barrière, the Henry Becque of his period, produced his most mordant masterpieces—'Les Filles de Marbre' and 'Les Faux Bonshommes,' the latter, in particular, being such a play as Hogarth, Gavarni or Daumier might have produced, had they written for the stage. At the same house, in 1861 and 1865, Sardou secured two of the greatest of his earlier successes, the first with 'Nos Intimes,' which was recognized as a powerful and well-justified satire on the current hypocrisy of social life, and the second with 'La Famille Benoiton,' a piece which some writers on the French drama have dismissed as mere caricature. I re-perused it only recently and found that it at least made excellent reading. It is certainly not free from occasional exaggeration, but my own memory tells me that it contains much truth, and that allowing for the proverbial grains of salt it may well be accepted as portraying certain trends of life in at least a part of Parisian society during the Empire's last years.

The old Vaudeville facing the Bourse having been demolished, the new one at the corner of the Chaussée d'Antin was erected, and here Sardou pursued the course of his successes with 'Rabagas,' 'L'Oncle Sam,' and 'Fédora,' otherwise 'Diplomacy.' Other works of his, 'Fernande,' 'Ferreol' and 'Séraphine,' were produced at the Gymnase on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, which was the house usually favoured by Dumas *fils* when his productions were not such as could secure acceptance at the Comédie Française. It was at the Gymnase that 'La Dame aux Camélias' was originally performed. Some of Théodore Barrière's plays were also produced there. At the same time the Gymnase owed much of its renown to two gifted actresses, both of whom died prematurely, Rose Chéri of puerperal fever, and Aimée Desclée of consumption.

In or about 1874 'Le Figaro' secured as a contributor a very lively and witty journalist named Arnold Mortier. His speciality was to write on first-night performances and various theatrical celebrations. He did not pen elaborate critiques, though he glanced occasionally at the merits or demerits of a new piece. He dealt more particularly with the staging, the costumes of the actors and actresses, the composition of the house, the reception given to the performance, the whole interspersed with anecdotes, *jeux de mots*, sidelights of one and another kind on the theatrical life of Paris. During several years—in fact, I think, until his death—Mortier continued contributing these articles to 'Le Figaro,' and they were collected in annual volumes entitled 'Les Soirées Parisiennes' by 'Le Monsieur de l'Orchestre,' this being the pseudonym which Mortier assumed. These volumes constitute valuable contributions to the history of the French stage, particularly that of its lighter side, and their interest is enhanced by the prefaces written to them by distinguished writers and composers.

For instance, the first year's volume had a preface by Offenbach, the second one by Théodore Barrière, and the third one by Alphonse Daudet, who was followed by Edouard Gondinet, Pailleron, d'Ennery, Zola, Ludovic Halévy and so on. Halévy's preface to the volume treating of 1881 lies before me. It contrasts the Parisian stage at that date with the stage of a century previously. In 1781 the city had but six theatres all told. In 1881 there were six-and-twenty without counting little district and suburban ones, cafés-concerts and so forth. Altogether Paris counted over 140 places of amusement where performances of one or another kind were given. Nevertheless, Halévy points out that the number of first performances and revivals was virtually as great in 1781 as it was a hundred years later. He continues as follows :—

"To the pieces of 1781, however, the long runs of nowadays were unknown. In the list of performances given on November 6th, 1881, I note the following titles, 'Mlle. de la Seiglière,' 'La Dame Blanche,' 'Divorçons,' 'Monte-Cristo,' 'Michel Strogoff,' 'Niniche,' 'Les premières Armes de Richelieu,' 'La Biche au Bois,' 'Les Rendezvous Bourgeois,' 'La Mascotte,' 'La Fille du Tambour-major,' etc.,—all pieces performed hundreds and even, in some instances, thousands of times. Indeed, a large number of pieces produced during the last 50 or 60 years have reached and passed their thousandth performance, though the great masterpieces of the Comédie Française have not yet had such good fortune. . . . At the last revival (November, 1873) of 'Le Mariage de Figaro' (first performed on April 27, 1784) this play, during nearly a century, had been performed only 606 times at the Comédie—an average of six performances per annum. If I take the great tragedies of Racine and Corneille, I do not find a single thousandth performance attained in a period of two centuries. Between 1680 and 1789 'Le Cid' was played 445 times, and between 1789 and 1870, 408 times: total 853 performances; 'Horace' counts only 561, 'Polyeucte' 364, 'Cinna' 622, 'Phèdre' 892, 'Iphigénie' 733, and 'Britannicus' 611 performances, in those two hundred years."

After pointing out that if Mortier had lived in the eighteenth century he would not have had occasion to chronicle any hundredth-performance suppers, for authors did not then ruin themselves in providing such feasts, Halévy mentions the seven new plays which were produced at the Comédie in 1781. One of these secured during the twelvemonth six, and five others four performances. The seventh piece was stopped by the first-night audience when only half of it had been played. In the same year there were five new musical pieces at the Opéra, which was then called officially the Académie royale de Musique. During the earlier part of 1781 the Académie occupied a house—the Salle Moreau—adjacent to the Palais Royal; but on the 8th of June, a few minutes after the performance had finished, a fire broke out and speedily gutted the building, ten persons, moreover, losing their lives in the conflagration. In October the Opera company installed itself in a new house on the Boulevards—this eventually

becoming known as the Porte-St.-Martin theatre. It was not, however, the present building of that name, but one on the same site which was destroyed by incendiarism during the last days of the Commune of 1871. The Opera had then long since been transferred to the Rue Le Peletier, but in '73 the building there was also consumed by fire. Thus did the destructive element pursue the operatic artistes of Paris through successive generations, relentlessly driving them from one to another house.

But let me return for a moment to Halévy, who relates that the works produced by the Académie de Musique in 1781 included a one-act piece called an opera, next a "comedy-opera," then an "opera-ballet-pantomime" ('*La Fête de Mirza*,' some of the music of which was composed by Grétry), and also two lyrical tragedies, the music of both of these being provided by Glück's rival, Piccini. The first was his '*Iphigenia in Tauris*,'* which narrowly escaped failure, a scandal arising during the performance as one of the vocalists, Mlle. Laguerre, was plainly intoxicated, whereupon a spectator exclaimed: "This cannot be *Iphigenia in Tauris*, it must be *Iphigenia in Champagne*!" Piccini's second piece that year was his '*Adèle de Ponthieu*,' which served for the inauguration of the Porte-St.-Martin opera-house, and for a gratuitous performance which was given to celebrate the birth of Marie-Antoinette's first son, the delicate child who died in 1789, and who must not be confounded with the younger brother who succeeded him as Dauphin, and became a victim of the Revolution. Curiously enough there was also a gratuitous performance at the Grand Opera in October, 1881, this being given in honour of the Congress of the Electrical Exhibition then held in Paris, and the house, stage and lounges being on this occasion first illuminated by electric light. "A hundred years previously," says Halévy, "the

* Sometimes wrongly listed as having been first performed in 1792.

spectators at the Opéra had cried, 'Vive le Roi ! Vive la Reine ! Vive Monseigneur le Dauphin !' In President Grévy's time they raised no acclamations whatever, but, whilst they were dispersing, the band of the Republican Guard played the Marseillaise—a slow, pacific, bourgeoisie Marseillaise—not that of 1793, nor even that of 1848, but an official one, a government one, a Marseillaise that had 'arrived.'” If the witty author of 'Monsieur et Madame Cardinal' had lived until the days of the World War he would have heard the Marseillaise of '93 ring out again !

Apropos of State and gratuitous performances at the Paris theatres,* it may be recalled that Napoleon revived the practices of the old *régime*. The theatres were thrown open to the masses every 15th of August, which was chosen as his fête day and became generally known as the “Saint-Napoleon.” Gratuitous performances were given also on occasions when more or less important events were celebrated—for instance, the Emperor's marriage with Marie-Louise, and the birth of their son, the King of Rome. Similar practices were observed during the Restoration, the Orleans monarchy, and the Second Empire, at which last-named period August 15 again became the chief fête day of the year. Not only was there free admission to the subventioned houses under Napoleon III, but he defrayed out of his Privy Purse the day's expenses of all the chief Paris theatres, in order that the public might be admitted to them without payment. In that respect the Third Republic has been less liberal, but a certain number of free performances (as a rule *matinées*) have always taken place ever since the 14th of July was adopted as the Fête Nationale. That there are great queues on those occasions goes

* I ought to have mentioned previously that the Comédie Française celebrated its bi-centenary in October, 1880, when it gave nine *représentations de gala*.

without saying, folk often beginning to assemble in the small hours of the morning outside such houses as the Grand Opera and the Comédie Française.

I have yet to speak of a theatrical enterprise of considerable importance which originated during the later Eighties. Stage productions were then still controlled by an official Censorship, which was generally known by the grandmotherly nickname of *Anastasie*, and which authorized or forbade as it pleased the performance of one and another piece, or else insisted that it should be more or less drastically altered. Dramatic writers were constantly complaining—often with good reason—of the Censorship's interference with their works. It must be said, however, that the general tendency of the stage was towards more and more outspokenness on social questions, some of which were treated with a freedom, a bluntness, which would have shocked previous generations. Moreover, in pieces of a more frivolous character, mere drollery was becoming absolute coarseness, and thus the Parisian theatres to which, as the saying went, "a mother might safely take her daughter," became extremely few in number.

Against that, it might be said that the stage does not exist exclusively for the entertainment of young persons, and also that the latter ought not to be brought up in utter ignorance of the evils and perils of life. I do not desire to discuss those questions here, for I am merely filling the part of a chronicler, but I have always been of opinion that far less harm results from knowledge than from ignorance. As a matter of fact, since the Censorship of the Stage was abolished in France there has been a healthier atmosphere in theatrical matters. The audiences have taken censorial duties upon themselves, and every now and again Parisian managers have found it necessary to withdraw, after no more than one or two performances, pieces that have flagrantly violated either common principles of morality or

elementary canons of decency. There have been, certainly, a few notorious minor houses where no restraint has been practised or enforced, but the patrons of those establishments have been found chiefly among that fast-living cosmopolitan section of the population which includes so many "undesirables."

In the Eighties, when the tendencies of the more legitimate stage were such as I have stated, there were undoubtedly instances in which the desire to get rid of official restrictions was scarcely prompted by any really artistic motive. Several imitators of the greater realists wished to throw all decorum to the winds, just for the pleasure of doing so. This coincided, moreover, with the uprise of a number of licentious journals, of which the most notorious was a daily paper called the 'Gil Blas.' Ribald jests and anecdotes abounded in its columns, and it made a particular speciality of printing "short stories" of a libidinous description. The shameless impudicity of what the Parisians speedily called *la presse pornographique* caused more than one scandal, but no prosecution for *outrage aux bonnes mœurs* proved particularly successful as a deterrent. For some years the 'Gil Blas,' especially, had a huge circulation, which only fell off as the public it catered for gradually became tired of, even bored by, its sempiternal erotics.

Now, whilst the stage generally was aspiring to freedom—not of course (save in a few instances) for the mere sake of indulging in obscenity similar to that practised for pecuniary profit by the 'Gil Blas'—the idea originated of founding a society to promote the performance, before subscribers only, of modern plays which, under the Censorship, could not be given publicly. The movement was part of the contest then rife between realism, or naturalism, and conventionality—a contest which extended to all branches of literature, poetry as well as fiction, and

also biography and history. One may even admit that the *pornographie* of the 'Gil Blas' and similar journals proceeded, like an excrescence, from the evolution which was then taking place. M. André Antoine was at the head of the society which on being constituted in October, 1887, founded what was at first called the Théâtre Libre or Free Theatre. At the outset it had no permanent home. Its first performances were given at the Elysée des Beaux Arts at Montmartre, whence it removed to the Théâtre Montparnasse, quite on the other side of Paris. In 1888, however, it installed itself in a more central position—securing as its habitat the old Menus Plaisirs on the Boulevard de Strasbourg. The earlier performances took place merely once a month, and only members of the press, and *abonnés* or subscribers, of whom there were about 300, were admitted to them. During the first years, among the authors, previously unconnected with the stage, who had pieces performed by the company which M. Antoine gathered together, were Henri Lavedan, Paul Margueritte, Descaves, Guiches, Métenier, Bonnetain, Mikael and Ancy. Those who, so far, were but little known as playwrights, included George de Porto-Riche, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Hennique, Paul Arène, Alexis, and Céard. Further, M. Antoine staged pieces by Aicard, Banville, the Goncourts, Aubanel, Bergerat, Mendés, Tolstoy, Zola and Ibsen. A considerable variety of fare was provided, examples being given of pessimistical realism, of the symbolical drama, the social problem drama, and also of what the Parisians call the "jade" style, or *genre rosse*, of playwriting.

Public performances of some of the Free Theatre's productions ultimately took place at the Porte Saint-Martin, but the society still retained its home on the Boulevard de Strasbourg. At a later date M. Antoine left it to assume for a period the management of the Odéon, but he afterwards returned, and

the Théâtre Libre then became known as the Théâtre Antoine. There is no doubt that at one and another time Antoine rendered good service to the French stage. He gave that indispensable "first chance" to several new writers who afterwards rose to distinction, and in like way new actors and actresses obtained opportunities to display their powers. The Théâtre Libre had various imitators in other countries. Otto Brahm started a similar enterprise at Berlin in 1889, and this was followed by two others in the same city, and by others also at Vienna, Copenhagen and Munich; whilst in London (which Antoine's company visited in 1889), the Independent Theatre was established.

I have already mentioned several of the chief pieces produced in Paris during the Eighties. Here are the titles of a few more. In 1880 the Odéon produced Henri de Bornier's lyric drama, 'Les Noces d'Attila,' which was very favourably received, though it was a much less able work than his earlier play, 'La Fille de Roland,' performed during the Seventies. Perhaps the most successful piece of 1880 was Sardou's 'Divorçons,' the subject of which was thoroughly "in the air."* In the following year, when Dumas' 'Princesse de Bagdad' and Zola's 'Nana' were staged, a greater intellectual treat was supplied by Edouard Pailleron's witty masterpiece, 'Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie,' in which he portrayed those pedantic hypocritical spheres that made and unmade political and literary reputations. In '83 the Parisians flocked to see Ohnet's 'Maître de Forges' to which I have previously referred.† In '85 Dumas gave us 'Denise,' one of his strongest and most dramatic plays, and in '87 'Francillon,' another brilliant effort, full of life and rapid action. A second notable production of that same year was

* Already in '77, a strong plea for divorce had been supplied by 'Madame Caverlet.'

† See p. 109, *ante*.

the versatile Sardou's well-constructed, stirring but gloomy drama, 'La Tosca,' which subsequently served as foundation for Puccini's opera of the same name. In '87, also, the Opera commemorated by a grand gala performance the centenary of Mozart's masterpiece, 'Don Giovanni.' Sometime about that same period, unless my memory deceives me, I witnessed at the Opera a ballet called 'La Farandole,' which had been devised by Mortier (the 'Monsieur de l'Orchestre' to whom I have previously referred) in conjunction with his 'Figaro' colleague, Philippe Gille, and Mérante, the ballet-master. To me the music, which was composed by Théodore Dubois, proved quite disappointing. Dubois, now (1918) an octogenarian, was born in Champagne, and his work lacked the warmth and gaiety, the *entrain* which one associates with such a subject as the *farandole*—the popular dance of Provence. Yet one might have thought that the sparkling wine of the Marne would have furnished inspiration.

VII

THE EIGHTIES—*Concluded*

Some Incidents of General Life—Another Death Roll: G. Doré, Léon Halévy, Mme. Mohl, the Bibliophile Jacob and General Schramm—Unrest in Paris—Deaths of Dupuy de Lôme and Milne-Edwards—The Renard Airship—The Expulsion of the Princes—The Boulangist Agitation—Pasteur and Hydrophobia—The Decorations Scandal—Fall of Grévy and Election of Carnot—Boulangism's Decline and Fall—The Municipality and the Working Classes—The Great Exhibition of 1889.

I HAVE now to resume my chronicle of the decade's principal occurrences in Paris. In 1883 the more notable political incidents included the dismissal of the Duke d'Aumale and the Duke d'Alençon from active service in the army, a stir created by the expedition to Madagascar—which for a while threatened trouble with Great Britain—another caused by a set-back to the French arms in Tonquin, and yet another occasioned by the death at Goritz of the chief Royalist Pretender, the Count de Chambord. Meanwhile, Waldeck-Rousseau, as Minister of the Interior, had secured the adoption of a law authorizing the establishment of professional syndicates and trade unions—a measure which considerably placated the Parisian working classes. Another bill which the same statesman successfully piloted through the Legislature inflicted transportation on habitual criminals, including notably the many degraded individuals who subsisted on the immoral earnings of women. This enactment purged Paris of a large number of undesirables.

During September that same year an unpleasant

incident attended a visit paid to the city by Alfonso XII, the father of the present King of Spain. He had just been to Berlin, and was on his way home *via* France. Unfortunately, during his sojourn in Germany, the old Kaiser William I had conferred on him the colonelcy of a regiment of Uhlans stationed at Strasburg. Alfonso had been unable to refuse this distinction, which greatly angered the Parisians, the mere mention of Uhlans and Strasburg arousing the most bitter feelings. Thus the King was subjected to an extremely hostile reception, for which President Grévy and his Government had to apologize.

My previous list of notable men who died during the Eighties must be supplemented, I find, by a few names. In '83, for instance, we lost Gustave Doré, whose statue of the elder Dumas, by no means an impeccable monument, was inaugurated in Paris that same year. Further, Léon Halévy, the composer, passed away during '83, as did also Mme. Mohl, an Englishwoman by birth (her maiden name was Mary Elizabeth Clarke), who had married Julius von Mohl, the Orientalist. A Würtemberger by origin, he had become, I believe, a Frenchman by naturalization. For several years the Mohl *salon* in the Rue du Bac was one of the chief centres of a section of the city's cosmopolitan society which took interest in scholarship, literature and general politics. Edmond de Laboulaye, the publicist, also died in 1883, and during the following year we lost Mignet, the historian, Paul Lacroix, otherwise the Bibliophile Jacob, who ought to have been a member of the Academy, and General Schramm, the "Father of the French Army," who, born in the year of the fall of the Bastille, had distinguished himself in Napoleon's campaigns. I remember that this gallant old warrior applied for an active service post in 1870, at which time he was eighty-one years of age, and that he waxed mightily indignant when it was

smilingly hinted to him that perhaps he was not quite young enough for such employment.

Paris was in a more or less disturbed state during '84, the year when the Divorce Law promoted by Alfred Naquet was at last enacted. The news which arrived respecting the Conquest of Tonquin was at times unfavourable. The anxiety attending the expedition to Madagascar had scarcely abated. Moreover there were stormy scenes when the two branches of the Legislature met in Congress at Versailles to discuss a partial revision of the Constitution.* On the day of the National Fête an angry crowd smashed several windows of the Hôtel Continental after somebody had discovered that the German flag figured among the banners displayed there. Apart from that affair, the Fête was a very quiet one, for after the lapse of eleven years Asiatic cholera was again prevalent in Paris. During July fully a hundred people succumbed to the epidemic, which gradually abated in the autumn, the report for November mentioning only five cases. At that time, however, there came labour troubles, some thousands of workmen being out of employment. This led to a certain amount of rioting and the sacking of some bakers' shops in the poorer districts.

The ensuing year, '85, was marked by the re-election of Grévy to the Presidency of the Republic. At the same period Madagascar submitted to a French Protectorate. Generally speaking, the French were victorious in Tonquin, but they became too venturesome, and a misfortune which befell a small part of their forces, and which was magnified by some newspapers into a "great disaster," brought about the downfall of the ministry over which Jules Ferry presided. Henri Brisson took his place, and in the autumn Parisian Republicans were considerably disturbed by the result of the general elections,

* See my 'Republican France,' p. 281.

which showed a tremendous increase in the number of votes cast for Royalist or Bonapartist candidates. This was the outcome of the adoption of list-voting, the hobby of Gambetta's last years. Brisson's administration thereupon retired, and was succeeded by one under Freycinet, he taking as Minister of War General Ernest Boulanger, who was soon to become the idol of unthinking Parisians.

During May, Victor Hugo died,* and at the end of the month there was a demonstration of Communards at Père Lachaise cemetery. Other demonstrations occurred at the funerals of sundry former members of the Commune, Cournet, Amouroux and Jules Vallès—the last-named a writer of no mean ability, but one whose nature had been warped by the sufferings of a painfully poverty-stricken childhood. Other noteworthy deaths which occurred that year and which were omitted from my previous list, were those of Dupuy de Lôme—who designed the first French ironclad, 'La Gloire,' and who devoted his latter years to the study of aerial navigation,†—and of Henri Milne-Edwards, distinguished in the natural sciences.

The anti-German demonstration on July 14, '84, was followed by an anti-British one on the fête day of '85. Some of the Parisians had "grievances" against us. There was not only the question of Egypt, for we declined to recognize the French protectorate over Madagascar, and, moreover, we

* See also p. 90.

† He constructed a cigar or sausage-shaped airship in the Seventies, and I remember witnessing some unsuccessful experiments which were made with it at Vincennes. Some of Dupuy de Lôme's ideas were utilized, however, by Captains Renard and Krebs when they constructed their dirigible in 1884. More than once from my garden at Boulogne-sur-Seine I saw this airship travelling slowly, in perfectly calm weather, to and from the Military Aerostatical School established at Meudon already in 1871. I do not believe that the Renard airship could have sailed against a stiffish wind. At least I never saw it try to do so. Nevertheless the fact that it could, in calm weather, travel from one to another given point indicated a notable progress in aeronautics. Dupuy de Lôme must have been gladdened by the sight of it during the last year of his life.

had invaded Burmah, much to the chagrin of various prominent Frenchmen. During the same month (July) some great conflagrations occurred on the northern side of Paris, and incendiarism was suspected. In the first instance the fire, which originated at a piano factory, spread over the cemetery of Saint-Ouen, where the trees blazed freely, whilst many coronals and wooden crosses raised over graves were destroyed. The second fire gutted five large blocks of workmen's dwellings at Batignolles, and several people succumbed to the injuries which they received. An interesting little incident of the year was the sale by auction of the throne of Louis XIV. It had been overlooked during the Revolution, but was now exhumed from the Garde Meuble, otherwise the State Furniture Depository, where it had been preserved ever since the King's death. It was "knocked down"—to a showman, I believe—for the trifling sum of £260. What a shock for the spirit of the sun-like grand Monarque! In the following year the Crown Diamonds (apart from the historic "Regent" for which Philippe d'Orléans gave £80,000) were also disposed of by auction. When this measure was discussed in the Chamber of Deputies one of the Royalist deputies, M. de Lanjuinais, grandson of a President of the Convention, remarked with a shrug of the shoulders, that the matter was one of little moment, for it would in no wise prevent the monarchy from being restored.

That same year, however, a severe blow was dealt to the Royalist and Bonapartist Pretenders. The indiscreet behaviour of the Count de Paris in connection with the marriage of his daughter, the Princess (now ex-Queen) Amélie, to Dom Carlos of Portugal, provoked the expulsion from France of "the heads of the families" that had previously reigned over the country, and of "their direct heirs by order of primogeniture." A protest which the Duke d'Aumale addressed to President Grévy led

to his inclusion in this measure, which caused considerable excitement in Paris, though there were no demonstrations, the Royalists and Bonapartists counting but few adherents in the capital. However, an old Royalist Senator, M. de Lareinty, challenged the War Minister Boulanger, and they fought a duel with pistols in the park of Meudon. Nothing tragical ensued, as Boulanger's weapon missed fire, whilst Lareinty's aim was bad.

The Boulangist agitation, which lasted until 1890; was now beginning. The General had already made himself extremely popular. He was acclaimed by thousands when he appeared riding a black charger at the review held at Longchamp on the National Fête day. Paulus, the vocalist, soon afterwards popularized a song entitled 'En Rev'nant de la Revue,' which was sung all over Paris and speedily travelled through the provinces, whilst in England during the ensuing year its tune served for a ditty called 'Jubilation Day,' in allusion to Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Paul Déroulède's 'League of Patriots,' established in view of a war of *revanche*, proclaimed Boulanger to be the coming man, and there were frequent bellicose demonstrations which the German press roundly denounced as menaces to the peace of Europe. Boulanger certainly fanned the excitement by several imprudent speeches. Yet France was in no position to declare war on the Germanic Empire. She would only have courted disaster had she done so, for she was absolutely without alliances.

Whilst unrest was increasing in Paris the Legislature passed a Bill authorizing the construction of a metropolitan railway line, and Pasteur reported to the Academy of Sciences that his system of inoculation for hydrophobia was proving very satisfactory. He had already inoculated 350 persons, in part at his newly-established Institute in the Rue Dutot, and in all but one case (brought to him too

late) cure had been effected.* About the same time the Anthropological Society, which had secured possession of Gambetta's brain after his death, made it publicly known that this seat of the great statesman's intellect weighed 1161 grammes, whereas Cuvier's brain had weighed 1829. Traditionally, the weight of Cromwell's was greater than either of the foregoing.

In March, '86, the speculators assembled at the Bourse were scared by a lunatic, who, leaning over from an upper gallery, flung a bottle filled with some evil-smelling compound into their midst, and fired, fortunately with no ill-effect, three revolver shots, whilst shouting: "Vive l'anarchiè!" In June there was a memorable race for the Grand Prix de Paris, which was won by Mr. Vyner's Minting, with Fred Archer "up"—Upas and Sycamore, which had previously run a dead-heat for the Prix du Jockey Club, or French Derby, at Chantilly, being defeated.

Among the notabilities who died in Paris that same year were three painters, each in his way a gifted man—first, Paul Baudry, whose name remains associated with the Grand Opera, next Karl Daubigny, well known for his landscapes, and thirdly Edouard Frère, whose little *genre* paintings, often of peasant interiors, were at one time much admired.

The following year† was one full of turmoil. The Boulangist and Revanche agitation grew apace. Only with difficulty was war with Germany averted. At last, after the accession of a Ministry under Maurice Rouvier, Boulanger was excluded from office and exiled, as it were, to a command in Auvergne. Later, came a great scandal over the sale of the decoration of the Legion of Honour. General Caffarel, whom Boulanger had appointed Under-

* The great scientist's remains rest in the crypt of the Institute. It was not formally inaugurated until 1886.

† It was then that the fire at the Opéra Comique occurred. See p. 117, ante.

Chief of the Staff at the War Office, General Count d'Andlau, a Senator, General Thibaudin, ex-Minister of War, an adventuress named Limouzin, who was probably in German pay, and President Grévy's son-in-law, Daniel Wilson, an *ex-viveur* of the Boulevards, were all more or less implicated in this unpleasant affair. So, too, in a minor degree, were Mme. Rattazzi, a connection of the Bonapartes, Gragnon, the Prefect of Police, and Taylor, the Chief of the Detective Force. Grévy refused to believe in the guilt of his son-in-law, who lived with him at the Elysée, whence he exercised a control over several newspapers and carried on a variety of intrigues, and at the end of the year the Legislature constrained the President to resign his office. The scandal afterwards "fizzled out." La Limouzin was sent to prison for six months, whereas she deserved much greater punishment; Caffarel was fined £120 for indiscreet conduct; Thibaudin, it was found, had only been victimized, Count d'Andlau fled to South America to escape judgment, Gragnon was cashiered, and Wilson ultimately secured acquittal, it being held by the Appeal Court that his offences did not come within the law, as he had only promised "to try" to obtain the Legion of Honour for sundry applicants. However, he had to pay £1600 for having impudently "franked" all his business and private correspondence with the Presidential stamp.

Cuvillier-Fleury, the able critic and publicist, long connected with the 'Journal des Débats,' died in the course of 1887. He was one of our last links with the Napoleonic period, for early in life he had been private secretary to Louis Bonaparte, some time King of Holland. Later, Louis-Philippe had appointed him tutor to the Duke d'Aumale.

The fall of Grévy was attended by several demonstrations in Paris. Communards and Socialists momentarily allied themselves with Déroulède's

League of Patriots. Ex-members of the Commune harangued the crowds and even tried to provoke a march on the Hôtel-de-Ville, but by the firmness of General Saussier, the Military Governor, further disorders were prevented. In face of the strenuous opposition offered to the election of Jules Ferry, Sadi Carnot was—largely at Clemenceau's suggestion—chosen to replace Grévy as President of the Republic. Tirard, who became Prime Minister, selected General Logerot as War-Minister, and Logerot placed Boulanger on half-pay, and at a later stage compulsorily retired him, for, contrary to law, he had accepted a parliamentary candidature in the Aisne department. Boulanger was now secretly in league with the Royalists, taking subsidies from the Count de Paris and the Duchess d'Uzès, but this was unknown to the genuine Republicans who still supported him.* He was elected in the Aisne, the Nord, the Somme, the Charente Inférieure and Paris in the course of successive bye-elections, and also polled a great many votes elsewhere, his repeated candidatures virtually assuming the character of a *plebiscitum*. After his triumph in Paris (January, '89) a *coup d'état* on his part seemed possible, but he shrank from attempting one—this being due to the influence of his mistress, the divorced Mme. de Bonnemains.

The League of Patriots was afterwards dissolved by Constans, the Minister of the Interior, who in conjunction with Yves Guyot, Minister of Public Works, and others, also decided to have Boulanger arrested, for it was now known that he was associated with the Royalists in a great conspiracy to overthrow the Republic. He became alarmed and fled first to Brussels, and later to London, whither many of his acolytes followed him. On charges of conspiracy, he, Count Dillon, and Henri Rochefort, were

* The rise and fall of Boulangism are recounted in detail in my volume 'Republican France.'

sentenced by the Senate sitting as a High Court of Justice, to transportation to a fortified place, but being in safety on our side of the Channel they treated these sentences with indifference. However, Boulangism was now dying out in France. The eyes of the Republican masses had been opened, and at the General Elections of '89 all but twenty-two Boulangist candidates were defeated at the polls. Boulanger himself quitted London and removed with his mistress, who was now in an advanced state of consumption, to Jersey and afterwards to Brussels, where Mme. de Bonnemains died in July, 1891. Boulanger shot himself dead beside her grave on the last day of the ensuing September.

Let me now return for a moment to the year 1888. One of its outstanding incidents was the murder of an unfortunate woman by her "lover," a scoundrel named Prado, who killed her in order to appropriate her jewellery and bonds. He paid the extreme penalty for his crime outside the prison of La Roquette, on the morning of the 28th December, when in spite of the bleak weather, thousands of people hurried to see him guillotined. But only privileged spectators and those who secured, at high prices, the comparatively few available windows overlooking the little square had that satisfaction, for under the Third Republic the guillotine has not been raised on a scaffold—as in earlier times—but fixed to the ground, the space reserved for it being surrounded by cordons of police and men of the Republican Guard, both horse and foot, in such wise that folk in the rear can scarcely obtain a faint glimpse of what takes place.

The Paris Municipal Council included strong Socialist elements at the period with which I am dealing. On a strike of glass workers occurring in the suburb of Pantin during 1888, the Council voted the men a subsidy—a distinctly illegal proceeding, which was quashed by the authorities. The

Council was more within its rights when it framed new regulations for municipal workshops, and laid down the conditions under which it would grant contracts. These conditions specified that there should be no sub-contracting, that certain rates should be paid to the workmen, that the ordinary working day should be limited to nine hours, and that an extra 25 per cent. should be paid for overtime, unless it were at night, when the pay was to be doubled. Similar conditions exist nowadays in many industries, but in the year of grace 1888 they were regarded by employers as being absolutely too dreadful, too abominable, and for some months hostilities prevailed between the Municipal Council on the one hand, and the superior authorities and the employers on the other. Matters were ultimately compromised, the advantage resting with the municipality.

During that same year the Legislature passed a law for the registration of all foreigners visiting France or residing there. It may be taken that on the eve of the Great War the foreign residents numbered in round figures, 1,100,000 men, women and children, over a third of these being Italians, and another third belonging to the Belgian nationality. The Germans of both sexes did not exceed 90,000. In regard to Paris I find that the city was visited in 1912 by nearly 522,000 foreigners, 119,000 coming in the months of July and August.

About the end of '88, or very early in '89, the Panama Canal Company, which had been in difficulties for the past four years, suspended payment owing to its inability to place the bulk of its authorized lottery-bonds. Great scandals ensued, adding to all the unrest which Boulangism provoked in Paris. To make matters worse, a crisis arose in the affairs of the Comptoir d'Escompte, owing to its relations with a company called the Société des Métaux, a reckless attempt to corner copper having brought about the trouble. The Comptoir's

Governor, Denfert-Rochereau, committed suicide, whilst Sécrotan of the Société des Métaux was arrested, and after being brought to trial, sentenced to six months' imprisonment. The sale of his valuable art gallery, which included Millet's famous picture, 'L'Angelus,' attracted connoisseurs and dealers from many countries.

The Bank of France and the Rothschilds combined to prevent a great financial panic; nevertheless, much uneasiness existed and circumstances seemed to be scarcely propitious for the great International Exhibition which Carnot inaugurated on the 6th of May, 1889. On the previous day, whilst he was driving to Versailles to deliver an address on the great Revolution, he was fired at by a half-witted young fellow, who was afterwards sentenced to four months' imprisonment. With the Parisians generally, Carnot enjoyed a greater amount of popularity than had fallen to any of his predecessors—Thiers, MacMahon or Grévy. Wherever he went that year, '89, whether it was to the Exhibition itself, to the Opera Gala, to the inauguration of the new Sorbonne (university buildings), or the great gathering of the mayors of France at the Palais de l'Industrie, he was most favourably received.

The Exhibition proved a greater success than had been anticipated. It was held in commemoration of the French Revolution, on which account several European monarchies had declined to participate in it. For instance, the German Empire and the German Kingdoms kept aloof. So did Austria and Hungary. Spain followed their example, Turkey and Denmark also. Sweden and Norway, then under one sovereign, disagreed on the subject in such wise that whilst Norway was officially represented, Sweden supplied only a few individual exhibitors. The same may be said respecting Germany and Turkey.* On the other hand, the

* German Exhibitors included 71 belonging to Alsace-Lorraine.

States which took part in the gathering officially, included, besides Norway, Great Britain (1535 exhibitors), the United States (1674 exhibitors), Italy, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, Serbia, Japan, and some of the South American Republics. Altogether there were 55,486 exhibitors, the French ones exceeding 30,000. The foreign royalties who visited the exhibition were the Prince and Princess of Wales (Edward and Alexandra), the Dukes of Edinburgh and Cambridge, the Greek sovereign George I, the Duke of Braganza, later King Carlos of Portugal, Ferdinand, then Prince of Bulgaria, the Shah of Persia, and half a dozen minor personages who did not feel disturbed by any recollections of the fall of the Bastille. With respect to the general public it appears that there were about 22,300,000 payments for admission and not more than 3,000,000 free admissions, the receipts thus being more considerable than had been expected. The guarantee bonds for the enterprise (they were issued by the *Crédit Foncier*) carried with them a chance of winning prizes, and there were admission tickets attached to them.

The space which the Exhibition occupied was larger than on any previous occasion. The most conspicuous feature was the Eiffel Tower rising to a height of 985 feet; but a remarkable sight was also presented by the great Machinery Gallery, 1378 feet in length, 377 feet in width, and, in its central part, 147 feet high. In the grounds were a number of specimen villages or habitations of the natives of different French colonies and protectorates—Algeria, Kabylia, Tunis, Senegal, Madagascar, Tahiti, Guiana, Guadaloup, Cochin China, Annam, Tonquin and so forth; and particularly interesting was the so-called “street of Cairo,” with its various dwelling-places, shops, cafés and side-shows. But the “belly dance” performed by girls at one of the places of entertainment could not be accounted an edifying

spectacle. There were, however, many other attractions, including a number of *Fêtes de Nuit*, when the "luminous fountains" played. On the National Fête day that year there was a solemn inauguration, on the Place de la Nation—once the Place du Trône—of Dalou's fine monument, the "Triumph of the Republic," in which the sculptor endeavoured to symbolize concord among all citizens under the benign sway of the law. A statue of Camille Desmoulins, who is credited with having directed the attack on the Bastille, was also inaugurated during the summer.

But whatever festivities might be held, the decade of the Eighties ended gloomily. A prodigious quantity of mud was yet to be stirred up in the course of the long investigations into the Panama Canal affair, and, meanwhile, Labour, both in Paris and elsewhere, continued in a very restless mood, and Anarchist theories were being steadily diffused through various parts of the country, this leading, during the earlier Nineties, to an Anarchist reign of terror in Paris, and, a little later, to the assassination of President Carnot.

I have yet to mention a few deaths which occurred towards the end of the Eighties. In '88 died Marguerite Fidès-Devriés, and in '89 Tamberlick, both of whom had previously retired from the operatic stage, with which only an indirect connection could be claimed by the Marquis de Caux, who likewise passed away at the date I have reached. Sometime an equerry to Napoleon III, and the brilliant *conducteur du cotillon* at the Tuileries balls, M. de Caux became the first husband of the famous *prima donna*, Adelina Patti, whose senior he was by thirteen years. He obtained a separation from her, and this became automatically transformed into a divorce after the passing of the Naquet law in 1884. Other men of note who died in '89 were General Faidherbe, who in '70-'71 had gloriously linked his name with

those of Bapaume and Saint-Quentin; Cabanel the *portraitiste*, Ernest Havet, the erudite editor of Pascal's "*Pensées*," and Champfleury (real name, Husson), who, apart from directing the famous porcelain manufactory of Sevres, is credited with having first applied the word *réalisme* to that branch of literature which endeavoured to depict life as it really was. The realism which may be found in Champfleury's own writings is, however, of quite a timid description. The term was already falling into discredit at the time of Flaubert and Zola, and the bolder writers discarded it in favour of naturalism.

Yet another whilom literary celebrity who died during the Eighties was Paul Féval, the author of that famous romance, '*Le Bossu*,' which, with the help of Anicet Bourgeois, he turned into a highly successful melodrama—an English adaptation being entitled '*The Duke's Motto*.' Féval had no genuine reason to be ashamed of '*Le Bossu*' or of any other of his many *romans de cape et d'épée*, but he became ultra-pious in his later years, and spent much of his time in seeking out copies of the writings which had made him popular, and deliberately destroying them. After his death, in 1887, several were reprinted.

VIII

THE DECADE OF THE NINETIES

The "Flu" in Paris—Nihilists in France—The terrible Winter of '90-'91—The Mont de Piété—The London-Paris Telephone—M. Chauchard and Millet's 'Angélus'—Meissonier and his '1814'—Escapade of the Duke d'Orléans—Attempts on President Carnot—The Parisian Dustbin—Sir Richard Wallace—Octave Feuillet and Erckmann—Chatrian—Ex-President Grévy—Du Boisgobey and his Stories—Albert Wolff, Aimé Millet, Délibes, Litolf, and Céline Montaland—Lebel of the Rifle—Baron Haussmann and Jules Ferry—A Great Loan and a Financial Collapse—The Empress Frederick and the French Artists—The 'Pari Mutuel'—The Academy and Zola's Candidatures—Prince Napoleon Jérôme—The Bonaparte Family Likeness—Bartholdi's Statuary—The Café Procope and others—The Brasseries of Paris and Beer-Drinking—The 'Rat Mort'—The Cafés-Concerts—The 'Chat Noir'—Sardou's 'Thermidor'—The Comédie Française again—Some Musical Pieces—Zola and Bruneau—The Opera Directorate—Some English Adaptations of Parisian Plays.

THERE were numerous cases of influenza in Paris already in 1889, and during the following year and '91 the epidemic was still very prevalent there. In Western Europe it was at that time generally called the Russian influenza, but in Russia itself it had become known as the Chinese distemper, and some scientists propounded the theory that its germ originated in dust compounded of Yellow River mud and the bodies of drowned Chinamen, there having been great inundations in China during '88. It was shown that the epidemic had come from China on several previous occasions, and had usually taken a westerly course, inclining somewhat southward, whence it travelled towards the north. The French scientists of the present time state that the symptoms of the outbreak of 1918, currently called the Spanish "flu," are identical with those of 1889-91, and the supposition is that the malady again came from

Asia, taking a south-westerly course, and passing on its way through Turkey, where the Sultan succumbed to it, before reaching Spain, whence it proceeded northward, the winds serving as vehicles to the germ-containing dust.

During 1890 several municipal councillors of Paris became involved in an unpleasant scandal, having secured for themselves a large number of newly issued City Bonds under circumstances by which they were enabled to dispose of them at a considerable premium. Fortunately, some municipal elections soon afterwards enabled the Parisians to get rid of these corrupt councillors, who belonged to the Boulangist faction. The investigations into the affairs of the Panama Canal Company were now proceeding, and Eiffel, the constructor of the famous tower, was constrained to refund some £120,000, which he had received in advance on account of a very onerous contract. Many rumours of maladministration were in circulation, and no little uneasiness prevailed in Parisian financial circles. In May that year a number of Russian Nihilists were arrested at Le Raincy, in the suburbs of Paris, where they were found making explosives, and during November the city was startled by the murder of General Seliverskoff, a former Minister of Police, at the Hôtel de Bade on the Boulevard des Italiens. The assassin, a Pole named Padlewski, escaped with the connivance of some French revolutionaries, notably a certain Labruyère, a journalist, and a Madame Duc-Quercy who was married to a notorious agitator. She and Labruyère were sent to prison for their share in the affair, the French authorities being the more zealous in taking action, as the Franco-Russian *entente*, which afterwards developed into an alliance, was in course of preparation. During the following year a French squadron under Admiral Gervais visited Cronstadt, where it was inspected by the Czar.

The winter of '90-'91 proved as terrible in Paris as it did in London. The Parisians had known nothing so severe since the latter part of the German siege in '70-'71. Almost all the deer tribe, the buffaloes and other herbivoræ, kept at the Jardin des Plantes, perished during the long frost. In order to relieve the general distress the Legislature voted £250,000 without a dissentient voice. The Municipality followed this example, and shelters were opened, food supplied and fires kept burning in many squares and streets. It was even decided that prisoners undergoing light sentences and about to be released might, if they preferred it, remain in prison until the severity of the weather abated, and more than 700 poor devils availed themselves of this permission. Great crowds of poverty-stricken folk (the frost impeded all outdoor work) flocked to the shelters and the fires on the snow-covered Champ de Mars, where cauldrons of warming, comforting soup were always simmering. All the beds, 22,000 in number, at the hospitals and asylums of Paris, remained occupied and the Assistance Publique provided 1200 camp-beds in addition. Everybody knows how partial the Parisian is at all seasons to salads. In January, '91, the charge for small portions of dandelion and *doucette* averaged half a crown. An unfrozen cabbage could only with difficulty be obtained for a franc, whilst parsley was worth almost its weight in gold. Briefly "war prices" prevailed for every kind of green stuff, whilst root plants were almost unobtainable as they could not be lifted from the frost-bound soil. Naturally, there was a great shortage of water, and in some suburban localities a gallon of the fluid cost half a franc. London suffered severely at the same period, and that winter's severity was likewise felt in southern Europe, and even across the Mediterranean where Algiers and Tunis were wrapped in snow.

At such times of distress the Paris Mont de Piété

or official pawnbroking administration is, of course, largely patronized. It does not only lend money on all such articles that are usually pawned in London, but it makes advances on bonds of various descriptions—such as French Rentes, Municipal, Departmental and Railway Stock, Colonial Loans, Foreign Funds, and Crédit Foncier bonds—this having become, of more recent years, a very important branch of the Mont de Piété's business. On *valeurs mobilières* such as I have mentioned nearly £440,000 were lent in the course of 1912. During the same year the pledges of an ordinary description exceeded 1,200,000 in number, and the amount lent on them was nearly £1,928,000. For loans on Rentes and other approved stocks interest has to be paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and there is a fixed charge of 25 centimes on every 100 francs advanced. In regard to other pledges the interest is 7 per cent., plus a fixed charge of one franc for every 100 franc loan. It should be stated that in order to lend money the Mont de Piété borrows it on the security of bonds, and pays $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. when the loan is for more than one year, 3 per cent. when it is for a year only, and 1 per cent. (per annum) when it is merely for three months. In this wise the administration borrowed £2,214,000 in 1910, about £2,354,000 in 1911, and over £2,380,000 in 1912. The great bulk of this money was lent to it for the exact period of one year. Renewals of existing loans for about £2,000,000 were included in the figures I have given, new loans being represented by the rest of the money.

The General Director of the Institution (nowadays M. Martin-Feuillée) is assisted by a Council of Supervision which includes the Prefect of the Seine, the Prefect of Police, three Municipal Councillors, and three members of the Public Assistance administration. In addition to the chief establishment in the Rue des Blancs Manteaux, a narrow street of the

Marais district, there are three principal branch offices (which, like the chief one, keep open on Sundays) and twenty-two district offices designated by the letters of the alphabet from A to Y. A number of *commissaires-priseurs*, who estimate the value of the pledges which are tendered, and sell by auction those which remain unredeemed, are attached to the offices, and are remunerated at the rate of one-half per cent. on the amounts lent, and of 3 per cent. on the proceeds of the sales. In 1912 nearly £16,000 were apportioned between the commissaires and certain employés assisting them. The general expenses of the institution during the same year amounted in round figures to £118,000.

In the early part of 1891 Paris and London were connected by telephone, and on March 16 the first words that ever travelled under the waters of the Channel were flashed from country to country. The route of the English land-line followed the South-Eastern Railway to a point near Sidcup, whence it proceeded by road or rail to St. Margaret's Bay, between Deal and Dover. It was 85 miles long, whereas the French land-line from Sangatte, between Calais and Boulogne, had a length of 204 miles. The connecting cable, designed by Preece, was laid by the steamship 'Monarch,' after a good deal of difficulty owing to tempestuous weather, but at last, on the day I have mentioned, St. Martins-le-Grand was "called up" and informed that everything was accomplished. A few evenings later, when five receivers had been connected to the new line, the performance at the Grand Opera in Paris could be distinctly heard in one of the rooms of the London General Post Office. So clear were the sounds of the orchestra that the notes of the piccolo could be plainly identified. The vocalists were also heard distinctly, and so was the applause of the audience and its calls of "Bis! Bis!"—for which we substitute the word "Encore!" The

transmitters were, naturally, microphones placed on the Opera-house floor. Nowadays we think little of any such achievement, but it seemed to most of us very wonderful in the year of grace 1891.

In referring in my last chapter to the downfall of the financier Sécrotan of the Société des Métaux I had occasion to mention Millet's famous painting 'L'Angélus.' When Sécrotan's picture-gallery was dispersed this painting was momentarily lost to France, being acquired by the American Art Association for a sum of £22,120. However, M. Chauchard, the millionaire partner of Major Heriot in that famous emporium the Grands Magasins du Louvre, became desirous of acquiring Millet's work, and the American purchasers were generous enough to let him have it for no more than £34,000. The newspapers related at the time that, after Chauchard had placed 'L'Angélus' in his gallery he gave a dinner to celebrate the occasion, and that each of his guests found under his napkin a commemorative silver medal, on which were engraved the figures appearing in the painting and a suitable inscription. The same wealthy "linen-draper" had previously acquired Meissonier's picture now generally known as '1814,' though when it was first exhibited at the Salon of 1865 it was entitled 'Campagne de France.' At that time a M. Delahante purchased it for £2800, and afterwards resold it for £20,000; but when it passed to M. Chauchard he had to pay the same price as he afterwards gave for 'L'Angélus.'

Meissonier, who was a native of Lyons, born in the year of Waterloo, died in the course of '91. His ambition to become a Senator, even as Lord Leighton had become a peer, was never realized. During his lifetime his pictures fetched very large amounts of money. I have seen some of his tiny canvases, such as might be enclosed in a card-case, sold for £1600 and more at the auction-rooms in the Rue Drouot; and, as already indicated, his larger works,

which were small in comparison with those of other historical painters—for instance, 30 by 20 inches were the dimensions of '1814'—ended by commanding enormous sums. Since Meissonier's death, however, there has been a great slump in the value set upon his works, though as time brings round so many changes, particularly in what may be called, perhaps, artistic "fashions," the future may have yet another Meissonier boom in store for us.

I must now momentarily revert to 1890 in order to repair some accidental omissions. In February that year the young Duke d'Orléans, son of the Comte de Paris, arrived in Paris from Lausanne, and after putting up at the residence of his friend the Duke de Luynes, signified to the officials of the recruiting office in the Rue Saint-Dominique that, having reached the requisite age, he had come to serve his time in the army. Being, however, after his father, the direct heir of the House of Bourbon, his presence in France was prohibited by the Law of Exile,* and the authorities therefore arrested him and lodged him in that famous prison of the Conciergerie, which is so closely associated with the revolutionary Reign of Terror. The Prince had expressed the desire to share with his fellow-conscripts the contents of the usual army *gamelle* or porringer, but while he was under arrest the Government provided him with very superior fare—some of the *menus* being printed by the newspapers—and the prisoner did not hesitate to partake of it. His desire to share the soldiers' *gamelle* was ridiculed by a good many Boulevardian journalists, and for a considerable period the nickname of Gamelle was currently applied to him. On being tried by one of the Correctional Courts for having infringed the Law of Exile he defended himself with some spirit, but was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and transferred to the *maison centrale*

* See p. 142, *ante*.

of Clairvaux, originally an abbey founded by St. Bernard, where he remained for about four months, when he was pardoned by presidential decree, and conducted to the Swiss frontier.

The Royalist party had evidently based some hopes on this affair. No sooner had the Prince been arrested than Paris was flooded with portraits of him. Street-hawkers, provided with lavish supplies of them, importuned one at every step, but the Prince, as I have already indicated, reaped ridicule instead of popularity from his adventure. Later, on May Day that year, some of the Royalists, including the Marquis de Morès and the Marquis de Saint Hurugue, abetted Louise Michel, the crazy Red Virgin, and other revolutionaries, in trying to stir up some riots in the streets, but a number of strong patrols were on duty and no serious disturbances occurred.

One evening in June there was almost a panic at the Comédie Française owing to an accident with the electric light. More serious, towards the end of the year, was a fire at the Grand Café on the Boulevards, this also being due to a defect in the electric light arrangements. During the National Fête that year President Carnot was fired on for the second time,* but the authorities afterwards stated that only a blank cartridge had been employed by his assailant, a lunatic named Jacob. Whatever may have been the truth in that respect, it will be remembered that the third attempt made on the President, that of Caserio at Lyons, proved fatal, thus confirming superstitious people in their belief that "the third time is never like the others." The *cause célèbre* of 1890 was the trial of a man named Eyraud and his mistress Gabrielle Bompard for the murder of M. Gouffé, a Paris *huissier* or process-server. Both prisoners were convicted, Eyraud being sentenced to death and Bompard to

* See p. 149, *ante*.

twenty years' penal servitude. It was during this same year that the authorities first ordered that the Paris cabs should be provided with *compteurs* indicating both the distance covered and the length of time during which they were engaged, some "fares" taking them by time and others by the *course* or journey.

It was also, I believe, during 1890 that M. Poubelle, then Prefect of the Seine, ordered that all houses should be provided with dustbins and that tenants should have these receptacles deposited at an early hour on the pavement kerbs in order that they might be emptied by the scavengers into their carts when these came by. The edict caused universal consternation and innumerable protests among the combined fraternity and sisterhood of rag-pickers, who, almost from time immemorial, had earned their living by searching the heaps of refuse which littered the streets during the smaller hours. It also provoked considerable grumbling among tenants and house-porters; but it was a good measure, tending to better sanitation, and the rag-pickers' occupation has not altogether departed, for they still contrive to glean something of value to them from among the many *poubelles*. In all likelihood the Prefect did not foresee that his edict would immortalize him, but his name was at once bestowed on the receptacles he had ordered, and it has clung to them ever since. Although the appellation has not yet been endorsed by the French Academy, the Parisians would deem it affectation to call a *poubelle* by any other name. The expression, an *odeur de poubelle*, is often used to designate an unpleasant smell.

During 1890 Paris lost one of her very best friends in the person of the gifted and generous Sir Richard Wallace. His name is perpetuated throughout the city by the little drinking fountains erected at his expense in 1872 and ensuing years. They are

125 in number. During the German siege of '70-'71, Wallace gave large sums to alleviate the distress among the poor, and in later years nobody who was really in want ever appealed to him in vain. In the same connection—that of philanthropy—one may perhaps claim as an English foundation the asylum for the aged established by William Galignani, of the well-known firm of booksellers, though it is true that at the time of his death (1882) Galignani was a French citizen by naturalization.

Another noteworthy death occurring in '90 was that of the brilliant stylist Octave Feuillet, who was followed by Chatrian, long Erckmann's *collaborateur* in so many stories of Alsace and the Napoleonic wars. Apart from his literary work, Chatrian was an official in the head offices of the Eastern Railway Company. His faculties became impaired during the later period of his life, when, after working for so many years in perfect harmony with Erckmann, he contracted the delusion that the latter had defrauded him in connection with 'L'Ami Fritz.' Erckmann proved, however, that the greater part of this work had been written by himself. Friends subsequently attempted to bring the old *collaborateurs* together again, but they were never reconciled.

Quite a number of prominent people passed away during '91. I can refer to only a few of them. They included Grévy, the former President of the Republic, who was buried at his native place, Montsous-Vaudrey in the Jura, at the expense of the State, for it was generally recognized that he had rendered considerable services, and that his chief fault had been his misplaced confidence in his son-in-law, Daniel Wilson. Grévy was too much of a *bourgeois* to be really popular among the Parisian masses, who at the time of the Legion of Honour scandal had so freely hummed the ditty, "Ah, quel malheur d'avoir un gendre," but on his death becoming known, he was widely pitied.

Doubtless the severe winter of 1890-91—the six weeks of frost with the thermometer at 18° and 20° Fahr.—was responsible for many of the deaths which occurred early in the latter year. Among those who then joined the majority was Fortuné du Boisgobey, the popular novelist, for the English versions of several of whose works I was responsible. His real name was Castille, which suggested a Spanish origin, but by birth he was a Norman of Granville. After serving as an army paymaster in Algeria he travelled in the East, and did not take to writing stories until 1868, when he was forty-three years old. From that moment, however, and until his death *feuilleton* after *feuilleton* poured from his restless pen. I have no complete list of his stories by me, but there must have been quite forty, some of them extending to two volumes. Shortly after his death we lost a writer of far greater artistry, a real *littérateur*, in the person of Théodore de Banville, one of the chiefs of the so-called Parnassian School, and of whose ‘Odes funambulesques’ Victor Hugo said: “How full of wisdom is that merriment! How full of common sense is that insanity!” Banville also wrote a delightfully amusing little prose comedy called ‘Gringoire’—the name of its hero, a hungry Bohemian poet.

Early in '91 died one of the best known of the Boulevardian journalists, a writer who could pass rapidly from lively to severe and back again with a light yet sure touch, and whom nobody, judging by his many ‘Chroniques de Paris’ in ‘Le Figaro,’ would have taken to be a—German. Yet Albert Wolff was born at Cologne and educated at Bonn, and first came to Paris as correspondent of the ‘Allgemeine Zeitung.’ But he attracted the notice of Dumas the elder, and became one of his secretaries. Like his compatriot Heine, Wolff detested Prussia; and, like Offenbach, he became a naturalized Frenchman. Had Heine, Offenbach and Wolff been alive

in 1914-18 an indiscriminating crowd would probably have demanded their "internment."

Sculpture lost Aimé Millet during that same year, and music had to regret the loss of Léo Délibes and Henri Litoff. Céline Montaland of the Comédie Française was carried off at the early age of forty-seven. She was of Belgian birth, and though one could not call her a great *artiste*, she was a clever and witty one. She had been on the boards ever since her sixth year, when she had appeared as a child at the Comédie. Later, as a young girl, she had acted the part of Charlotte Corday with real power and ability. Extremely good looking at one time, it was said that all the hobbledehoys, all the elder schoolboys, of Paris were in love with her, even as those of a slightly earlier date had been in love with Déjazet. But Céline's *embonpoint*, the ever-increasing opulence of her charms—which led people to remark that, in her case, the presence of *du monde au balcon* was indisputable—developed to such a point that there were at last only few parts that she could take without incurring ridicule. She was for a considerable time the particular friend of Coquelin *cadet*.

Colonel Lebel, the inventor of the famous rifle which superseded the chassepot, and which is still used—with good effect, as we know—by the French army, also died in '91, when but 53 years old. He had fought at Sedan and had been taken prisoner there. At the same time a notable Alsatian passed away in the person of Bishop Freppel of Angers, who had formerly been at the head of the Catholic College of Strasburg. He had chosen French nationality after the Franco-German war, and become a member of the Chamber of Deputies. A prelate of Ultramontane views, he took a leading part in all the agitation for the restoration of the temporal power.

Alsace could also claim a son in the famous

Baron Eugène Georges Haussmann, who, after attending the funeral of the Duke of Leuchtenberg during the severe weather in February, '91, was suddenly struck down by cerebral congestion. It is true that Haussmann was born in Paris, but he was of Alsatian stock, his family belonging to Colmar. His father was one of the principal commissariat officers of Napoleon, who rewarded him for his services with the title of Baron. Haussmann was a Protestant and married to the daughter of a wealthy Swiss merchant. In 1853 Napoleon III appointed him Prefect of the Seine, and he retained that office until May, 1870. It was during the period that elapsed between those dates that, under his ægis, Paris underwent that sweeping transformation which was the wonder of all who beheld it. Slums were destroyed on all sides; narrow, crooked streets disappeared as by enchantment; straight, broad, tree-lined thoroughfares were laid out in every direction, the first garden-squares were planted, the wildernesses of the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes gave place to ornamental parks, the sewerage and lighting systems were developed, a hundred palatial public edifices were erected, the old Central Markets were utterly transformed, new bridges were thrown across the Seine, and on every side six or seven-storied stone-fronted houses arose along the streets. Under the Third Republic the Prefecture of the Seine and the Parisian Municipality have right zealously carried on the work which Haussmann so ably began. Schemes devised in his time have been brought to fulfilment, together with very many others, that have made Paris such as it is to-day.

But Haussmann spent money without counting. Under the imperial *régime* there was no elected municipality to control him. Whilst his own hands remained from first to last absolutely clean, there was more than one corrupt official under him, and a thousand speculators and jobbers made fortunes out

of the many improvements, and the city's debt increased by leaps and bounds. As a matter of fact it has been increasing ever since, and one must not assume that there have been no scandals under the Republican administrations, which at times indeed have expended money on public improvements even more lavishly, more recklessly, than Haussmann did. At the same time it is an indisputable fact that his accounts became terribly muddled.

It was this circumstance which brought Jules Ferry to the front. Ferry, whom I hold to have been a greater constructive statesman than Gambetta, belonged to a family established for centuries in the little town of Saint-Dié in Lorraine. He was educated at the Lycée of Strasburg, became a barrister and married an Alsacienne. On his father's death he left the bar, and in order to obtain an opening in political spheres joined the Opposition press in Paris. He was already known as a writer of ability when he took up the question of Haussmann's administration from the financial standpoint, and under the title of 'Les Comptes fantastiques d' Haussmann'—suggested, of course, by the 'Contes fantastiques d' Hoffmann'—wrote for 'Le Temps' a series of slashing articles on the muddled accounts of the Paris Prefect. Reproduced as a booklet, Ferry's attack caused a tremendous sensation and circulated far and wide. It led to his election as a deputy for Paris (1869), after which he continued denouncing Haussmann's administration in the Corps Législatif, all this tending to the Baron's downfall, which took place when Emile Ollivier reorganized his Ministry. Looking back, one may say that Ferry's onslaught on Haussmann was in various respects unjust, and, whatever may have been the Baron's remissness in financial matters, it must be allowed that subsequent generations of Parisians have reaped no slight benefits from his great achievements in ridding their city of so many sores, and, in addition

to increasing its beauty, improving all the conditions of life prevailing within its limits.

Maurice Rouvier, who in '91 was Finance Minister under Freycinet, launched that year a great State Loan the success of which was the more wonderful as it was issued only a year or so after the Panama Canal Company had suspended payment with liabilities affecting 800,000 investors. The loan, which bore 3 per cent. interest, the price of issue being 92 frs. 55 centimes (per 100 francs), was one for nearly thirty-five millions sterling. Paris alone subscribed that sum several times over, and including the provincial subscriptions some five hundred and fifty-six million pounds were tendered to the Government. Yet, quite apart from the Panama scandal, which still continued, there were other occurrences in the financial world which were by no means of a nature to inspire confidence. For instance, the Bank of France had to advance £2,400,000 to prevent a run on certain houses in Paris, where about the same time a banker named Berneau, carrying on business as V. Macé & Co., failed with liabilities of £700,000. This was a case of fraudulent bankruptcy, and, as in the Union Générale affair,* the victims included a thousand priests and fully a dozen bishops. Berneau had baited them with promises of phenomenal interest on all money that they might deposit with him. For a short time, indeed, he paid his "clients" 10 per cent. every month, thereby attracting more and more victims to his snare. Such "frenzied finance" was bound, however, to end in disaster.

It must be said that under the present Republic there have been many instances of fraud on the part of small private mushroom banks in Paris. Such cases continued down to the beginning of the Great War, though it had long been evident that drastic revision of the banking laws was greatly needed.

* See p. 105, *ante*.

During February, '91, the Empress Frederick, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria and mother of William II, who had then been German Kaiser for about three years, paid a most unexpected visit to Paris. People wondered what its object could be, and all sorts of fantastic rumours began to circulate. It was presently ascertained, however, that the Empress's purpose was to persuade the leading French artists to participate in an International Art Exhibition, which was to be held at Berlin. The old saw that art knew no frontiers and could be confined to no particular nationality came to the front once more, and as the Empress was of English birth and pleaded her purpose adroitly, a number of French painters eventually promised their co-operation. Scarcely, however, had this been arranged when the Empress blundered badly by going down to Versailles to inspect the palace there, including notably Louis XIV's "Gallery of Mirrors" where the German Empire was proclaimed in January, 1871. This immediately gave great offence. The French artists withdrew the promises they had made, and demonstrations would have ensued had it not been for the police precautions which were taken.

It was during 1891 that the *pari mutuel* betting system was first instituted on French racecourses.* At the outset the suppression of the ordinary book-makers caused a great "slump" in the number of race-goers, the attendance at the Auteuil spring meeting being the smallest known. Before long, however, matters righted themselves in this respect, and the *pari mutuel* system rapidly became popular. During May the drivers of the Paris omnibus company

* See also pp. 286, 287, *post*, where I ought to have mentioned that of the proceeds of the *pari mutuel* tax, 2 per cent. goes to municipal poor relief, whilst 1 per cent. is allotted to horse-breeding, and grants are also made to insure or improve the water-supply of localities near the racecourses.

treated us to a strike, which in the then limited state of communications threatened very serious inconvenience. But the municipality intervened, and the men secured both shorter hours and better pay, as they desired.

M. de Freycinet, the Prime Minister, had been elected a member of the French Academy, in the place of Emile Augier, towards the end of 1890. During the ensuing twelvemonth Lieutenant Julien Viaud, known to literature as Pierre Loti, was elected to the *fauteuil* left vacant by the death of Octave Feuillet, triumphing easily over his two competitors, Henri de Bornier, the author of 'La Fille de Roland,' and the apostle of naturalism, Emile Zola. A great literary battle was still being waged around the latter's personality. The days of 'Nana' and 'Pot Bouille' were past, but if the delicate story called 'Le Rêve'—following that picture of brutishness 'La Terre'—might be regarded as a peace offering to those whom the portraiture of nature's ugly side offended, the next volume of the Rougon-Macquart series, 'La Bête humaine,' once more sounded a loud note of defiance. Zola, it will be remembered, long persevered in his candidatures of the Academy, but was never elected; and though of later years more or less erotic writers, such as Bourget, Lavedan, and Marcel Prévost, have found favour among the Immortals, I do not believe that he would ever have secured admission to the Palais de l'Institut even had he lived until the present time. The august *compagnie* had no room for him, any more than it had for Balzac and Dumas the Elder.

In the latter part of March, '91, Paris learnt that Prince Napoleon had passed away at Rome in the arms of his long-neglected wife, the pious and charitable Princess Clotilde. His death reduced the number of Pretenders to the throne of France, though, of course, Bonapartism was still represented by his

son, Prince Victor—now generally known as Prince Napoleon and married to the Princess Clémentine of Belgium. The son of Jérôme Bonaparte, some time King of Westphalia, was once wittily and at the same time truthfully described as “the most brilliant failure of the nineteenth century.” He was possessed of great abilities. He spoke extremely well, had a ready wit, and was by no means destitute of political acumen, but his disposition was uncertain, vacillating, and his career marked by many inconsistencies. During the Empire his cousin, Napoleon III, had allotted the Palais Royal to him as residence, which circumstance, perhaps, inclined him to play in a mild sort of way the part of a Philippe Égalité in opposition to the Tuileries. But this “César déclassé,” as Edmond About wittily called the Prince, was never taken seriously by the Parisians. They doubted—probably with good reason—the sincerity of the liberalism which he affected, and the coterie of very clever men who surrounded him failed in every attempt to make him popular. Under the Third Republic he joined in the campaign against MacMahon’s reactionary policy and sat in the National Assembly as a Republican; he also publicly approved of the expulsion of the Jesuits and other orders in 1880, yet immediately after the death of Gambetta he issued a manifesto in which he posed as a champion of the Church and accused the Republic of persecution. Later he coquetted with General Boulanger, to whom he promised the sword worn by Napoleon at Marengo.

I remember that the Prince showed me that weapon and quite a number of other interesting Napoleonic relics, when I interviewed him shortly after the death of the young Prince Imperial in South Africa had made him the chief representative of the Bonapartes. Facially Prince Napoleon strongly resembled the great Emperor in his later years, but he

was a much bigger, bulkier man.* I can recall a curious looking "Pompeian villa" which he built in the Champs Elysées during the Second Empire, and which the Parisians of those days associated with all sorts of more or less supposititious orgies. Certainly the Prince's private life was by no means exemplary. The famous *tragédienne* Rachel was at one period his mistress, but he afterwards lowered himself to protect the notorious harlot Cora Pearl, who quitted him after a time, as he did not loosen his purse-strings often enough to please her.

During his last years the Prince's political vagaries caused many Imperialists to forsake him and gather round young Prince Victor. Quite a feud ensued between father and son, and when the former died he forbade Prince Victor's attendance at his funeral, and disinherited him as far as possible, leaving all his property which did not come under French law to his second son, Louis, afterwards a General of Cossacks in the Russian army. Further, either by will or by word of mouth, the Prince expressed a desire to be buried, like his father and his famous uncle, at the Invalides † in Paris, or, if that were not possible, to be entombed on a rock in the bay of Ajaccio, even as Chateaubriand was buried on the Grand Bey outside Saint-Malo. But neither of those requests was granted. The son of King Jérôme has his resting-place in Italy.

An inadequate monument to Gambetta, the work of Aubé, a Lorrainer of Longwy, had been erected

* When I saw Cardinal Bonaparte in Rome in 1878 I also noticed in him a facial resemblance to Napoleon I. He belonged to the Lucien line of the family. Most like the Emperor, however, to my thinking, was his illegitimate son, Count Walewski, whom I saw two or three times in my boyhood. Another illegitimate son, Count Léon, also reminded one of Napoleon; whereas the Duke of Reichstadt, judging by his portraits, had no physical resemblance to his father.

† In the year when the Prince died the remains of the Lorrainer Lasalle, one of the greatest of Napoleon's cavalry generals (killed at Wagram in 1809), were removed from Vienna, with the assent of the Austrian government, to a tomb at the Invalides.

on the Place du Carrousel in 1888. Of greater merit is the statue of the famous patriot which was inaugurated in '91 at Les Jardies, Ville d'Avray, where he died. The cost of this statue was entirely defrayed by Alsatians and Lorrainers, grateful for his efforts to preserve their land to France, and it was also the work of the great Alsatian sculptor, Bartholdi, to whom France owes the Lion of Belfort and New York her Liberty lighting the World. I may add here that ever since Gambetta passed away it has been the practice of his surviving friends and his admirers to repair to Les Jardies in pilgrimage on the anniversary of his death.*

It was, by the way, in '90 or '91, that a very famous Paris café, which in its later years was often associated with Gambetta's name, finally disappeared. This was the Café Procope situated in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, whose name dated from the time when the Comédie Française was located in the Quartier Latin. The street was known, however, as the Rue des Fossés Saint-Germain when in 1689 the Café Procope was established there. It was not, as some writers have stated, the first café ever opened in Paris, for some years previously an Armenian called Pascall had set up an establishment of this description. His venture failed, although, in London, coffee-houses were already flourishing; but a little later, another Armenian, known as Gregory of Aleppo, was more successful in attracting the Parisians, and at last the Café Procope was founded

* I cannot resist the impulse to quote here a few sentences from the last speech that Gambetta ever made. It was delivered in the Chamber of Deputies and referred to the co-operation of France and Great Britain in Egypt. "Gentlemen," said the great tribune, "when I consider the situation of Europe, I observe that during the last ten years there has always been a Western policy, represented by France and England; and allow me to say that *I know of no other policy capable of proving of assistance to us in the most terrible emergencies we have to fear. I say this with profound conviction, looking clearly into the future. . . . Ah! remember my words! Make any sacrifice rather than forego the friendship and alliance of England!*" (July 19th, 1882).

by a Sicilian of that name, and became in course of time one of the chief centres of literary France—associated with memories of many celebrities, such as Diderot, Piron, Crébillon, Marmontel, Destouches, Fréron, and particularly Voltaire, whose mind must have harked back to it during his last illness when he remarked that he was “dying of two hundred and fifty thousand cups of coffee,” which, assuming that he began to drink the beverage during his youth, would have represented an average of some ten cups a day during his many years of manhood. He may well have exceeded that quantity while he was an *habitué* of the Café Procope, for it is recorded that he would stay there talking and sipping coffee from morning until midnight. As he died at the ripe age of 84 one cannot say that his libations harmed him, though the medical men of 1669, when the Parisians first took to coffee-drinking (that is some fifteen years after the introduction of coffee into France), roundly denounced the practice as a most pernicious one.

The Café Procope remained famous under many *régimes*. After 1789 it became the resort of numerous revolutionary writers, and in fact it was always patronized by men opposed to officialdom of one or another kind. During the Second Empire embryonic revolutionists in politics, literature and art congregated day by day in its famous first-floor room, where Gambetta, then an almost briefless barrister, often raised his powerful voice. In like way during the Commune several members of that Bolshevik Government made it their rendezvous. A body of Bohemian scribes clung to it through its declining fortunes until it was at last closed and, finally, demolished.

The Café de Buci, at no great distance from the Café Procope, had its hours of celebrity in our own times, when it was frequented by such men as Gustave Planche the famous literary critic, Théodore

de Banville the poet, Harpignies the landscape painter, and the ever refractory Jules Vallès. Hundreds, if not thousands, of young Frenchmen who, during the last forty years, have attained to distinction in various walks of life, must have frequented, in their student days, one or another of such establishments as the Cafés Molière, Racine, Voltaire, Soufflot and Harcourt, all within the Latin Quartier. Many a budding Polytechnicien must have played draughts at the Café Maunoury. Poets, too, have sat in the Café d'Orsay since the days when Alfred de Musset there sought Nirwana in absinthe—a quest which a later *habitué*, François Coppée, eschewed, for carefully nursing the complaints which so often made his life a misery, he refrained from anything more potent than *orgeat*.

The glory of the Palais Royal cafés—Foy, Régence, Valois, Orleans, Lemblin, Montansier, Corazza—has long been a memory only.* Gone, too, or strangely transformed, or in a state of great decline, are many of the once famous cafés of the boulevards—Madrid, Suède, Mulhouse, Variétés, Panoramas, and so forth. Frontin's on the Boulevard Poissonnière leapt into sudden notoriety during the earlier years of the present Republic, for it became the daily rendezvous of Gambetta, Spuller, Isembert, Naquet, Challemel-Lacour, Proust, Ranc, Allain-Targé, Dionys Ordinaire, Barodet, etc., at the time when the first-named established his famous newspaper 'La République Française,' which had its first offices in the Rue du Croissant. Those were the days when no genuine Republican entered the Café de la Paix, which had become a perfect hornet's nest of Imperialists—the Cassagnacs, father and son (old Granier and swashbuckling Paul), Jolibois, Clément Duvernois, Janvier de la Motte, and the Corsican phalanx headed by Abbattucci, Galloni d'Istria, and Pietri, ex-Prefect of Police, all men

* See p. 20, *ante*.

who imagined it possible that France could forget the disaster of Sedan and the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, and take back the discredited dynasty of the Bonapartes.

For some years after the period of the Commune the city's café life did not differ much from what it had been under the Empire; but during the Eighties various changes became quite apparent. Wine had never been consumed in any quantity in Paris cafés unless they were also restaurants, it being unusual for the *bourgeoisie* to drink wine between their meals. At the utmost a customer might call for a small glass of *madère* or *porto*. Beer, however, was currently in request at the cafés, and its consumption steadily increased. This occurred not only in Paris but in many parts of France, and was due in a considerable measure, I think, to the destruction of vines by the phylloxera, the consequent shortage and inferior quality of wine during that period, the introduction of so-called raisin wine, and the habit which many people then contracted of drinking beer, instead of wine, with their meals, as well as at the cafés between meals.

It is true that sundry Austrian brewers and, perhaps, also some German ones, masquerading as Austrians, began to send beer to Paris, but the imports of foreign beer were never very large. The highest figures that I find in the official statistics are those of '81, '82 and '83, when rather more than nine million gallons of beer were imported into the country. But at the same time the 2700 breweries of France were producing as much as 187 million gallons.* In 1913-14 the number of breweries had increased to about 3400 and their output in the former year amounted in round figures to 282,900,000 gallons. The consumption was virtually the same as the production, and represented 32·4 *litres* per head of

* At that period about 1,100,000 000 gallons of beer were being brewed in Great Britain.

the population—a figure exceeded in 1911, when, according to the ‘*Annuaire de la France*,’ the consumption per head had risen to 36·3 *litres*. Beer, of course, has always been the ordinary beverage of Northern France, where there are no vineyards, and this accounts for a large part of the consumption. As for Paris, I find that in 1912, the last year for which I have the municipal figures, the consumption of beer amounted to about 18,700,000 gallons against more than seven times that quantity of wine.

Now, during the earlier years of the Republic, whilst the phylloxera’s ravages left so many vineyards unproductive, the French brewers strove to effect improvements in their methods, and (following German, Flemish and Alsatian practices) produced at last beers of the *lager* type, which were greatly superior to any others previously brewed in France. Some breweries opened retail establishments in Paris, others financed persons in the retail trade, and by degrees, often alongside the cafés, one saw many so-called *brasseries*, that is beer-houses, not breweries, opened. There had been a few such places previously. Under the Empire half a dozen Alsatian *brasseries* were well known to beer-drinkers, and there was the famous Brasserie des Martyrs, that “halfway house” to Montmartre, which was patronized by a literary and artistic fraternity counting in its ranks such writers as Henri Murger, Privat d’Anglemont, Aurélien Scholl, and Jules Noriac, musicians such as Oliver Métra, Litolff, Markowski, sculptors like Aimé Millet and Christophe, and painters such as Courbet, Alfred Stevens, Gustave Boulanger and Mariani—all men to whom very late hours seemed to be one of the necessities of human existence.

Among the new brasseries which sprang up in Paris under the Republican *régime* some proved quite attractive by reason of the novelty of their appointments. Instead of the glaring walls of

white and gold, the huge mirrors, the blazing chandeliers, the marble tables, the *banquettes* covered with red plush, which you found around you in the conventional café, you were confronted by walls panelled with brown oak (real or imitation) or hung with more or less imitation tapestry, generally of the *verdure* kind—but occasionally depicting hawking or hunting scenes in hues falsely suggesting that they had faded in the course of centuries. At other times there were stamped wallpapers imitating *cuir repoussé*. Curtains of imitation tapestry were also to be seen, ceilings were beamed or panelled, coloured glass, in little panes, admitted only a subdued light, the tables and chairs were of stained wood imitating the patterns of the Henri-deux and Louis-treize periods, or else frankly following the odious *style moderne*, and you were evidently supposed to imagine yourself in an *intérieur flamand*, or something similar, of the long-ago.

These resuscitations of the past attracted customers, and, moreover, a special inducement to frequent the brasseries was that pipe-smoking, which was then largely increasing in Paris, was allowed there, whereas only cigars and cigarettes were tolerated at first-class cafés, except, it might be, on the *terrasses*, that is, at the little tables set out in rows on the foot-pavements. Incongruously enough, the brasseries, wherever possible, also had their *terrasses*, where no pretence at old times and customs was affected, the chairs and the iron tables placed outside being of the customary café pattern. In some cases the front of a brasserie was so contrived that it could be thrown wide open during the summer, but at other times, there being no large plate-glass windows, like those of the ordinary cafés, you were quite shut off from the life of the streets. In a word, you were screened from the prying eyes of the vulgar just as securely as if you had found yourself in the *buen retiro* of a select London saloon bar.

This circumstance tended to the rapid multiplication of the so-called *brasseries de femmes*. Some cafés had always been notorious for the women who frequented them, and already early in the Seventies there was at least one well-known house where customers were served by women. It was situated on the Place de la République (then called Place du Château d'Eau), and, downstairs, in a very spacious basement, girls were always in attendance. This establishment became currently notorious by the unenviable name of *la vacherie* or cow-house. When, however, the new brasseries began to spread through Paris it was more particularly in the Quartier Latin that the *brasseries de femmes* began to flourish. Their customers (largely but by no means entirely of the student class) were plied with drink by the more or less attractive-looking girls who served them: girls often of a very uncertain age and of no particular virtue, who endeavoured to enhance their charms by means of "coquettish" costumes—occasionally Alsatian ones and at times of a somewhat Eastern description. Not only was it the *fille de brasserie's* business to make each customer imbibe freely, but, in order to extract from him as much money as possible, the terms of her engagement required that she should "invite herself" to drink with him. Had she drunk "fair," she would certainly have become intoxicated long before her hours of duty were over, but she made it her practice to imbibe only "mock" chartreuse, or some other supposititious *liqueur*, serving herself, in fact, merely with *petits verres* of water, coloured green or yellow, and sometimes slightly sweetened. The girls were allowed to retain a part of the proceeds of this fraudulent practice, but the remainder went to the "house." Even the coloured water affected the girls' health. They frequently contracted a disorder of the digestion, which became known among the Paris faculty as the *maladie des inviteuses*.

The Paris police exercises, or is supposed to exercise, a supervision over all establishments where drink is sold.* Just before the Great War began there were nearly 30,400 *débîts de boissons* in the city, and this shows the task of supervision to have been no easy one. I must also mention that the men of the *police des mœurs*, that is, the plain-clothes officers appointed to watch over Parisian morals and notably to keep unregistered women in check, have often proved corrupt. While I was connected with the Folies-Bergère I became cognizant of several cases of flagrant blackmailing on the part of the plain-clothes men who frequented the promenade. It often happened that very great laxity prevailed in the *brasseries de femmes*. Robberies were committed there, and from time to time there were scandals which could not be ignored. As, however, the women serving in these houses were mostly registered at the Prefecture of Police, they escaped interference unless some very gross breach of decorum occurred.

The Quartier Latin was not the only part of Paris where brasseries at which women served became prominent. Others flourished in the Quartier Bonne Nouvelle and others sprang up at Montmartre. In that neighbourhood—apart from the Brasserie des Martyrs, of which I have spoken—one of the most noted “refreshment” houses had previously been the Café Pigalle, on the *place* of that name. Few Parisians, however, ever called this house the Café Pigalle, for it was known throughout the city as the “Rat mort” or “dead rat,” an uncomplimentary name derived from a remark which fell either from Alfred Delvau—the author of an interesting little book on the cafés and *cabarets* of Paris—or from

* Subsequent to the brasseries a number of little bars sprang up in even some of the best parts of Paris. Spirits, notably absinthe, were largely consumed at these places. Previously, there had been only a few English or American bars in the city.

his friend Castagnary during a dispute which they had together as to the merits of the house. One of them declared that he did not like the place because its atmosphere always seemed to him to suggest the smell of a dead rat. The remark stuck, and was turned into a nickname. The house was frequented in its time by all the *ban* and *arrière-ban* of the literary and artistic colonies of Montmartre. I have chatted there with Catulle Mendès, Léon Cladel, Jean Richepin, and Charles Monselet. However, the brasseries invaded Montmartre, and the "Rat mort" suddenly found itself surrounded by many competitors.

On a previous page I have sketched the aspect of one of the better-class brasseries, but I ought to add that there were many inferior ones, and that numerous cafés, by way of falling in with the new fashion, began to call themselves brasseries without even troubling to make any change in their personal appearance. Further, although the name of *brasserie* primarily suggested beer, this was by no means the only beverage procurable at such places. Coffee, perhaps, was called for less often than at an ordinary café, but virtually all liquid refreshments were on sale.

Another evolution was taking place about the same time. The first Parisian *cafés-concerts* appear to have been established in or about 1770. They were known as *musicos* during the later years of the eighteenth century.* As far back, moreover, as 1729 Crébillon the elder, Piron, Collé, and other choice spirits founded a kind of semi-bacchanalian,

* I may note *en passant* that the *cafés-concerts* have from time to time given *artistes* of ability to the legitimate stage. Mme. Agar of the Comédie Française began by singing at the Concert du Cheval blanc, behind the Château d'Eau (Place de la République). Marie Sass, who ultimately became *prima donna* at the Opera, sang at the Café-concert du Géant on the Boulevard du Temple before going to the Théâtre Lyrique. Judic and Théo, of the Variétés and the Bouffes, went thither from the *café-concert* stage, and Mme. Beaumaine, Fusier, Fugère, and others also began their careers in music-halls.

semi-poetical club, known as the Caveau, from a basement or cellar in which its members met. Their customary pastime, apart from conviviality, was song-singing, in which respect the Caveau resembled the London "Blarers" of our own times. The members of the Caveau sang, however, chiefly songs of their own composition. They dispersed in 1739, but a score of years later the club was revived by Crébillon fils, Gentil-Bernard, Pelletier, Marmontel, and others. Either it survived the Revolution or was reincarnated subsequently, for it flourished anew in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, when it was installed at the Palais Royal, Desaugiers, the famous song-writer, then being prominently connected with it. It still existed during the earlier years of Gustave Nadaud, the writer and composer of many sprightly, laughable, and at times sentimental songs—for instance, 'Les deux Gendarmes,' 'Le Docteur Grégoire,' and 'La Valse des Adieux'—and also of Pierre Dupont, whose extremely original *chants rustiques*, such as 'Les Bœufs' and 'Ma Vigne,' were works of genuine inspiration. Dupont died in 1870, but Nadaud, who was slightly his senior, survived until 1893.

Now, while the brasseries were invading Montmartre a number of little places, *cabarets* or taverns, and at the same time partly concerts and partly theatres, also sprang up there. People met at these places to play or hear music, to recite or listen to verses, and at the outset these *bouis-bouis* were almost clubs, to which outsiders only obtained admittance on being introduced by an *habitué*. By degrees, however, several of these establishments opened their doors to the general public, in such wise that the *chansons rosses*, the satirical songs of Montmartre, became known throughout Paris. The sardonic Grand Guignol Theatre, whose annual receipts amounted to some £15,000 before the Great War, originated in that way, and many other

establishments of pre-war days, such as La Boîte à Fursy, La Pie qui Chante, La Lune Rousse, Le Tréteau à Tabarin, Chez Mayol, Le Carillon, La Roulette, Les Quat'z'Arts, La Cigale, Le Grelot, Le Porc qui Pique, Les Noctambules, etc., were evolved from the Montmartre *cabarets* and *caboulots*, or suggested by their success.

One of those *cabarets* achieved a degree of fame. Called the Chat Noir and founded by Rodolphe Salis, it was established at first on the Boulevard Rochechouart, but transferred in 1885 to the Rue Victor Massé. Poets, artists, singers, humorists, gathered within its precincts. Salis provided a small stage on which authors performed their own pieces with the assistance of *silhouettes* fashioned of zinc and designed by Caran d'Ache, Willette, Pille, and others. Some of these shadow-plays and playlets, 'L'Epopée,' 'La Tentation de Saint Antoine,' 'Sainte Geneviève,' 'La Marche à l'Etoile,' and notably 'L'Enfant Prodigue,' became famous. All kinds of subjects were treated. The *genre macabre* found its place at the Chat Noir, and religious mysticism, Rabelaisian *gauloiserie*, and the Napoleonic legend were also laid under contribution. Further, songs were sung, verses read or recited, and lightning cartoons improvised by one or another of the many men who in divers ways contributed to increase the establishment's notoriety. Among them, besides the artists I have mentioned, were Maurice Donnay, Jean Rameau, Alphonse Allais, Georges Auriol, Xanroff, MacNab, Ferny, Delmet, Monloya, Fragerolles, and Henri Rivière. Some of France's foremost literary men became patrons of the Chat Noir. Jules Lemaître was quite an *habitué* of the house, and the cosmopolitan society of Paris hied thither in all eagerness, particularly to hear the sarcastic and *argotique* songs of Jules Jouy, of which, on an average, it understood no more than a tenth part. The Chat Noir would not have been

complete without its journal, a weekly publication, illustrated chiefly by Willette, who also decorated the house. But the latter's success was too great to last. Little quarrels arose between some of those who had helped to make it known. Several betook themselves elsewhere, including some who had merely used it as a stepping-stone to higher and worthier things. Salis, the landlord, got into difficulties and died, and in 1897, after being for several years the talk of Paris, and particularly of visitors to the city, the establishment disappeared. When its fixtures and appurtenances were sold they fetched, I believe, only small amounts. *Sic transit.*

Early in 1891 religiously minded Parisians became quite excited by the news that Father Didon, after years of retirement and penance,* was about to preach again at Notre Dame. A congregation of 6000 persons assembled to hear his first sermon there. A little later the gamblers of the Paris clubs were thrilled by the news that an Englishman had broken the bank at Monte Carlo by securing the maximum at *trente-et-quarante* fourteen times in succession, which must have implied, I presume, winnings to the extent of £5920, at one sitting, in addition to large gains on previous occasions. But only too often does "ce qui vient de la flûte s'en va par le tambour," and it was not long, I believe, before Charles Wells lost every franc that he had won. And though the London music-halls celebrated him for a time as 'The Man who broke the Bank at Monte Carlo,' only two years afterwards he incurred, on a criminal charge, a sentence of eight years' penal servitude.

In Paris the theatrical scandal of 1891 was provided by Sardou's play, 'Thermidor,' which provoked violent demonstrations at the Comédie Française on the part of Parisian Radicals, because it trounced the incorruptible Robespierre and other

* See p. 102, *ante*.

purveyors of the guillotine. After two performances the Government intervened and prohibited the play. For some time previously the Comédie had been performing to a steadily increasing extent plays which had originally been produced at other houses, these including pieces which it had rejected or would have scorned to look at in earlier years. In 1890, for instance, it took over Dumas *fil's* 'Demi-Monde,' originally produced at the Gymnase in 1855, and performed it no fewer than 38 times during the twelvemonth. Further, with Meilhac's 'Margot,' which was given 40 times, it revived his little one-act piece, 'L'Autographe,' which had been performed at the Gymnase in 1858. Those were the pieces whose titles appeared most frequently on the Comédie's bills in the course of 1890, when it also revived Becque's 'Parisienne' (Renaissance, 1885), performing it on 17 occasions. The absolutely new pieces produced at the Comédie that year were 'Les petits Oiseaux,' by Labiche and Delacour, Henri Lavedan's 'Une Famille,' and Philippe Gilles's 'Camille.' The first named was given on 26, the second on 21, and the third on 19 occasions.

In this connection it is as well to explain, perhaps, that there can be no long consecutive run of any piece at the Comédie Française. Its statutes bind it to give frequent performances of the classic and modern *répertoire* plays, and thus its programme is frequently diversified. In '91, when it revived Dumas' 'Visite de Noces' (Gymnase, '71), and played it on 20 occasions, its greatest success was with 'Grisélidis,' a so-called "mystery," in three acts and in verse, by Armand Silvestre and Eugène Morand. Ten years later this became a *conte lyrique*, with music by the inexhaustible Massenet. At the Comédie it secured as many as 51 performances during the year of its production there, whereas Paul Ferrier's 'L'Article 231' was given only 25, and Delair's 'La Mégère apprivoisée,' under which title

the English reader may not readily identify the 'Taming of the Shrew,' on 24 occasions.

In 1890 the Grand Opera was successful with Reyer's 'Salammbô,' one of his best compositions, based on Flaubert's romance; and about the same time the Opéra Comique scored with André Messager's work, 'La Basoche.' This was also the year of Audran's sprightly 'Miss Helyett.' In '91 a musical event of interest was the production at the Opéra Comique of Alfred Bruneau's 'Le Rêve,' founded on Zola's story, but with a libretto prepared by Louis Gallet. This work aroused lively anticipations among those who counted themselves friends of Zola and the composer, but although Mlle. Simonnet as Angélique and M. Engel as Félicien were all that could be desired, the reception accorded to Bruneau's effort was distinctly inclined to frigidity. There may have been some prejudice in the matter, for Zola had many enemies who visited their dislike of him on his friends. The critics, however, appeared to be somewhat disconcerted by Bruneau's *partition*, and for the most part eluded any definite pronouncement by commenting on what they called its strangeness.

In '97 the same composer's 'Messidor,' with a "book" prepared this time by Zola himself, also met with a very "standoffish" reception. The "book" was pronounced absolutely trivial, and the music of the ballet, a principal feature of this so-called *drame lyrique*, was considered to be lamentably deficient in rhythm and movement. Doubtless it was more or less of an innovatory character. I remember Zola expounding to me one day his views on dancing (which I understood were also Bruneau's), and explaining that he desired to bring about a complete revolution in the customary character of operatic ballets. Yet a third effort of Bruneau's in conjunction with the novelist ('L'Ouragan,' four acts, Opéra Comique, 1901) was also regarded as a work

which offered no compromise with current musical and scenic ideas. In any case it did not secure popular favour. But it often happens that the ideas of revolutionists do not obtain acceptance until after the lapse of many years. In that connection one has only to think of Wagner.

I have previously mentioned Emile Perrin's directorate of the Comédie Française, where, on his death in '85, his place was taken by Jules Claretie, who retained it until 1913. At the Grand Opéra, Halanzier* was replaced in '79 by Vaucorbeil, to whom Ritt and Gailhard succeeded conjointly in 1884. Ritt was an old managerial hand, and Pierre Gailhard—a native of Toulouse, where he was born in '48—had been for several years the Opera's principal *basse chantante*. In '89 Eugène Bertrand was appointed director in succession to Ritt, and took Campocasso as his coadjutor. Four years later, however, Gailhard became associated with Bertrand, and on his death succeeded him as sole director, his appointment being confirmed in 1900. I have already given an account of Carvalho's first management of the Opéra Comique.† After the fire there (1887) he was succeeded, at short intervals, by Jules Barbier and Paravey, but in '91 he once more became manager, and retained the position until his death in '98, when M. Albert Carré, the librettist, replaced him.

During the Eighties and the Nineties, as during several previous decades, the very profitable industry of "adapting" French plays for the English stage was practised largely in London. Turning to the records of merely one year—1891, I find that London houses were then playing 'Private Inquiry,' that is, Valabrègue's 'Sécurité des Familles,' adapted by Burnand; 'The Late Lamented,' otherwise Brisson's 'Feu Toupinel,' adapted by F. Horner; 'The Planter,' which was Maurice Ordonneau's piece of

* See p. 115, *ante*.

† See p. 116, *ante*.

the same name arranged by Yardley; 'Gloriana,' otherwise J. Mortimer's rendering of 'Le Truc d'Arthur,' by Chivot and Duru; as well as English versions of Zola's 'Assommoir' ('Drink,' by Warner), and 'Thérèse Raquin' (de Mattos). What struck one more particularly in those now distant years was not bad handicraft on the part of our playwrights, but their poverty of ideas. It would be incorrect to say that there were no able English plays at all at that time, but they appeared like infrequent oases in the midst of a far-stretching desert, whereas the successful adaptations from the French were legion. I do not know what the company of the Comédie Française thought on the subject when it came over in '91 and gave a season at the Royalty. I am only aware that one of the plays which it then performed, Alexandre Bisson's 'Les Surprises du Divorce,' became the original of 'Mamma,' that another by the same author, 'Le Député de Bombignac,' was transformed into 'The Candidate,' and a third, 'Les petits Oiseaux'—by Labiche and Delacour—into 'A Pair of Spectacles.' Although the original plays were admirably acted by powerful casts they attracted only small audiences to the Royalty. As a matter of fact, London society had been forgetting its French for half a century or so, and it needed the advent of Edward VII and the Entente Cordiale to rekindle a real interest in the language of our next-door neighbours. I do not think that the reception given to Sarah Bernhardt and her company, who were in London about this time, '90 or '91—performing, among other works, Barbier's 'Jeanne d'Arc'—was a whit more favourable than that accorded to the Comédie.

IX

THE NINETIES—*Continued*

The Anarchist Outrages—Carnot assassinated—Another Financial Collapse—The Basilica of the Sacred Heart—A Centenary of the Republic—Ernest Renan and John Lemoine—Grévin the Caricaturist—Other Deaths in '92—Plays at the Comédie—A Latin Quarter Riot—The *Rapprochement* with Russia—MacMahon, Ferry, Taine, Delpit and Uchard—'My Uncle Barbassou'—Nadaud, Malon and Charcot—Mortality among French Dukes—French Nobles on the Future of their Class—More Comédie Plays—'Madame Sans Gêne'—Various Operas and Plays—Nervous Tension in Paris—The Panama Affair—A new Municipal Loan—Burdeau, Macé, Cain, and Leconte de Lisle—Duruy and General Mellinet—Eugène Pelletan—Casimir-Perier's Resignation—The Dreyfus Affair begins—Félix Faure Elected—Napoleon III's "Double"—Edmond Magnier's Collapse—Strange Fortunes in Journalism—Coquelin and the Comédie—Plays in '95—Death of Dumas fils—Droz and 'Monsieur, Madame et Bébé'—Doucet and the Academy's Secretariate—Barthélémy Saint-Hilaire, Murat, Metternich, Larrey and Pasteur.

THE year 1892 was one of very considerable agitation and turmoil in Paris. The Boulangist danger was past, the General himself had committed suicide,* but the Panama scandal still engaged much attention, and serious Anarchist outrages now began.† In February there was a dynamite explosion at the Princess de Sagan's house, which was mistaken, it was said, for the Spanish embassy. In March came, first, an attempt to blow up a flat occupied by M. Benoît, an Assize Court judge, followed by an explosion at the Lobau barracks and a little later by an attempt to destroy the residence of M. Bulot, the Public Prosecutor, half a dozen persons being injured on this last occasion when the destruction

* See p. 151, *ante*.

† For a detailed account of these affairs, see my book, 'The Anarchists, their Creed and their Record,' and for a briefer one, my 'Republican France, 1870-1912.'

to property represented fully £6000. The author of this outrage and of the attempt on M. Benoît's flat, a man of German extraction named Koenigstein, but known as Ravachol (his mother's maiden name), was arrested, convicted—not only of the aforementioned outrages, but also of murders previously perpetrated in the provinces—and sent to the guillotine (Montbrison, July 10th, 1892). But he had already found an "avenger" in an Anarchist named Meunier, who promptly blew up the Café Véry on the Boulevard Magenta, a waiter of which establishment had denounced Ravachol to the police. The landlord of the house was killed by the explosion as was also one of his customers, whilst several other persons were injured.

Some months of quietude ensued, but during November an infernal machine, intended to destroy the offices of the Carmaux Mining Company in the Avenue de l'Opéra, exploded at a police office to which it had been removed, and killed no fewer than six officials. In the following year, November, '93, a young Anarchist named Leauthier attempted the life of the Serbian Minister at a Bouillon Duval in the Avenue de l'Opéra, and a month later another Anarchist named Vaillant flung a bomb into the Chamber of Deputies from one of the public galleries there. Forty people were injured on this occasion, but in most cases very slightly. The famous advocate, Maître Labori, who pleaded for Vaillant at his trial, declared that he was less an Anarchist than an *exaspéré de la misère*, one whose whole life had been bitter poverty, virtually destitution. This was true. Vaillant's mind had been affected, one might even say, unhinged, by his bitter sufferings. Nevertheless, he was guillotined on February 7th, 1894. Five days later there came a terrible explosion at the Café Terminus in the Rue Saint-Lazare, one customer being killed and a score of others injured, some very severely. In March an explosion occurred in the

Rue Saint-Jacques, three persons being wounded, one of them mortally. Another bomb, left in the Faubourg Saint-Martin, did no harm, but on March 15th yet another one exploded in the pocket of a man named Jean Pauwels at the moment when he was taking it into the Madeleine church. During April there was also an attempt on the Café Foyot in the Quartier Latin, when M. Laurent Tailhade, a literary man, was injured. The perpetrator of the outrage at the Café Terminus, a young Anarchist named Emile Henry, had been arrested whilst attempting to escape. He freely declared that it was also he who made the infernal machine which had been intended for the offices of the Carmaux Mining Company, and had caused the death of six police officials. He displayed the greatest cynicism at his trial, but on being led to execution on the morning of May 21st, his courage forsook him, and he was with difficulty got to the guillotine.

The Government clung to the mistaken idea that there was a gigantic conspiracy afoot, never realizing that the many crimes which had occurred were the work of more or less isolated individuals inspired chiefly by the force of example. But there was yet more to come. On the evening of June 25th President Carnot was assassinated at Lyons, whither he had repaired to inaugurate a Colonial Exhibition. He was stabbed with deadly effect by a young Lombardian Anarchist named Santo-Geronimo Caserio, who after trial and conviction was executed on the ensuing 16th of August. Carnot's remains were brought back to Paris, conveyed to the Pantheon with much pomp and ceremony, and laid to rest there, beside those of his illustrious grandfather, the Organizer of Victory in the days of the First Republic. A period of stern repression followed. The so-called *lois d'exception* were voted by the Legislature, there were perquisitions, arrests, prosecutions innumerable, particularly in Paris, which

remained in a very restless state. But Anarchism had virtually spent its force, and though a few more outrages and attempts occurred a little later, notably on Baron Alphonse de Rothschild and his establishment in the Rue Lafite, it is a question whether, instead of being due to Anarchists, these were not really inspired by the simmering Anti-Semitism which before long led to that painful, that lamentable Affaire Dreyfus, which at times threw Paris into positive convulsions, and was used so shamelessly by the Royalist party as a lever by which it hoped to overturn the Republican *régime*.

I have endeavoured to clear the ground by giving a brief but continuous summary of the Anarchist Terror from 1892 to '94, and, that done, I must now revert to the former year and mention some other matters. In the course of '92 the worries of the Parisians were increased by yet another financial failure, that of the so-called Banque des Chemins-de-Fer, which collapsed with liabilities of nearly a million sterling. Its manager committed suicide. On May Day the Anarchist trouble led to great military precautions. One might have thought Paris in a state of siege, for soldiers were seen everywhere, fully 100,000 of them being under arms. But nothing serious occurred.

In July cholera made its appearance in the environs, and before long a couple of hundred deaths from the epidemic were recorded. The National Fête was therefore a somewhat quiet one. A good deal of unnecessary fuss was made, however, over the illumination on this occasion of the basilica of the Sacré Cœur at Montmartre, though this illumination ought rather to have been taken as implying the clergy's willingness to follow the counsels of Pope Leo XIII by adhering to the Republic. It happened, however, that Parisian freethinkers deeply resented the presence of the basilica in a position which certainly dominated the entire city, and served as a

constant reminder of the Faith. Designed by the architect Paul Abadie, who did not live to see it completed, for he died in 1885, the *Sacré Cœur* originated in a resolve at which the clergy arrived soon after the Franco-German War, to dedicate France to the Sacred Heart of Jesus—a cult derived from the visions of the seventeenth-century mystic, Marie Alacoque, a nun of the order of the Visitation, established by St. François de Sales. To provide for the building of the basilica, subscriptions were invited from the faithful throughout France, and in 1875, after the site at Montmartre had been purchased and vested in the Archbishop of Paris, the erection of the edifice was begun.

On September 22nd, 1892, the Parisians celebrated what was called the centenary of the Republic, but although the First Republic was proclaimed by the National Convention on September 22nd, 1792, it ceased to exist, even in name, on May 28th, 1804. The Second Republic, established in '48, was destroyed before it had completed its fourth year, and in the course of a century there had been less than forty years of Republican rule in France. Paris, however, cared nothing for that circumstance, but hung out her flags and illuminated her house-fronts as if the Republic had existed—otherwise than in her heart—ever since its establishment by the National Convention.

In the course of 1892 death again levied toll on a number of notable men. The most famous among them, Ernest Renan, was little known personally to the Parisians, for all his later years were spent in Brittany. On the other hand, John Lemoine, the editor of the '*Journal des Débats*,' had long been a Parisian celebrity. In spite of the English blood in his veins, and although he was so often quoted with approval by the English Press, Lemoine was no lover of our country. He had risen to prominence as a journalist during the reign of Louis-Philippe,

and seemed never to have forgotten the bickerings of France and Great Britain over Mehemet Ali, the Spanish marriages, the Duc de Nemours' candidature to the Belgian throne, and other matters, which men moving with their times had long since relegated to the dead past. Nevertheless, on matters of French home policy Lemoigne always exercised considerable influence as an exponent of moderate ideas and counted many readers in official spheres and among the *haute bourgeoisie* of Paris. Thanks to Orleanist influence, he had been a member of the French Academy since 1875.

Although Alfred Grévin, the caricaturist, who also died in 1892, was a native of lower Burgundy, he proved himself during many years to be one of the most Parisian of Parisians. He lacked the undisputable genius of Gavarni, he was not as deep, as subtle, as Daumier, or as frankly amusing as Cham, but in his particular line—which was to caricature the *demi-monde* of his own period—he remained unsurpassed. All classes of society came within Gavarni's orbit. Grévin was content to be his successor in one respect only. He limned all the evolutions of his predecessor's *lorette* and her surroundings. He showed us in the innumerable drawings which appeared week after week in the 'Journal Amusant' and 'Le petit Journal pour Rire' (the latter coloured with flat tints), the *cocotte*, the *cocodette*, the *horizontale*, the *petite dame*, and gave occasional glimpses of all that survived of the *grisette* of the Quartier Latin, of the *midinette* of his time, and of the crapulous "Alphonse" and their "white slaves" of the outer boulevards. I knew Grévin fairly well. I visited him several times at his little house at Saint-Mandé in the eastern suburbs of Paris, and generally found him in his garden with his shirt sleeves rolled up and a short pipe between his teeth. Somewhat inclined to be portly, he had much the appearance of a retired-inspector of police.

But although his chief delight was among his lettuces and cabbages, he came into Paris two or three times a week, and all his keen powers of observation were then brought into play. He had, moreover, a vivid fancy, and over and over again designed the costumes for some comic opera, ballet, or other spectacular theatrical venture—costumes of remarkable originality and effectiveness, which often set all Paris talking. His earlier drawings for the illustrated comic and satirical journals were elaborately shaded with an infinity of fine cross-lines, but during the earlier years of the Republic he cast that method aside, in part because it involved a great deal of labour, and contented himself with outlining his figures, as Phil May did at a later period. Grévin's women were inimitable—with a few lines he could suggest all *le chic parisien*, but he could never draw a man. He seemed to be ignorant of the anatomy of the mere male, and his men often gave one the vague impression of women in masculine habiliments. One of the ventures of his later years was the establishment of the Musée Grévin, which was originally intended to be a Parisian Madame Tussaud's.

Among other notabilities who died in 1892 I may mention Anatole de la Forge, who defended Saint-Quentin against the Germans in 1870–71, and in his later years became a familiar figure on the boulevards. Another old Parisian who departed at this time was the Dutch Count de Nieuwerkerke, superintendent of Fine Arts during the Second Empire andmorganatic husband of the Princess Mathilde Bonaparte. She was 72 years old when Nieuwerkerke died at the age of 81; nevertheless she afterwards lived *maritalement* with—and perhaps even married—Claudius Popelin, the *peintre-émailleur* who died in the same year. Music lost two composers about this time—Edouard Lalo and Ernest Guiraud; and Henriquel-Dupont, the engraver, died almost forgotten at the great age of 95.

The principal "novelty" at the Comédie Française that year was 'Par le Glaive,' a five-act drama in verse by Jean Richepin, who by this work seemed to make a bid for the leadership of a school which most people regarded as moribund—briefly, that of Romanticism. In 'Par le Glaive,' moreover, the author executed a remarkable evolution. The sordid horror of 'La Glû,' the audacious realism of the 'Chanson des Gueux,' were left far behind, and he treated his subject, an episode in the history of Ravenna, in a most powerful, dramatic, and emotional manner. Before the year was out the Comédie had played 'Par le Glaive' no fewer than 68 times. Pailleron's 'Monde où l'on s'amuse' proved far less successful than his 'Monde où l'on s'ennuie.'* For the rest, the Comédie ventured on some more revivals. It gave forty performances of the familiar Gymnase play, 'Frou-Frou,' and twenty of Erckmann-Chatrian's almost forgotten piece, 'Le Juif Polonais,' which, when it was first produced in 1869, had to be content with so humble a home as the little Théâtre Cluny in the Quartier Latin. Five years later, however, it became known in England as 'The Bells,' and will always be associated by us with the memory of Henry Irving. Its revival at the Comédie Française drew a good deal of attention to the play. To this circumstance indeed may be attributed the *conte lyrique*, with music by Erlanger, produced in Paris in 1900.

Anarchist outrages and the Panama scandal were still with us during 1893 when almost any other occurrences were regarded as welcome diversions. Such was not the case, however, in regard to the riots which broke out in the Quartier Latin during July. Senator Bérenger, who made it his particular business to watch over the morals of Paris, had been thundering against the indecent dancing in public ball-rooms, and the police at last took action by

* See p. 136, *ante*.

interfering with the annual Quat'z'Arts ball patronized by young artists, writers and students. These rose up in indignation, were joined by many young workmen, and, after clamouring for the release of their friends, began rioting in earnest, newspaper kiosks being thrown down and omnibuses overturned for the purpose of improvising barricades. On the other hand, the police lost their heads, and behaved with extraordinary violence, attacking virtually everybody whom they saw in the streets. In addition to the arrest of a couple of hundred young rioters, injuries were incurred by many perfectly innocent people, and a missile of some kind struck and killed a student named Nuger who was standing outside the Café d'Harcourt. The outcome was the dismissal of Lozé, the Police Prefect, and the appointment of the famous Lepine in his stead.

Paris may be said to have lived that year in a continuous whirl of excitement. In August there came General Elections which greatly strengthened the Republican parties in the Chamber. Later, the Russian admiral Avellan and many of his officers and seamen came to Paris from Toulon—a squadron of the Czar's fleet then returning the French visit to Cronstadt in 1891—and were handsomely entertained by the authorities. France and Russia were now gradually drawing more and more closely together, and although one could hardly blame French Socialists for looking askance at an alliance between the Republic and the Russian Autocracy, yet, with the German menace ever hanging over France, it was only natural that Frenchmen generally should welcome the prospect of support from any quarter whatever.

Amidst the festivities attending the Russian visit news arrived of the death of Marshal MacMahon at his château in the provinces. A state funeral was decreed, and the remains of the gallant old soldier

were brought to Paris and deposited with much pomp and ceremony in the Invalides. Gounod, the famous composer, passed away on the day following the death of MacMahon, and he also was fittingly laid to rest at the expense of the State. Early in the spring that able statesman, Jules Ferry, had joined the majority, surviving a tardy recognition—his election to the presidency of the Senate—by only a few weeks; and about the same time France lost the great critic and historical writer, Hippolyte Taine. His views have not always been endorsed by a later generation; he had his prejudices undoubtedly, but he was very liberal-minded in the recognition of merit, and after becoming an Academician in 1878, he helped several other men to attain to that position. He was already ailing, however, when Zola again came forward as a candidate in February, '93, and scored yet another failure—polling only four votes and being defeated both by Thureau-Dangin and Henri de Bornier. Besides Taine, literature also lost in '93 two clever novelists, Albert Delpit and Mario Uchard. I introduced the latter's highly amusing 'Uncle Barbassou' to English readers in a finely illustrated edition many years ago. Of higher literary rank than either of the foregoing was Guy de Maupassant, who, judging by the fate of his father and his brother, was unhappily predisposed to insanity, which was accelerated, in his case, by the abuse of drugs and women, and which after at first assuming the form of *la folie des grandeurs*, developed into suicidal mania. He was saved from self-destruction, but was still bereft of reason when he died in July, '93.

Others who passed away during the year were Gustave Nadaud, the tuneful composer and songwriter,* Benoît Malon, the Socialist leader and historian of Socialism, and Professor Charcot, the great authority on nervous disorders and a leading

* See p. 181, *ante*.

exponent of hypnotism. At the same time mortality set in among the dukes of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. The Duke de Mortemart, of the historic house which unhappily gave France the very undesirable Mme. de Montespan, passed away, aged 89 years. He had long been president of that exclusive Parisian club, the Cercle Agricole, whose members were irreverently styled *les pommes de terre* by envious outsiders. M. de Mortemart was followed to the grave by the Duke de Rohan, aged 73, and a little later there came news that the young Duke d'Uzès had died in Equatorial Africa. His widowed mother—a fervent Royalist who supplied a good deal of the money for the Boulangist agitation—long remained a very prominent figure in Parisian society.

Several years ago I inquired of the successor of the Duke de Rohan whom I have just mentioned, what views he held of the position and prospects of the French aristocracy under the Republic. He answered briefly: "There is no real aristocracy left in France—money has killed it." Such being the opinion of one of the comparatively few remaining representatives of the authentic old *noblesse*, it seemed interesting to ascertain whether it was shared by what one may call the new *noblesse*; and with that object the late Duke Decazes—a close friend of the present Duke d'Orléans—was consulted, his title dating only from the reign of Louis XVIII. He replied that the authentic nobility was fast dwindling in numbers, and seemed likely to die out, leaving behind it only titles of doubtful authenticity or of foreign origin. Nevertheless, said he, it was the duty of those real nobles who remained to continue serving France to the best of their ability, without, however, forgetting the lofty traditions and principles to which their ancestors had owed their rank and the country its greatness. When Count d'Haussonville of the French Academy—the representative also of one of the oldest houses of

Lorraine—was appealed to on the subject, he answered that the chief duty and privilege remaining to the French nobility was to set a good example in all things and under all circumstances. Further, Prince Aymon de Lucinge (of an ancient house long connected with Savoy) made answer: "The French aristocracy is virtually dead. An aristocracy should be the *élite* of a nation in the broadest and most liberal sense of that word. It is therefore requisite that it should be constantly reinforced by men who have rendered valuable services to their country—as is the case in England. In this way an aristocracy retains strength and progresses with the times. But this is only possible in a monarchy. If a sovereign were to be at the head of France, the French aristocracy might spring up again from its ashes, but as there is no sovereign it may be regarded as virtually dead."

To those remarks I will only add that the remaining members of the French nobility, old and new, most worthily upheld the saying *noblesse oblige* during the recent Great War. As a daily reader of the French press, I was then struck by the frequent mentions of members of titled families who had made the supreme sacrifice from 1914 onward. One constantly read, too, of one and another being severely wounded, and of others winning decorations for valour. Briefly, if the British peerage did its duty on the battlefield (which none can question) the same may be said of the titled classes of France. Several authentic old houses became extinct during the war. As for the women of title who worked in an infinity of ways, their name also was legion.

During 1893 the Comédie Française again came to London and gave a season at Drury Lane. In Paris its principal *nouveauté* that year was Parodi's indifferent play, 'La Reine Juana,' which was performed 28 times. D'Hervilly's 'Belle Sainara'

was staged on only five occasions, but 'Le Père Prodigue' was billed on 42. The chief revival, a fairly successful one, was that of 'Antigone' by Paul Meurice and Auguste Vacquerie, which had been first performed at the Odéon as far back as 1844. The most popular piece in Paris that year was, however, without doubt Sardou's 'Madame Sans-Gêne,' that amusing libel on the wife of Marshal Lefebvre—who, by the way, was never known to her contemporaries as Madame Sans-Gêne, that nickname being bestowed on a female volunteer in Napoleon's armies, of whom a full biography, to be taken probably *cum grano salis*, has been published.* Mme. Réjane, who played the title rôle with great gusto at the Paris Vaudeville, brought the play to the London Gaiety in June, '94, and gave further performances of it at the Garrick in '95. Comyns Carr afterwards made an English adaptation, which was produced at the Lyceum in '97, and revived in 1901. Two years later the piece became a "romantic opera," entitled the 'Duchess of Dantzic,' and was performed at the Lyric Theatre, with a "book" by Henry Hamilton and music by Yvan Caryll. In this musical form the piece has been "toured" all over Great Britain and, I believe, in America also. Reverting to Paris and '93, I find that this year (with which may be associated Verdi's 'Falstaff' and Mascagni's 'Ami Fritz') was also that of the charming *opéra-comique*, 'Phryné,' the work of Camille Saint-Saëns.

In '94 came Massenet's two-act *épisode*, 'La Navarraise,' with a libretto by Claretie and Cain, and more particularly the same composer's graceful

* Named Marie-Thérèse Figueur, she was a Burgundian, born at Talmay, Côte-d'Or, in 1774. She ultimately married a military man named Sutter, and died in 1861. She was present at Austerlitz and other famous battles, and became a *vivandière* or sutler-woman. Marbot mentions her in his memoirs. Of her own memoirs, "taken down at her dictation by Saint-Germain Le Duc," the latest edition was edited by E. Cère, and published in 1894.

and warmly coloured *drame lyrique*, 'Thaïs,' based on Anatole France's story of the same name. I did not hear it until 1912, when it was revived at the Grand Opera, with two fine vocalists, Mary Garden and Maurice Renaud, in the chief parts. Each performance then became a triumph. At the Comédie Française, '94 was essentially the year of Pailleron's comedy, 'Les Cabotins,'* which, assisted by a *succès de scandale*, secured 102 performances during the twelvemonth. There was also Rostand's fairly successful and amusing piece, 'Les Romanesques,' together with revivals of Coppée's 'Severo Torelli,' originally given at the Odéon in '83, and of Catulle Mendès' 'Femme de Tabarin,' which last came to the Comédie from Antoine's Théâtre Libre. Armand Silvestre's play, 'Izëyl,' produced at the Renaissance early in the year, proved to be a work of very unequal merit, and even the genius of Sarah Bernhardt failed to make it a success. It was not given, I think, during her London season in '94, when she relied chiefly on 'La Tosca,' 'La Dame aux Camélias,' and 'Phèdre.'

The Parisians remained very restless and gloomy throughout the year. It began with the trial and execution of Vaillant for throwing a bomb at the deputies in the Palais Bourbon one day in December, '93. New laws directed against the Anarchists were afterwards enacted; the post-office "Cabinet noir," where private correspondence was opened and read, was revived; there were arrests and perquisitions all over Paris; the outrage at the Café Terminus ensued, and was followed by others elsewhere; periodicals were seized, Jean Grave was sent to prison for his pamphlet, 'La Société mourante et l'Anarchie,' and Maurice Charnay for his 'Catéchisme du Soldat,' which aimed at destroying all

* Cabotin signifies a noisy, vulgar, thoroughly Bohemian actor of poor ability. It is often applied also to members of second and third-rate touring companies. It is derived from a personal name.

discipline in the army. But the Government failed to stamp out Anarchism, while, on the other hand, it brought about great discontent among the working-classes. At last came the assassination of President Carnot at Lyons, followed by the election of the authoritarian Casimir Périer to the chief office of State, and the voting of yet more panic laws, and the suppression of all publications to which the authorities assigned an Anarchist character.

Amidst so many disquieting occurrences it is hardly surprising that Paris lived in a state of extreme nervous tension. If a trifling mishap occurred to a tramcar through an electric wire getting out of order, a panic inevitably followed. When a little accident occurred to the scenery at the Gaité Theatre, people rushed away, fearing the very worst. "Les Anarchistes ! Une bombe !" were the exclamations heard in places of public resort whenever any untoward incident occurred.

A short time previously Ferdinand Brunetière, a somewhat superficial but dogmatic and extremely conceited critic, with many prejudices (he had the most retreating forehead I have ever observed among literary men of any prominence), had succeeded John Lemoinne as an Academician. It became his duty to receive another new member, Count d'Haussonville, and in the speech which he then delivered he launched into a furious diatribe against the Parisian press, which gave great offence. The Paris students took up the matter soon afterwards, and Brunetière was mobbed at the Sorbonne where he lectured. There was also that year a nasty scandal over the affairs of the Banque d'Escompte, the chief director of which, Baron de Soubeyran, a prominent figure in plutocratic society and a deputy, was arrested. Nevertheless, in spite of all that happened, and although the Panama scandals still continued, the Paris Municipality was quite successful in raising not only a large loan with the Crédit

Foncier (in round figures £11,200,000 at 3·38 per cent.), but also a considerable part of a public one (over £7,000,000), for which premium-bonds were issued in instalments (prolonged till 1896), the interest being only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the annual value of the premiums about £26,000. The average price of issue was 379 frs. 55 c. per bond of 400 frs.

The Cour de Cassation had quashed the convictions of several directors of the ill-fated Panama Canal Company during the previous year, when, however, Charles de Lesseps and an official named Blondin were convicted on fresh charges of corruption and sentenced to imprisonment, whilst Baïhaut, a former Minister of Public Works, was found guilty of demanding money of the Company and obtaining from it a sum of £15,000, for which offence he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, a fine of £30,000, the loss of all civil rights, and the reimbursement of the money he had pocketed. As for the promoter of the enterprise, the unfortunate Ferdinand de Lesseps, his faculties had been for some time impaired, and after spending long months in a semi-somnolent condition, scarcely aware of what went on around him, he died towards the close of '94, and was buried at Père Lachaise cemetery. Generous treatment was rightly accorded to his memory. The failure of his last great scheme could not bedim the triumph of the earlier one. Had he been a younger man, more active, less compelled to rely upon others, Panama, as well as Suez, might have been counted among his achievements.

During the autumn preceding his death news arrived that the Count de Paris, the chief pretender to the French crown, was no more, whereupon two-thirds of the noble Faubourg Saint-Germain hastened to Weybridge to attend his funeral there. Further, in '94 died Auguste Burdeau, a talented statesman, who, in spite of the malignity of his enemies, had become President of the Chamber of Deputies.

In France his name remains linked with that of Herbert Spencer, whose works he translated. William Waddington, sometime Prime Minister, ambassador and archæologist, died during the same year, as did also Jean Macé, the founder of the *Ligue de l'Enseignement* for promoting education among the working classes, and the author of that famous little book, '*L'Histoire d'une Bouchée de Pain*' ('The Story of a Morsel of Bread'), which, though published as far back as 1861, might well have been issued in an English form for the use of schools during the Great War. Art, during '94, lost Auguste Cain, the animal sculptor (who like Macé was of Parisian birth), and poetry Leconte de Lisle, whose carefully chiselled verse brought antiquity to life again. A native of the old island colony of La Réunion (once *Ile Bourbon*), far away in the Indian Ocean, Leconte became one of the foremost Greek scholars of France, as his translations of Homer, Theocritus and Sophocles still testify.

Other losses incurred during '94 were those of James Darmesteter, the learned Orientalist—a son of the lost Lorraine—and of Victor Duruy, a born Parisian, sometime Minister of Education under Napoleon III and also the author of able histories of Rome and France. Another link with the Second Empire was severed by the death of old General Mellinet, who commanded the guard at the Tuileries at the time of the Revolution of 1870. It was he who opened the garden gates to admit Victorien Sardou and others after the Empress Eugénie had quitted the palace attended by Count Nigra and Prince Richard Metternich. Mellinet had previously sworn to defend the Empress to the death if she were molested whilst under his guard, and this soldier of the Alma and Solferino was a man to have kept his word. But the Parisians were by no means sanguinarily inclined that day. They were merely under the passing delusion that by

getting rid of the Empire they would also get rid of the Germans—a delusion which fell upon a good many Russians of a later date. Eugène Pelletan, one of the authors of the Revolution of 1870, and also of books on the rights of man, family life and royal philosophers, passed away in the same year as Mellinet. He was a man of much less ardent temperament than his turbulent son Camille, who died during the Great War.

Early in 1895 Casimir-Perier threw up his post after a presidency of only 180 days' duration. He withdrew chiefly because he had failed to "get on" with his ministers Charles Dupuy and Gabriel Hanotaux of pin-prick celebrity, the chief factor in the disagreement being the relations of France and Germany in connection with the famous Dreyfus Affair, which originated during the autumn of '94, and, in course of time, threw Paris, and other parts of France also, into positive convulsions. Dreyfus, a Jewish officer, was accused of communicating certain documents to the German military attaché in Paris, but before the affair ended it had been proved that the real culprit was a man whose private life was badly tarnished, that is, Major Walsin-Esterhazy, an illegitimate scion of the princely Hungarian house. The authorities long persisted, however, with the charge against Dreyfus, and the circumstance that he was a Jew served to convince millions of French people of his guilt. Anti-Semitism had been steadily increasing in the French cities during many years. The failure of the famous Union générale Bank * had been largely attributed to rival Jewish financiers, and a certain Edouard Drumont had roundly denounced all the tribes of Judah and Israel in a work called 'La France Juive,' first published in 1886, and in later years frequently reprinted. Further, the general turmoil was increased by the Royalist party led by the

* See p. 105, *ante*.

present Duke of Orleans, who regarded the anti-Dreyfus and anti-Jewish agitations as supplying a favourable opportunity to undermine and eventually overthrow the Republic. In these designs the Royalists received powerful support from members of the French episcopacy, the priesthood, and particularly the religious orders. Brimful of dramatic, and at times startling, episodes, the great Affair lasted from 1894 to July, 1906, when the Cour de Cassation finally declared the innocence of Captain Dreyfus to be established.*

On the resignation of Casimir-Perier, Félix Faure became President of the Republic. Apart from the trial and military degradation of Dreyfus and his transportation to Devil's Island, various occurrences of minor importance attracted attention in Paris during 1895. In February Henri Rochefort, amnestied for his share in the Boulangist agitation, returned to the city and was welcomed there by tumultuous crowds of revolutionaries. A little later came a couple of strikes, one among the match-makers and the second among the omnibus-drivers, but both of these affairs broke down, the men adopting courses which alienated the sympathies of the general public. In July a very serious conflagration, accompanied by loss of life, occurred in the Rue Rochechouart, where a great military outfitting establishment known as Godillot's was destroyed. Godillot had long been a Parisian celebrity by reason of his extraordinary likeness to Napoleon III, whom he imitated in all sorts of ways, in such wise that some people imagined him to be an illegitimate scion of the Bonapartes. Before the war of 1870 he was, much to his delight, frequently mistaken for the Emperor, and people would even say to you

* In the following pages I propose to say as little about it as possible. Joseph Reinach has written a detailed and admirable history of the affair. I dealt with parts of it in 'Republican France' and in 'Emile Zola, novelist and reformer.' The 'Jewish Encyclopedia' may also be consulted.

confidentially that the sovereign's solicitude for the working-classes was undeniable, for he was often to be seen looking about him, quite incognito, in the districts where they abounded. If you ventured to suggest that the Emperor, seen by your informant, was probably his "double," you incurred the risk of being regarded as a revolutionary.

During August Paris was vastly amused by an episode connected with a sordid scandal in which the Southern Railway Company had been involved by Baron de Reinach, of Panamist ill-fame. A warrant had been issued for the arrest of a Senator named Edmond Magnier, who was also political director of 'L'Événement' newspaper, that well-written journal then being largely his property. In order to escape apprehension, Magnier, who had probably read the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' caused himself to be removed from his handsome *hôtel* at Neuilly in a laundry-basket—without, however, the accompaniment of dirty linen—and, more fortunate than Falstaff, he was not cast by his bearers into any river, but conveyed to a safe hiding-place, where he remained until he deemed it best to surrender. Convicted of having taken a large bribe from Baron de Reinach in return for "parliamentary services," he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, from which he emerged a broken man. I had met him on several occasions, and was at one time a regular reader of 'L'Événement,' which, apart from the moderate Republican politics it professed, was run on lines not unlike those of 'Le Figaro,' to which journal Magnier had been attached.

Originally a petty journalist at Boulogne-sur-Mer, he had come to Paris about the time of the 1870 war, and after obtaining some work on 'Le Figaro,' had even taken the place of Villemessant, its founder and director, when the latter fled from the city, in dread either of the Germans or the Communards. Magnier then ran the paper on Republican lines,

which, in the circumstances, was a wise course to take, but when Villemessant returned to Paris, Magnier was promptly cashiered for his presumption. Meantime, however, he had made himself known, and he secured sufficient support to establish another paper—taking his revenge on Villemessant by calling it ‘L’Événement,’ which had been the name of a journal belonging to Villemessant during the Empire, when, on account of many prosecutions, it was merged into ‘Le Figaro,’ which previously, that is since 1854, had been only a weekly satirical journal, owned also by the same Villemessant. In 1866, however, after discontinuing ‘L’Événement,’ he turned ‘Le Figaro’ into a daily; and he was, of course, quite horrified when Magnier brought out a rival journal and gave it the name of his old organ, which was, in many respects, ‘Le Figaro’s’ parent. But he could not prevent this, for the law was against him. Magnier prospered exceedingly, made money, lived well, became one of *le tout Paris*, and finally secured election as a senator for the Var—occupying the very position that Clemenceau has now held for many years.*

During the last forty or fifty years I have seen some strange fortunes built up in the world of Parisian journalism. There is no doubt that many directors of newspapers made large sums out of the difficulties of the Panama Company,† and, apart from any such money-market affairs, rank puffery has been practised wholesale both by managers and by contributors to a number of well-known journals. I remember the director of a very popular paper who lived in an extremely fine house where he was fond of giving lavish entertainments to which *le tout Paris* was invited. “All this must cost a good deal of money,” an Englishman fresh to Paris remarked

* Magnier must not be confounded with M. Francis Magnard, who became director of ‘Le Figaro.’

† See my ‘Republican France,’ pp. 352, 354, 355, 361, 369.

to me and a mutual friend on one such occasion. "Not a bit of it!" my friend replied. "Nothing is paid for, neither the flowering plants massed in such profusion on the staircase and in the conservatory, nor the elaborate supper, nor the wines, nor even Madame's wonderful new frock. The musicians receive nothing for their services excepting refreshments, which cost our Amphitryon nothing; the vocalists are not remunerated in cash, nor is the actor who just made us laugh with his witty *monologue*. In a word, puffery pays for virtually everything excepting the lights. Our Amphitryon has turned it into a fine art, and left even Villemessant, who, in his time, was regarded as the master at the game, far behind. The very furniture of this house, the carpets, the hangings, were paid for by *réclames*, and not a garment worn by our Amphitryon's pretty wife, nor an article of perfumery on her toilet-table, ever cost her a *sou* of actual cash!" That was little more than twenty years ago, otherwise during the Nineties, the period with which I am now dealing. I knew my friend's statements to be quite true, yet, although the "founder of the feast" on that occasion has been dead for some years past, I prefer to keep back his name. I will only add that he was a man who would have appealed powerfully to Balzac, and that Thackeray also would have delighted in him. Maupassant pictured one of his forerunners in the pages of 'Bel Ami.'

It was, I think, during 1894 that Coquelin *ainé* quarrelled with the management of the Comédie Française and quitted that house. The causes of the rupture were, as usual, dislike of the regulations and the restraints which they imposed. Proceedings were instituted, and in March, '95, a judgment was given by which the great actor was ordered to pay damages every time that he might perform elsewhere. The dispute lasted some while longer, but eventually terms of compromise were reached,

which enabled Coquelin to retain his liberty. His defection was undoubtedly a serious loss to the *premier théâtre français*, and was responsible for the absence of more than one new play from its bill during 1895. The principal absolutely new work, 'Les Tenailles,' by Paul Hervieu, was not produced until September. Two other novelties were given, however,—'Le Pardon,' by Jules Lemaître, which was performed a score of times that year, but on only two occasions during the ensuing twelvemonth, after which it was consigned to limbo—and 'Le Faune,' a little one-act pastoral by Lefèvre, which likewise had but a brief career. Yet 'L'Ami des Femmes,' by Dumas *fils* (Gymnase, 1864), was revived and secured no fewer than 77 performances. Less successful was the revival of that excellent piece, 'Les Faux Bonhommes' (Barrière and Capendu, 1856)—perhaps because it seemed, for a modern comedy, to have become rather old-fashioned. Elsewhere that year we had Coppée's strong and interesting play in verse, 'Pour la Couronne,' and a couple of notable musical works—first an opera, 'La Montagne Noire,' by the gifted Augusta Holmes, who although French, in fact Parisian, by birth, was by parentage a daughter of Ireland; * and secondly, 'La Vivandière,' one of the bright, almost elegant *opéras-comiques* of Benjamin Godard, who died that same year, cut off at the early age of forty-four.

He was not the only notable man connected with the stage who was called away in '95, for Dumas *fils* died at Marly-le-Roi, near Paris, aged 71. He had produced little since his triumph with 'Francillon,' in '87, but the reader will have noticed that his last years were marked by the revival at the Comédie of many of his old Gymnase plays. By birth Dumas *fils* was a Parisian, but he had inherited from his

* I do not know how the lady herself pronounced her name, but the French turned it into a word of two syllables: Hol-mès.' Her symphonies and melodies were often of the highest merit.

famous father a strain of negro blood, to which was added one of Jewish blood, derived from his mother, a young seamstress. I have no full biography of him beside me, but I believe that he was legally recognized by his father, and therefore fully entitled to the name he bore. The Jewish strain in his composition, coupled with the striking object-lesson of his father's prodigal career, inclined him, not to miserliness as some of his enemies asserted, but to extreme carefulness in money matters. He well knew, moreover, how to drive a bargain with others—notably in purchasing works of art, which he often resold at a profit, and also how to exact his full due in respect to all works of his own. Some folk called him a mere *mercanti*, and there were certainly a few unpleasant episodes in his career. At the same time his great literary powers could not be contested. He was a keen, shrewd observer of the men and women of his time, and, making all due allowance for the necessary artifices and conventionalities of the stage, his characters were, as a rule, extremely true to life. Though most of Dumas' years were given to dramatic work, one should not overlook the novels of his earlier life: 'La Dame aux Camélias' and 'Diane de Lys,' for instance, were stories before they became plays.

Mme. Miolan-Carvalho,* the famous *prima donna*, also died in '95, as did Edmond Geffroy, for many years one of the most popular of Parisian actors, one, indeed, who made successive generations laugh right heartily, yet who also found time to display genuine talent as a painter. Art that same year lost a very able critic in Paul Mantz, who had become official Director of Fine Arts; and in literature, apart from him and Dumas, one noted the departure of Gustave Droz, Emile Montégut and Camille Doucet. Droz was of Swiss extraction, but a Parisian by birth. Some might perhaps find it difficult to picture the

* See p. 115, *ante*.

author of 'Monsieur, Madame et Béb ' as a scion of the staid Swiss race, for that sprightly, amusing book is essentially French. Yet something in Droz's writing recalled the light, good-natured humour and irony of T pffer, blended, of course, with the Parisianism which only comes fully to those who are born in the city by the Seine, or who go there when quite young, and thoroughly assimilate not only its outward and visible ways, which strangers acquire more or less readily, in proportion to their imitative faculties, but also its points of view, its thoughts, or rather its way of thinking. I was instrumental in making 'Monsieur, Madame et B b ' known to most English readers. The first translation of the work in our language was published by Vizetelly & Co. whilst I was assisting my father on the literary side of that business. Some people, I remember, thought parts of the book rather naughty, but that was long before the days of Elinor, Gertie, and their sisterly rivals in authorship.

Emile Mont gut, who also died in 1895, was a writer with a delicate, polished style, and must be numbered among those who have essayed the difficult task of translating the works of our national poet. Camille Doucet, though of small account as a dramatic author, became a member of the French Academy in succession to Alfred de Vigny, and in 1874 was appointed "perpetual secretary" to the Immortals of the Palais de l'Institut.* This position raised him to considerable prominence and influence.

* Sometimes called the Palais Mazarin, as it was erected in the seventeenth century for a college founded by Mazarin. Standing on the south side of the Seine and faced nowadays by a statue of the Republic, the building, which is one of distinctive appearance, but by no means an architectural masterpiece (the dome is almost ugly), was assigned by Napoleon in 1806 to the five classes of the Institute of France, that is, the French Academy, the Academy of Sciences, that of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, that of Moral and Political Sciences, and that of Fine Arts. The Academy of Sciences is composed of 66 and each of the others of 40 members. All, excepting the French Academy, elect a certain number of "free" members, foreign associates and French and foreign correspondents.

Most of the members of the Academy have, in our times, shown themselves to be men with minds of their own, pronounced likes and dislikes, and one cannot therefore say that Doucet was ever powerful enough to bring about the election or rejection of any particular candidate. Nevertheless, although he was uniformly urbane with everybody, he did not neglect the influence which his position gave him. Further, although it was not for him to award the literary and other prizes which the Academy bestows, he largely selected the members who examined the works submitted to the academical judgment. No precise charge of undue favouritism was ever preferred against him, but the *secrétaire perpétuel* of the Academy has many opportunities of quietly conveying his impressions to his colleagues and of winning to his own views those who are too indolent to look into things themselves.

In the days of Thiers the most familiar figure at the Elysée Palace was that of his friend and secretary-general, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. Probably only one in twenty of those who had occasion to approach this courteous old gentleman in his secretarial position, half-political, half-bureaucratic in character, was aware that he took high rank as a philosophical scholar, that he had translated the works of Aristotle, and written ably on the School of Alexandria, Buddhism and Mahomet. Of illegitimate birth (Paris, 1805), he was probably the son of the Mlle. de Saint-Hilaire, who was said to have been his aunt. Before attaching himself to Thiers he gave thirty years of services to Victor Cousin, who at his death, in '67, bequeathed him a fortune. Saint-Hilaire was a nonagenarian when he died, so that almost the whole of the nineteenth century passed before his eyes.

Memories of the Second Empire were once more aroused by some other deaths which occurred in '95. Cardinal Bonaparte passed away, and Prince Achille Murat, whom I could remember as a dashing

young officer in the Guides de l'Impératrice, married with much pomp to a Princess Salomé of some Eastern race, shot himself in a fit of insanity. Further, Prince Richard Metternich, husband of one of the Three Graces of the Tuileries, the lady who preferred to call herself *le singe à la mode*, joined the majority, as did also Baron Larrey, who, following his great father ("the most virtuous man I ever knew," said Napoleon), became, prior to the war of 1870, Chief Surgeon of the French armies. If Napoleon III, at a comparatively early stage of the malady to which he eventually succumbed, had only acted on the advice given him by Larrey the younger, he would probably have prolonged his life by several years.* Very different, too, might have been the latter-day history of France if in the war-year of 1870 the Emperor had still been a vigorous, clear-headed man, freed from the sufferings entailed by the complaint which he vainly strove to hide.

France, indeed, one might well say the world, lost a great scientist, chemist, and physician also, when at the end of September, '95, Louis Pasteur passed away in his seventy-third year at Garches, in the environs of Paris. Great benefits sprang from his researches and discoveries. He studied the processes of fermentation deeply and minutely, he was the first to detect several of nature's hidden methods of work, he found that each putrefactive disease had its particular bacillus which could be isolated and cultivated. He arrested the progress of silkworm disease, of maladies also to which sheep and poultry were liable. He threw light on the properties of vinegar, he devised the system known as pasteurization for improving, without the adjunction of any foreign element, the quality of wine, and finally, in '85, came his method for the treatment of hydrophobia. This made him known throughout the world, but the importance of his work in other

* See our 'Court of the Tuileries, 1852-1870.'

fields had long been recognized and appreciated by scientists, and by enlightened folk engaged in industry and agriculture. More than one national recompense was awarded to Pasteur by the French Legislature. He was elected a member of the French Academy, as well as of the Academy of Sciences ; and the Institute bearing his name in the Rue Dutot at Paris was built and endowed with public funds. He was by birth a Jurassian, but Paris was the scene of many of his labours. One of the city's outer boulevards bears his name, and a monument to his memory stands on the Place de Breteuil.

X

THE END OF THE NINETIES

The Emperor Nicholas II in Paris—The Status of Madame la Présidente—Social Solecisms at Compiègne—Various Incidents in '96—The Prince de Sagan and Abel Hermant—Plays and Operas—The Passing of many Notable Men—Arsène Houssaye—Edmond de Goncourt and his Academy—A Tornado in Paris—The Bazar de la Charité Calamity—The Montyon and other Prizes of the Academy—Demolins and the "Superiority of the Anglo-Saxons"—Plays and Operas in '97—More Obituaries—The Uproar over the Dreyfus Case—Yet another of Death's Harvests—The Countess di Castiglione—The Sensational Death of President Faure—A secret Dreyfusite Mission to Germany—Prince von Bülow and France—Loubet becomes President—Waldeck-Rousseau's Drastic Policy—Close of the Dreyfus Case—Operas and Plays of '99—The Great Question of Submarines—The Rise and the Principles of Syndicalism—The Confédération générale du Travail—Strikes in France—The Great Exhibition of 1900—The Théâtre Français destroyed and rebuilt.

THE great event in the life of Paris during the year 1896 was the visit of the Russian Emperor and his consort. Nicholas II, who was then twenty-eight years old, had succeeded to the autocratic throne on the death of his father, Alexander III, two years previously. Great hopes, if not expectations, centred round his personality, which was distinctly engaging. Whatever may have been written or said about him in these later days, it stands to his credit that he initiated the famous Hague Conferences designed to check, if not absolutely prevent, warfare, and that he conferred upon Russia at least the first rudiments of parliamentary government. But autocrats, as a rule, are autocratic in name only. They usually come more or less under the influence of favourites, *confidants*, parasites, counsellors of various kinds. Their actual intentions, even their imperative commands, are often thwarted in various devious ways.

In the modern world no man's will can be law unless it coincides with the will of at least a considerable body of other men. The truth, moreover, is often concealed from the autocrat. He cannot be here, there and everywhere, but has to believe those who are appointed by him to office, and who, in the absence of public control, are able to do much as they please.

The creation of the Duma came too late to save Russian imperialism, and, besides, powerful vested interests were banded together in a determination to make the Duma a failure. Further, it is without doubt most difficult to provide proper representative control in a country where illiteracy is so widespread. According to official returns,* in the year 1900, when the population of European Russia (Finland excepted) was, in round figures, 134,000,000,† the number of persons aged between 11 and 59 years, who could neither read nor write, was nearly 59,000,000. I find it recorded also that four years later there were less than 16,800,000 children attending the elementary schools in the fifty governments of Russia in Europe.‡ Those figures explain much that has occurred during the Russian Revolution; and, circumstances certainly being no better to-day than they were when the century began—indeed, they must be very much worse—the reader will realize how stupendous is the problem of organizing real representative government in Russia. To give even a smattering of education to so many millions is a task that must occupy long years.

Tsardom was undoubtedly responsible for this

* Comparative Tables in the 'Annuaire statistique de la France.

† That of Asiatic Russia, without counting the protectorates, was about 28,000,000.

‡ The Finns have always been better educated than the Russians. With a population exceeding three millions, the total number of absolute illiterates at the beginning of the century was 26,000. Russian Poland, which numbered 9,400,000 people, had, however, 3,500,000 (aged between 11 and 59 years) who could neither read nor write.

lamentable state of affairs, which may be regarded as the primary *causa causans* of Bolshevism. Nicholas II succeeded to even a more dreadful heritage than did Louis XVI, and, judging by what I have read and have been told by people long resident in Russia, no real effort to improve the education of the masses, steeped in such pitiful ignorance, was made during his twenty years of reign before the Great War began. Yet to impute to Nicholas the entire responsibility for Russia's downfall would be injustice. History will probably revise in a very drastic fashion the hasty judgments pronounced upon this monarch, who may or may not—there is absolutely no certainty—prove to have been the last of the Russian Tsars. Doubtless the many fables related of him and of the Empress, his wife, will continue circulating in the pages of the *anecdotiers*, but History will certainly draw her blue pencil across a great number of foolish and scurrilous stories, swallowed, without even the proverbial grain of salt, by the thousands of gullible people whose existence the late Great War has revealed. Unlike Charles I and Louis XVI, Nicholas II was not granted even the semblance of a trial. Death came to him by assassination, as it came to his ancestor, Paul I, and to his grandfather, Alexander II. We have been told also that his wife, his son, his four daughters and other members of his house also perished at the hands of the desperadoes, who, whilst plunging Russia into the direst misery, the most poignant sufferings, seem to have made it their object to surpass in infamy even the Parisian Septembriseurs of 1792, and the Communards of 1871.

Did Nicholas II during his last days ever cast back his thoughts to his visits to France in 1896, 1901, and 1909? * When, accompanied by the

* On the last occasion he only called at Cherbourg (where President Fallières received him) whilst on his way to Cowes to join King Edward.

Empress, he reached Cherbourg early in October, '96, he found the Presidents of the Republic (Félix Faure), the Senate (Emile Loubet), and the Chamber of Deputies (Henri Brisson), together with the Prime Minister (Méline), and the Minister of Foreign Affairs (Hanotaux), waiting to welcome him and his consort. Thus attended by the chief personages of the Republic, the Russian sovereigns came to Paris, where they installed themselves at the Russian Embassy. Under the Second Empire they would probably have been lodged at the Elysée Palace, which then served as a guest-house for royal visitors, Napoleon III occupying the Tuileries. But times had changed, the Tuileries no longer existed, the Elysée was allotted to the President of the Republic, and no state building in all Paris was suitable for the accommodation of a foreign potentate and his retinue.

One of the chief functions of the visit in '96 was the laying of the first corner-stone of a new bridge over the Seine, which it had been decided to call the Pont Alexandre III, in memory of the Tsar's father, in whose time the *rapprochement* between Russia and France had begun. This bridge, conducting from the Cours-la-Reine to the Esplanade des Invalides, was intended to finish off various Champs Elysées improvements planned for the universal Exhibition of 1900. For instance, the old Palais de l'Industrie, dating from 1855, was demolished, two new palaces sprang up in its stead, and a new thoroughfare was laid out, and christened, in honour of the Tsar, the Avenue Nicolas II. Whether it still bears that name I cannot say. But monarchs who are overthrown usually fall into disrepute.

Paris, however, made much of the Russian Tsar in '96. He and his consort visited many monuments and edifices, and were entertained with great banquets, a gala performance at the Opera, a splendid fête at Versailles, and a review of 70,000

troops at the camp of Châlons.* The State spent £220,000 on the reception of its guests, and the municipality of Paris another £80,000. Four Academicians, François Coppée, Jules Claretie, José-Maria de Hérédia and Sully-Prudhomme, composed odes in honour of the Russian monarch, Sully-Prudhomme's being recited by Sarah Bernhardt amidst the splendours of the Versailles fête. Prior to this Russian visit there had never been any official recognition of the wives of the successive Presidents of the Republic, but Nicholas II invariably gave his arm to Mme. Félix Faure at the different State functions, the President following suit with the Tsarina. Faure had risen, chiefly by his own exertions, from quite a modest position. He was possessed of genuine ability, and his intentions were often excellent. But he inclined too much towards militarism, this leading him to take the wrong course with respect to the Dreyfus case. Further, he evinced a marked partiality for outward show and glitter, and formed too exalted an opinion of his station. The Tsar's visit to Paris undoubtedly contributed to turn the President's head, and he became yet more convinced of his own importance after he had paid a return visit to Russia in '97—when, for the first time, the relations between the two countries, previously described as an *entente*, were publicly recognized as an alliance.

I have mentioned that the Russian sovereigns again visited France in 1901. Faure was then dead, and Emile Loubet held the Presidency. On this occasion the imperial party stayed at the Château of Compiègne, followed some army manœuvres, and reviewed 150,000 troops at Bethény. An amusing

* There were wild scenes that day at the Eastern Railway Station in Paris. The building was invaded by a mass of people eager to go to Châlons. Thousands more blocked the approaches. But the officials had made no proper provision for the transport of so many passengers, and although a few hundreds managed to get away, some twenty or thirty thousand were left behind.

incident occurred during the sojourn at Compiègne. The wives of the French ministers and of several other high functionaries who were invited to a lunch at the château, felt perplexed as to what would be fitting raiment for the occasion. They finally assumed more or less elaborate *toilettes de réception*, and had their hair ornately dressed. It followed that they were quite taken aback when, whilst waiting for the appearance of the Russian Empress, they were joined by Mme. de Montebello, wife of the French Ambassador in Russia, and perceived that she was wearing walking costume and hat. Mme. Waldeck-Rousseau, wife of the Prime Minister, also appeared similarly attired, and these two were highly amused by the manifest astonishment of their *chers amis*, who could scarcely believe their eyes. When, however, the Empress entered it was seen that she also was hatted and wore walking dress, whereupon the others almost collapsed in their confusion. This little affair greatly amused the more aristocratic society of Paris for some days.

But I must hark back to '96. The *cause célèbre* of the year was probably the trial of Arton, a mendacious scamp who had been employed to corrupt influential people in connection with the Panama affair. He was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude, but several deputies, whom he was said to have bribed, were acquitted, the man's untruthfulness being so manifest that one could hardly believe a word he said. There were other financial scandals about this time, notably in regard to some agreements negotiated between the State and the railway companies. A little later Parisians became rather alarmed by the Chamber's pronouncement in favour of an income tax, but its legalization seemed remote as the Senate was opposed to it. There was a lively conflict between the two branches of the Legislature over some Madagascar credits, and the Senate so far gained the day as to bring

about a change of ministry. Meanwhile the Paris Municipal Council went beyond its powers by voting a sum of money for the expenses of delegates to an international Socialist Congress in London, and the Government had to interfere.

During the spring an accident at the Grand Opera resulted in half a dozen spectators in an upper gallery being injured, one of them fatally. This was caused by one of the pulleys of a chandelier giving way. A duel with pistols, which proved a very harmless affair, was nevertheless much talked about on account of the personality of the antagonists: the Prince de Sagan and Abel Hermant, now of the French Academy. The Prince, born in 1832, was a notorious Parisian character, who had long posed as *arbiter elegantiarum* among the fast set of the capital. He belonged to the famous house of Talleyrand-Périgord, and his father was Duke de Talleyrand and Duke de Valençay in France, besides being Duke of Sagan in Prussia. This principality had come to the Duke from his mother, the heiress of the last Duke of Courland. The Duke remained, however, a Frenchman, and his two wives were also French—one a Montmorency and the other a Castellane—though he spent a good deal of his time in Germany, looking after his possessions there. It must be admitted that Prussia did not interfere with his rights over Sagan, which is situated between Frankfort-on-the-Oder and Breslau, going by way of Guben, Sommerfeld and Liegnitz. It is what the Germans call a mediatized principality, and its chief town, also called Sagan, has some 12,000 inhabitants. The holder of the principality used to be entitled to a seat in the Prussian House of Lords, or Herrenhaus, but the Dukes of the Talleyrand-Périgord line, being Frenchmen, were represented there by a notary. The position nowadays is doubtful. There is still, I believe, a titular Duke of Sagan, but the new German rulers may have confiscated his possessions.

As for the harum-scarum Prince * de Sagan to whom I have referred, he was essentially a Parisian of the *vie facile* category. His numerous excesses made him a confirmed invalid during his last years. With respect to his duel with Hermant, he asserted, quite correctly, that the latter had libelled him in a work called 'La Meute.' Shots were exchanged, but did not take effect. It was only natural that Hermant, with his gifts of subtle irony and sarcasm, should have levelled some barbed shafts at so conspicuous a degenerate. If I remember rightly, Hermant then confined himself to novel writing, but as time went on a series of clever plays came from the polished pen of this born Parisian.

The productions of the Comédie Française were of no very great account in 1896. There was a revival of Octave Feuillet's 'Montjoye,' given at the Gymnase in 1863, but so modified as to be almost a new play. The pieces staged for the first time were 'Grosse Fortune,' by Henri Meilhac, so often Ludovic Halévy's *collaborateur*, and 'Manon Roland,' a tragic glimpse of the great Revolution, by Bergerat and Sainte-Croix. Elsewhere Bergerat produced that year a five-act dramatic version of Gautier's 'Capitaine Fracasse,' which Catulle Mendès and Pessard had turned into an *opéra-comique* as far back as 1878. Among the musical novelties of '96 was a so-called *poème lyrique* entitled 'Aude et Roland,' by Léon Honnoré. It was performed at the Conservatoire, and attracted considerable attention among musical folk because the composer had for the second time running taken the first place in the Concours Rossini. But the promise of his early work remained unfulfilled. It often happens thus with those who succeed in competitions. Many "Grands Prix de Rome" have afterwards failed to rise above mediocrity.

* On the Continent the courtesy title of prince is often borne by the heirs to dukedoms.

Death was very busy among notable men in 1896. I have only space to recapitulate the names of most of those who were called away that year. They included Jules Simon and Emmanuel Arago, both members of the Defence Government in 1870-71, and the former, in after years, a prime minister of France. Also Floquet, another prime minister, General Trochu, who presided over the Defence Government and governed Paris during the German siege, Léon Say, the distinguished economist, repeatedly Minister of Finances, Challamel Lacour, sometime President of the Senate, and also Ambassador in London, and Eugène Spuller, during long years Gambetta's chief henchman, and for a while Minister for Foreign Affairs. Spuller was certainly born in Burgundy, but he was of Bavarian extraction, and I well remember his partiality for Bavarian beer, which, though he came into the world near Beaune, he infinitely preferred to all the fine vintages of the Golden Slope. Spuller, like William Waddington, like Gambetta himself, was an example of how a man may devote himself to France, although he be a Frenchman only in a legal way. Music that year lost Ambroise Thomas, the composer of the imperishable 'Mignon' and other fine operas, and Duprez, the famous tenor, who after retiring turned out so many promising pupils at the Conservatoire. Anaïs Fargueil, who also died in '96, had studied there, and begun life as a vocalist, but, failing to achieve success in that capacity, she took to acting, and over a course of years scored repeated triumphs at the Palais Royal, the Gymnase and the Vaudeville. She had long lived in retirement, however, before she joined the majority at the age of 76.

The literary losses of '96 included Paul Arène, the Provençal poet and novelist, and Rogeard, the author of 'Les Propos de Labiénus,' some most biting philippics levelled against Napoleon III and his *régime*, admirably written, moreover, and by the

side of which the 'Lanternes' of Rochefort appeared trivial. I met Rogéard several times during his last years, when he frequented a quiet little café on the way to Montmartre. He was very poor, but very proud, and almost resented the offer of a *consommation*. But I have yet to speak of Arsène Houssaye, Paul Verlaine and Edmond de Goncourt, who also died in '96. Houssaye was born near Laon on the Aisne, and beginning life as a soldier fought at Antwerp in 1831. He afterwards joined some strolling musicians, and coming to Paris soon made his way there in journalism and literature. Very handsome, clever and versatile, he attached himself to the fortunes of the Second Empire. Already in 1849 the future Napoleon III appointed him director of the Comédie Française, a post which he retained until 1856. He mixed largely in society. His books were often very witty and lively. In his novels, however, he affected too peculiar a knowledge of the workings of the female heart, such as that organ was supposed to be among the more or less *grandes dames* of the imperial régime. But Houssaye's principal work was his 'Histoire du 41ème Fauteuil,' which treated of all those who, by right of genius or high talent, ought to have belonged to the French Academy, but were never elected. His own confessions, like those of most men who claim to have been lavishly loved, ought probably to be taken with a copious allowance of salt. In money matters Houssaye prospered exceedingly. He had a delightful house in the Avenue de Friedland, where he frequently gave *redoutes*, which were largely frequented by actresses, *demi-mondaines*, and even ladies of position. The French Academy never forgave him for his work on the forty-first *fauteuil*, but, in after years, it welcomed as a member his distinguished son, Henri Houssaye, the historian of the later period of the First Empire, who died in 1911.

Much of the best work of Edmond de Goncourt was done in conjunction with his brother Jules, who died in 1870, when but forty years of age. 'Germinie Lacerteux' and 'Renée Mauperin' were their joint work. They also produced together those histories of French society during the Revolution and the Directory, from which one may glean so much enlightening information; and Jules, moreover, contributed to the earlier volumes of the well-known 'Memoirs.' These show how deeply Edmond regretted his brother's death. When his own time approached he had only a few distant relatives left, and he therefore decided to bequeath his fortune for the establishment of an Académie Goncourt, which was to be composed of ten members. No poet, and no member of the French Academy, was ever to belong to it. He himself designated eight of the first members: Alphonse Daudet, Gustave Geffroy, Léon Hennique, J. K. Huysmans, Paul Margueritte, Octave Mirbeau, and the brothers Rosny, leaving them to choose two others to complete the full number. Each member was to receive an annuity of £240, and there were to be annual prizes of a total value of £200. After Goncourt's death, however, some of his relations put in claims, and it became necessary to grant them annuities. Alphonse Daudet dying in '97, his son Léon was elected in his stead, and for the other vacant memberships Léon Descaves and Elémir Bourges were chosen. Meanwhile, however, it was found that Goncourt's fortune would not suffice to pay the members so much as £240 apiece annually. The allowance was therefore reduced to half that amount, and steps were taken to build up a reserve fund of £8000. Briefly, it was only at the beginning of 1903 that the Goncourt Academy was finally constituted.

In that year the first prize was allotted to J. A. Nau for a novel called 'La Force Ennemie'; in 1904 it went to Léon Frapié for 'La Maternelle';

and in the ensuing year to C. Fourrères for 'Les Civilisés.' These awards, like later ones, encountered criticism in various quarters, and the Goncourt Academy was certainly subjected to a good deal of ridicule during its earlier years. It was derided for presumption and pretentiousness. But, all considered, it has been a very harmless institution, and although some of its members have been men well able to forego the allowance of £120 a year, this may have been of help to others—it certainly was to Mme. Judith Gautier, the Academy's first lady member—whilst the prizes must have proved quite acceptable to young and struggling writers.*

Let me now say a word respecting Verlaine, who as a man does not command esteem. He was a Lorrainer, born at Metz, and fought against the Germans in 1870, and later for the cause of the Commune. Morally, he was degenerate and perverted. His affair with another character of that type, Arthur Rimbaud, led to his imprisonment for two years. This occurred in Belgium, whither he had fled after the Commune. Verlaine afterwards entered a religious house, then came to England, where for a time he taught French. As a poet he certainly takes fairly high rank, vigour of expression being, perhaps, his chief quality.

In September, '96, Paris was visited by a remarkable atmospheric disturbance, suggesting a tornado. A violent wind swept down on the Place Saint-Sulpice, south of the Seine, crossed the river and rushed on wildly as far as La Villette on the northern side of the city. Vehicles were overturned and boats driven from their moorings, whilst shop-fronts and other windows were blown in, shutters torn away, and chimney stacks and their pots sent

* There were several elections to the French Academy during 1896. Zola came forward as a candidate for the seats of Dumas *filz* and Léon Say, but obtained only four votes on each occasion. The new members elected that year were André Theuriet (Dumas' seat), Albert Vandal (Say's), and Gaston Paris (Pasteur's).

flying hither and thither. The whole affair lasted barely a couple of minutes, but a large number of persons received injuries and eight were killed. Later came some very heavy rains, followed by a great rise in the Seine, much damage being done on the river's lower banks and little islands.

The chief Parisian event in the following year ('97) was a dreadful catastrophe which occurred at a charity bazaar in the Rue Jean Goujon. Already in '85 a number of ladies had formed an organization for establishing periodical sales and entertainments for charitable purposes, and during several years these were held in one or another private mansion. In '97, however, Mme. Heine lent a site in the Rue Jean Goujon, on which a wooden structure was erected, the interior fittings including a board and canvas representation of a street of old Paris, which had figured at a theatrical and musical exhibition held in '96. Several picturesque stalls were arranged in this make-believe street, and a kinematograph, separated from the rest of the structure by some flimsy boarding, was also provided. On the afternoon of May 4th, when there were about 1500 persons in the bazaar, a fire broke out through the ignition of the ether used in the kinematograph lamp, and within ten minutes the whole place was in flames. There was, I believe, only one exit, towards which the whole terrified throng rushed in its frantic desire to escape. The people present belonged chiefly to the aristocracy and the upper *bourgeoisie*, women predominating. It was afterwards stated that few, if any, of the men evinced any degree of chivalry. For the most part they merely sought their own preservation, and women were pushed aside, knocked down and trampled under foot during the brief scene of wild desperation which followed the outbreak. A hundred and seventeen charred corpses, mostly those of women, were afterwards found among the remnants of the destroyed building.

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Many other persons were mortally injured. Among those who perished were the Duchess d'Alençon, younger sister of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, the Viscountesses de Beauchamp and de Malézieux, the Baronesses de Saint-Dizier and de Vatisménil, and the wives of Generals Chevals and Warnet. General Munier also was among the dead.

The news of the disaster aroused feelings of horror. Paris became a city of mourning. The theatres were closed, and, a few days later, a solemn requiem service held at Notre Dame was attended by the Presidents of the Republic, the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, the Ministers, the Corps Diplomatique and other personages, including Sir George Faudel-Phillips, Lord Mayor of London, who repaired to Paris expressly for this occasion. That same morning it was learnt that the Duke d'Aumale had died on his estate of Zucco in Sicily, overcome by the news of the dreadful fate of his niece, the Duchess d'Alençon. Unfortunately a fanatical monk, Father Ollivier, who preached that day at Notre Dame, proclaimed the disaster to be a visitation of the Divine wrath, which ought to serve as a warning to all who did not accept the Church's teachings. This assertion—the more ridiculous as many of the women who had perished were numbered among the most pious in France—aroused general reprobation, and was afterwards denounced by the President of the Chamber, whose speech was placarded throughout France. Baron de Mackau, who had organized the bazaar, and the two kinematograph operators, who had contrived to escape, were afterwards prosecuted, but incurred comparatively slight penalties. To-day, on the site of the disaster, there stands a commemorative chapel, the architectural plans of which were prepared by Guilbert. Decorated with sculpture work by Hiolin and paintings by Albert Maignan, it is surmounted by a colossal statue of the Virgin, the work of Daillon.

The Dreyfus Affair came very much to the front during the autumn of '97, and Paris was more or less disturbed by it. But it was in the following year that the excitement over the case became widespread. In '97 matters were still sufficiently calm to allow of visits from the Belgian, Bulgarian, Serbian and Siamese sovereigns. That year the French Academy's award of the principal Montyon prize for virtue attracted considerable attention, the recipient being an old woman named Jeanne Marie Bonnefois, who in earlier years had earned her living as an acrobat at country fairs, at the same time practising self-denial until she was able to establish various booth-schools to accompany the strolling players and others attending the fairs, the object being to provide their children with some rudimentary education.

The reader may be reminded that Baron de Montyon was one of the Royalists who took refuge in England during the first French Revolution. Thrifty and careful, he contrived to assist several fellow refugees, and in after-life endowed the Academy with sufficient funds to establish prizes both for virtue and for literary merit. One or another distinguished man reports on the awards which are made, and the public sittings held on these occasions attract the attendance of society in much the same way as do the sittings at which new Academicians are formally received to the accompaniment of speeches extolling, or, as sometimes happens, artfully criticizing, the new member's qualifications and those of his predecessor. The Montyon prizes for virtue and good deeds amount to about £800 annually, but they are not the only ones of the kind which the Academy awards, for there are other foundations associated with the names of De Sourian, De Gemon, Marie Lasne, Camille Favre, the Duchess of Otranto, etc. The Academy's literary prizes are also numerous. Those instituted by

Montyon for books considered useful to public morals represent another £800 per annum, that amount being awarded in more or less important sums. The most famous literary prizes, however, are the two founded by Baron Napoleon Gobert, for the best works on French history. Each of these represents £400, which amount is occasionally divided between two competitors of equal merit, and at other times kept back until the appearance of some sufficiently deserving work.

With respect to books I must mention that 1897 was the year in which Edmond Demolins published 'A quoi tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons'—a work which attracted widespread attention, in part by reason of what it said respecting physical training among English lads. Paschal Grousset, an ex-member of the Paris Commune, resident for some time in England, had already started in Paris a little journal for the promotion of athletics, but he was not making much headway when Demolins's book appeared. I well remember that in my French schooldays we had little physical exercise in the way of sports and pastimes. I afterwards learnt to fence and did a little rowing, but there was no football, no cricket, no racing and jumping competitions. At the close of the Second Empire there were only two gymnasia worthy of the name in all Paris. They were by no means well attended. Few young fellows even learnt *la savate*, the French variant of boxing, in which the legs are brought into play even more often than the arms. Cycling was certainly taken up with enthusiasm by the younger Parisians, but, if my memory is not at fault, general athletics were not patronized to any large extent until the eve of the twentieth century. On taking up French papers during these later years the reader will have usually found them containing reports of boxing, wrestling, football, racing, jumping and swimming matches, seldom heard of in previous times. The societies

established for the promotion of physical education did good work, however, and a more vigorous generation sprang up—as was shown by the Great War. During even the most critical years the athletic training of the young was not neglected. More than once whilst Big Bertha was bombarding Paris the French newspapers contained accounts of youngsters practising in the suburbs the various sports and pastimes which promote physical development.

That was as it should be ; but Edmond Demolins went farther in his book by urging on his countrymen more technical, more practical methods of education. It may seem curious that he should have held us up as patterns in this respect, when so many of our own writers were complaining that Germany was outstripping us. At all events, what Demolins said on this subject certainly tended to promote technical instruction in France. Personally, I have benefited by a more or less classical education on the old lines. I never went very far in Greek, but Latin became to me a veritable “Open Sesame,” which unlocked the doors of the languages of Southern Europe. Had I not been a fairly good Latinist I should not have acquired an acquaintance with Italian, Spanish and Portuguese as readily, as easily, as I afterwards did.

Queen Victoria went to Nice in March, '97, and President Faure had a brief chat with her whilst she was on her journey, the train being stopped for this purpose in the environs of Paris. Faure subsequently betook himself to Russia on a return visit, £20,000 being voted for his expenses.

The chief musical novelties of the year were Bruneau's ‘Messidor,’ to which I have previously referred, and Massenet's ‘Sapho.’ The Comédie gave Coppée's ‘Grève des Forgerons,’ Paul Hervieu's ‘Loi de l'Homme’ (performed 59 times), and a two-act *proverbe* by Pailleron, which was afterwards divided into separate pieces, entitled ‘Mieux vaut

douceur' and 'Mieux vaut violence.' The first secured 53 and the second 63 performances, which seemed to suggest that violence was preferred to gentleness. The leading house also treated us to a revival of the dramatic version of 'La Vie de Bohême,' in which Théodore Barrière collaborated with Murger, and which dated from 1849, when it was first produced at the Variétés. There were 40 *représentations* of the Comédie's revival. But the play of the year was one performed at the Porte-St.-Martin theatre, being none other than Rostand's memorable 'Cyrano de Bergerac' with the inimitable Coquelin *ainé* in the title rôle. At the Odéon theatre there was a revival of Becque's famous play, 'Les Corbeaux,' which, when produced at the Comédie in '82, had raised a storm of protests. Nobody could deny the power of this satire on the legal profession, but it was satire of excessive blackness which could not succeed with any average Parisian audience. Apropos of the Odéon, Antoine quarrelled with his co-director, Paul Ginisty, during 1897, and, returning to the Théâtre Libre, gave it his name.* Another theatrical movement had now been initiated in France, its object being to give performances of tragedies and operas in the open air. The first open-air theatre, or arena, was established in '96 at Bussang in the Vosges. During the following year others were inaugurated at Orange and Béziers in the south. At the last-named arena the lyrical drama, 'Déjanire,' with music by Saint Saëns, was produced in '98, being afterwards transferred to the Odéon in Paris. Later, that is during the present century, open-air theatres were established in the Bois de Boulogne, and at Champigny near the Marne.

I have already mentioned that the Duke d'Aumale died in '97. His remains were brought to France, and a grand funeral service at the Madeleine was attended by the members of the Government and

* See pp. 135, 136, *ante*.

the French Academy, of which latter body the Duke had been no unworthy member. Further, he had bequeathed to it, or rather to the Institute of France, of which it forms a part, his splendid historic estate of Chantilly with all the art treasures contained in the château. Alphonse Daudet, the distinguished novelist, whose pen resembled a rapier, whereas that of his friend and rival, Zola, was like a bludgeon, also passed away in '97. Léon Carvalho then followed his gifted wife to the grave, and a painful memory was recalled by the death of General Bourbaki, whose army was constrained by the Germans to pass into Switzerland during January, '71, to be disarmed and interned there.

Throughout 1898 Paris was largely given over to uproar. This was the year of Walsin-Esterhazy's court-martial, of Zola's famous letter 'J'accuse,' of his dramatic trial in Paris, of the subsequent proceedings at Versailles, and his flight to England, where I had to provide him with a safe retreat. Before then and afterwards, whilst incident followed incident in the great Dreyfus Affair, Paris resounded with such shouts as "Conspuez ! conspuez ! À bas les Juifs ! Mort à Zola !" The Royalist faction evinced remarkable activity, the "Camelots du Roi" were mobilized, money was given freely to all who would assist in creating disturbances, in order to cast discredit on the Republican *régime*, and facilitate the accession of the Duke of Orleans to the throne of his ancestors. On the other hand, some partisans of the unfortunate Dreyfus carried matters too far. They indisposed the army generally, by attacking the whole corps of officers, though it is certainly true that most of the latter blindly followed their superiors in declaring Dreyfus to be guilty. At last, during the month of August, came the suicide at Mont Valérien of Colonel Henry the forger, followed, about the time when the revision of Dreyfus's case had been decided on, by the bombshell of

the Fashoda affair, which for a few days absolutely threatened war between France and Great Britain. But that calamity was happily averted.

Whilst all those stirring incidents were taking place certain features of Parisian life remained much the same as usual. The Comédie produced Henri Lavedan's 'Catherine,' Richepin's 'La Martyre,' Paul Meurice's 'Struensee,' and Brieux' 'Le Berceau,' besides reviving Paul Alexis's 'Celle qu'on n'épouse pas.' At the same time Puccini's opera, 'La Bohême,' first given at Turin in '96, came to Paris, where it was better received, perhaps, as it gave people an opportunity to talk of something else than the "Affair." The latter sundered many friendships, loosened many family ties. In two clever drawings Caran d'Ache, the great caricaturist, summed up what usually happened. In the first one a large family party was sitting down to table, wreathed in smiles, paterfamilias in the meanwhile holding up his hand and saying: "Above everything else don't talk about it!" But they did talk about it, as was shown by the second cartoon, which depicted them engaged in deadly combat—knives, forks, bottles, glasses serving as lethal weapons, and one fork even sticking in the fleshy rump of an unfortunate pet dog, whilst husbands, wives, mothers-in-law and juveniles expressed their conflicting opinions on the Affair by pounding, strangling, or stabbing one another.

Death's scythe was as busy as ever that year. The news that Bismarck had passed away awakened only retrospective feelings among the Parisians, for, personally, he had ceased to be regarded as a danger. During the twelvemonth art lost Puvis de Chavannes, who, in spite of faulty draughtsmanship, had won celebrity and admiration by the harmony of his compositions and the nobility of thought which they revealed. Another loss was that of Charles Garnier, to whom Paris, his birthplace, owed her Grand

Opera-house. The casino and theatre of Monte Carlo were also his work, as was the Nice observatory. Science had to regret the death of Dr. Péan, the inventor of the arterial pincers, and a great operator in ovarian and other internal maladies. A medical man who, about this time, died in Italy at the age of 91—he was named Pietro Pagello—recalled to old Parisians memories of George Sand, Alfred de Musset and the severance of their famous *liaison*. The death of the Duke de Bassano, likewise a nonagenarian, conjured up visions of the Tuileries and the splendour of the entertainments given there when he was Grand Chamberlain to Napoleon III. The losses to literature during '98 included Ludovic Lalanne—Librarian of the Institute, and the erudite editor of Brantôme, the 'Journal de Pierre de l'Estoile,' and other works pertaining to the Renaissance period—and Stéphane Mallarmé, the *décadent* poet, famous for his 'Après-midi d'un Faune.' Mallarmé had partly earned his living as professor of English at my old school, the Lycée Condorcet, but that was after my time, when the *professeur d'anglais* was Spiers, the lexicographer. Neither Nicolini nor Tailhade, who both died in '98, had, I think, appeared on the stage for some years. The former, whose real name was Nicolas, and who was by birth a Breton, became the second husband of Adelina Patti. The latter, born in Paris, had begun to study for the teaching profession, but he threw up that idea, betook himself to the Conservatoire, and as far back as 1847 obtained an engagement at the Comédie Française, where he made his mark as Macbeth and King Lear, and as some of the chief characters in Hugo's romantic plays. Tailhade was a first-rate actor of the old school.

During the following year, '99, a very notorious woman passed away in Paris. Few people had seen her since the fall of the Second Empire, and indeed she had spent her last years in the strictest seclusion,

never facing the light of day, but hiding herself in her flat on the Place Vendôme, where the window-shutters were always closed and the curtains drawn. Only the dim light of candles was allowed in those rooms, whose occupant feared almost to look at herself, so overpowering, apparently, did she find the loss of her once belauded beauty. The Countess di Castiglione had been the mistress of Napoleon III, and some writers have held that she was placed near him by Cavour in order to influence his policy. I have given some account of her in my 'Court of the Tuileries,' and her name occurs frequently in the anecdotal works on the Second Empire. Like other women of southern climes she had blossomed and faded early, and the thought that she was no longer beautiful seems to have preyed upon her mind. She was sixty-four years old at the time of her death.

Rosa Bonheur, who died at Fontainebleau during 1899, was then in her seventy-sixth year. She was, I believe, the first woman to whom the decoration of the Legion of Honour was ever awarded. It was in 1841 that she first exhibited at the Paris Salon. Seven years later she secured a First Medal for her 'Labourage Nivernais.' In '53 her 'Horse Fair' secured a like award. These were her most celebrated paintings. The stage's losses during '99 included two dramatic authors—Henri Becque and Adolphe d'Ennery, and the Third Republic's most famous dramatic critic, Francisque Sarcey.* Gaston Tissandier, the aeronaut, also died that year. He had lived long enough to see some notable successes in aerial navigation, and to participate in the foundation of the Aero-Club de France, which in '98 established an aerodrome in a park between Suresnes and Saint-Cloud. Tissandier had been one of the notable balloonists of the War of 1870-71. He quitted besieged Paris in a balloon and afterwards became

* See pp. 49, 50, *ante*.

chief of the aeronautical service of the Second Loire Army.* His writings are well known.

I have yet to mention the most sensational death of the year—that of President Faure, who after a sudden attack of cerebral congestion expired on the evening of the 16th February. This occurred at the Elysée Palace, and there was no truth in the wild rumours that he had died at the house of an actress or that he had been poisoned by means of cyanide of potassium inserted in a cigar. He had many anxieties at the time, he frequently over-exerted himself, he had previously complained of palpitations of the heart, his very appearance, moreover, suggested a predisposition to apoplexy, and there are reasons for thinking that he had previously contracted the habit of taking some drug, which, after serving as a momentary stimulant, left him in a weakened condition. His anxieties undoubtedly weighed upon him. It had been his ambition to make his term of presidency a glorious one. His intercourse with the Tsar, the conclusion of the Franco-Russian alliance, had elated him. But afterwards came the Fashoda affair, by which he felt his prestige diminished, and there was also the Dreyfus affair, the great turmoil which it occasioned, and the severely critical line which was taken by virtually the entire foreign press. So unfavourable was the whole position, both at home and abroad, that the prospects of the great Paris Exhibition, projected for 1900, seemed to be compromised.†

The Dreyfus case with its many startling incidents and developments was in particular an incessant source of worry to the President, who implicitly

* In January, 1906, under the auspices of the Aero-Club, a monument to the memory of the aeronauts of the Franco-German War was erected on the Rond Point de la Révolte at Neuilly-sur-Seine. This monument, which is of a striking character, was the last work of Bartholdi, the eminent Alsatian sculptor, who died two years before its inauguration.

† A detailed account of the circumstances attending Faure's death is given in my book, 'Republican France,' pp. 442-448.

believed in the assertions of the army-chiefs and deemed Dreyfus to be guilty. But only a few hours before his seizure he received a visit from the Prince of Monaco, and there is reason to believe that they conversed together on the subject of Dreyfus, and that the Prince gave the President certain information which showed that officer to be innocent.

The Prince had been particularly interested in the case by his wife, a lady of Jewish extraction, granddaughter of the poet Heine, and widow of the last Duke de Richelieu. On the other hand, he was on very friendly terms with the German Kaiser. The latter had taken great interest in the Prince's oceanographical studies, and had often had him as a companion on his yachting trips. Now, at a certain stage of the Dreyfus case some persons who desired to ascertain the truth thought that it might be elucidated by utilizing the Prince of Monaco's well-known interest in the affair and his friendship with the Emperor William. The idea was to induce the Prince to ask the Kaiser personally to make the truth known. Dreyfus was either innocent or guilty. Which was it? And if he were innocent, who was the guilty man? The facts were known to the Kaiser, and it was in his power to have them publicly revealed.

The persons concerned resolved, however—this may have been the Prince of Monaco's advice—to address themselves, in the first instance, to Colonel von Schwarzkoppen, the former German military attaché in Paris, to whom Dreyfus was said to have sold secret documents, and also, if requisite, to the German Foreign Office, before availing themselves, as a last resource, of a personal letter which the Prince of Monaco addressed to the Emperor. It became necessary for somebody to proceed to Germany, which duty was undertaken by a distinguished Protestant man of letters. Setting out with a companion, whose personality was of no

importance, the envoy repaired to the town where Colonel Schwarzkoppen commanded a regiment. The Colonel replied to the requests which were made to him that he could make no statement whatever without the sanction of his superiors. If they should authorize a statement he would make one, but otherwise, his lips must remain firmly sealed. Accordingly, Monsieur X and his companion went on to Berlin, where they sought an audience, not of the Chancellor, who was still Prince Charles von Hohenlohe, but of Count von Bülow, Minister for Foreign Affairs and, later, a Prince and Hohenlohe's successor in the Chancellorship.

Now, some time previously, Bülow had declared in a speech to the Reichstag that "no relations of any kind had ever existed between Captain Dreyfus and any German organs or authorities"—but the French anti-Dreyfusites derided those words as being "mere official utterances," and inquired, if Dreyfus were not guilty, who was? The object of Monsieur X's mission was to elucidate that point, and, failing complete information, it was thought that the German Government might at least be willing to go beyond Bülow's brief statement to the Reichstag and say something which would carry conviction with it. But the Minister shook his head; he had said all he intended to say, and would not add another word. It was pointed out to him that there was great turmoil in France over the affair, and that it was in Germany's power to stop it and restore the country to quietude. Thoughtful Frenchmen, distressed by the harm which was being done, would appreciate a frank statement on Germany's part, and, indeed, better relations between the two countries might ensue.

But again the Minister shook his head. He had certainly no intention of betraying the real traitor—Walsin-Esterhazy—and, for the rest, he was, like Bismarck, only too pleased to see Frenchmen

“stewing in their own juice.” At last the Prince of Monaco’s letter to the Emperor was mentioned. The latter might be willing to comply with the Prince’s request, in which case the German officials would have to obey the imperial commands. Count Bülow answered vigorously: “If you go to the Emperor with that letter I shall immediately go to the Chancellor with my resignation. You will see what will happen then. In such a case, *That* which you doubtless wish to avert may well befall!” By “That” he meant War.

The position was too serious for hesitation. Any imprudence would involve the greatest risks. Thus the Prince of Monaco’s letter remained undelivered, the envoys returned to France, and the Dreyfus case took its course. But the Prince of Monaco afterwards saw the Kaiser, and, in fact, had just returned from Berlin when he visited Faure shortly before his seizure. To those who knew of Monsieur X’s mission the inference was obvious.

M. Emile Loubet succeeded Faure as President of the Republic. There were disgraceful scenes in Paris when his election by the Congress of Versailles became known. On the occasion of Faure’s funeral Paul Déroulède and a fellow Nationalist, Marcel Habert, even tried to induce General Roget and his brigade to march on the Elysée Palace and execute a *coup d’état*. But Roget wisely shook them off, and the Duke of Orleans, who was waiting at Brussels for a summons to mount the throne, never received one. M. Loubet, who was the object of a brief but violently hostile demonstration on arriving in Paris after his election, had another unpleasant experience somewhat later. A Royalist fanatic, Baron Henri Christiani, attempted to strike him on the head with a walking-stick whilst he was watching the Auteuil races from the presidential tribune. Thanks to the prompt intervention of General Brugère and M. Crozier of the Protocol, the tip of the stick barely

reached M. Loubet's hat, and Christiani was arrested. On the following Sunday (the month was June) all Republican Paris turned out to acclaim the President at Longchamp. A sentence of four years' imprisonment was passed on Christiani, but at the end of nine months he was pardoned by his intended victim.

The affair led to the downfall of Charles Dupuy's ministry, which M. Loubet had inherited from Faure, and it was replaced by one under that vigorous statesman, Waldeck-Rousseau, who initiated a resolute Republican policy, sparing none of the *régime's* adversaries. Déroulède and Marcel Habert were banished for ten and five years respectively. Ten years of a like penalty were allotted to M. Buffet, the agent of the Duke of Orleans; Jules Guérin, the most violent of the anti-Semites, was besieged in a house in the Rue de Chabrol, which he had virtually fortified, and afterwards sent to prison, whilst proceedings were instituted against the Assumptionist Fathers, whose newspapers had long been waging war against the Republic. Steps were afterwards taken to deprive all unauthorized religious orders of the privilege of educating the young—it being shown that hundreds of thousands of children were being brought up by their clerical schoolmasters and schoolmistresses to hate the Republican form of rule. The whole culminated in the banishment of several Orders from France, and, finally, the separation of State and Church. The eighteenth century had ended in wrath and strife, the nineteenth had begun in wrath and strife, and now it likewise ended, and the twentieth dawned amidst grievous perturbation.

During the summer of 1899, Captain Dreyfus, having been brought to France from Devil's Island, underwent a fresh trial at Rennes, where military prejudice again triumphed and secured his conviction. But his innocence was becoming more and more manifest to all impartial minds, and in

September President Loubet granted him a pardon which he reluctantly accepted. He was afterwards able to secure a re-examination of his case by the Cour de Cassation, but it was not until 1906 that this body finally exonerated him and quashed all previous proceedings. The Parisians followed the trial at Rennes with unabated interest, and lamented that it did not take place in the capital. But the change of venue to a distant provincial town at least tended to moderate some of the angry passions of the Boulevards.

For the rest Paris allowed no political, military, or religious controversies to interfere with her amusements. The Comédie Française staged at least two novelties, 'Le Torrent,' by Maurice Donnay, and 'La Conscience de l'Enfant,' by Georges Dévore, but they were only moderately successful. Of 'Briséis,' a posthumous opera by Chabrier, and 'Beaucoup de Bruit pour Rien' ('Much Ado about Nothing'), an *opéra-comique* by Puget—a son or kinsman, I think, of the Lōisa Puget, who composed several delicate *romances*,* much admired in the long ago—one can merely say that each contained some good passages. As for Massenet's 'Cendrillon,' which was also produced in '99, it was not without merit, but in listening to it memories came back of Rossini's treatment of the theme in 'La Cenerentola.' That same year Isidor de Lara's 'Messaline' was performed at Monte Carlo. It did not come to the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris until 1903, when the success it secured was due chiefly to the splendid manner in which it was staged. A vision of the vanished civilization of imperial Rome arose before you. The clever book by Armand Silvestre deserved better music.

As I am writing of the stage I may mention that a very ridiculous dispute which arose in '99 between

* 'Le Rêve de Marie,' 'Mon Pays,' 'A la grâce de Dieu,' etc. She was a Parisienne, born 1810, died 1889.

a couple of literary men on the subject of Hamlet had an almost tragical sequel. One of the disputants contended that Shakespeare meant the Prince of Denmark to be fat, and the other that he meant him to be thin. No agreement on the subject being possible a duel ensued, and one of the combatants was very severely wounded. This was Catulle Mendès, poet, critic and dramatic author. It was he—I forget the name of his antagonist—who had claimed that to play the part of Hamlet in accordance with Shakespeare's ideas the actor ought to be fat. The last time I met Mendès—it was in the *foyer* at the Comédie Française during 1902—I was struck by his corpulent and bloated appearance. I thought of departed years when he had been quite handsome, I recalled that last duel of his, and wondered whether it was because he had grown fat himself that he desired Hamlet to be fat also. With us at the time was a man still in the early forties, and physically of a very different type. Tall and well-proportioned, he displayed the easy *désinvolture* of a *grand seigneur*, indulging the while in a slightly sarcastic smile. This was Paul Hervieu, the author of 'Les Tenailles,' 'Le Dédale,' 'La Loi de l'Homme,' and 'L'Enigme,' and a little later a member of the Academy. He had begun life in the French diplomatic service for which he was, perhaps, ill-suited, for his talent was all vigour and *netteté*, whereas suppleness and ambiguity are reputed to be essential qualities for a successful diplomatic career. Mendès died in 1909, and Hervieu a year after the Great War began.

That reminds me of another matter. The first practical submarines were built in France, and on the outbreak of the war, whilst the Germans claimed only 38 (inclusive of 15 which were being built), France possessed 67, in addition to nine which were building. We ourselves had 64, and were constructing two-and-twenty others. The earlier French boats were those designed by Gustave Zédé,

Romazotti and Laubeuf. Now, in 1899, a vigorous campaign for the construction of submarines was started by the Paris press. The future of these craft was in a large measure foreseen even then. All sorts of wonderful things were predicted, and as the Government of the time seemed sceptical on the subject, one of the most widely-circulated newspapers, 'Le Matin,' ended by starting a public subscription for the building of boats of the Gustave Zédé type. This dated, I believe, from as far back as 1885. Money poured into the cash-boxes of 'Le Matin,' and I think that a couple of boats were eventually presented to the Government. The improvements effected in the Morse and Narval types subsequently encouraged Government building, and, as I have shown, France was well ahead of Germany in regard to submarines when the Great War began. One must at least concede that the enemy afterwards displayed remarkable vigour in constructing so many of these craft.

One of the last notable events of '99 was the inauguration on the Place de la Nation of Dalou's great monument, the Triumph of the Republic. A display of concord, at least among Republicans, might have been expected on such an occasion, but so many of the deputations which helped to make up the great concourse of a quarter of a million people who assembled for the ceremony, carried instead of the tricolour the red flag, symbolical of extremist revolutionary passions, that President Loubet withdrew, and the proceedings were curtailed. The unrest prevailing among the Parisian masses at the time seemed to be very ominous. Pure anarchism was dead or, at all events, moribund, but by the side of the various schools of Socialism which were recruiting fresh adherents year by year, the sect of the Syndicalists was now coming to the front. This sect separated, however, into two divisions, those of the *Syndicalistes réformistes* and the *Syndicalistes*

révolutionnaires. The former, who gained the confidence of most French trade-unionists, were willing to co-operate with the Socialists, believing as they did in the necessity of political action, and following, as Mr. Ramsay Macdonald says in an interesting little book on the subject, a policy akin to that of the English Labour Party. They established an organ called 'La Revue Syndicaliste,' which before the War was edited by M. Albert Thomas. Very different were, and are, the Revolutionary Syndicalists. They did not believe in ordinary political action. Anti-state, anti-patriotic, anti-militarist, taking class warfare as their basis, they rejected Socialism because it had to be either parliamentary or nothing. Their design was to concentrate their efforts on what they deemed to be practical questions, leaving politicians to destroy themselves. Nevertheless, requiring a form of organization, they adopted the usual plan of combining in branch unions and councils, federated together and represented for general purposes by a superior body, the whole constituting the *Confédération générale du Travail*, commonly designated in France by the initials C.G.T.

Mr. Macdonald rightly points out that at the end of the Seventies, the Socialists of the school of Jules Guesde were in the ascendant among French workers. They believed in political action. Beside them one found first the partisans of Paul Brousse, who were willing to ally themselves with the political Socialists, and secondly, the followers of Allemane, who took a middle line between the Broussists and the extreme Anarchist school. Revolutionary Syndicalism began to emerge from among the quarrels and conflicts of these sects about 1888, but it was only four years later that the principle of a General Strike as a method of action and a means to bring about Revolution began to be adopted, being favoured at that time by a Workers' Congress

which was held at Tours, and later by one which took place at Marseilles. Of course the idea of a General Strike had long been current, but its sponsor among the Syndicalists was an agitator named Pelloutier. It was urged that such a strike was to be preferred to bloodshed, bloody revolutions only benefiting, in the long run, those who had the army behind them. The army, it was held, showed itself to be on the masters' side every time an ordinary strike occurred, and the Revolutionary Syndicalist preached anti-militarism largely for that reason. Further, in that Syndicalist's mind the General Strike was not to be employed as a weapon by which reforms—the raising of wages and the improvement of conditions—might be obtained, but essentially as a means towards absolute social Revolution, class antagonism being, as I previously indicated, a particular characteristic of *le syndicalisme révolutionnaire*.

At a national Congress of Workers held at Nantes, in 1894, Aristide Briand, afterwards Prime Minister of France, upheld these views, secured the defeat of the Socialists who were present, and by doing so promoted the establishment of the C.G.T. In '95 a Labour Congress held at Romilly laid it down that all workers in a trade, whether they were unionists or not, should be subject to the decisions of the congresses of that trade, whether those congresses did or did not represent a majority. In point of fact, Syndicalism, according to the ex-Anarchist Pouget, one of the secretaries of the C.G.T., is the negation of the law of majorities, and this has been demonstrated by the composition of the C.G.T., and notably by that of its Comité Fédéral which has always been, in reality, a minority, governed by an internal minority, the result of peculiar methods of voting.

In 1896 an international Socialist Congress was held in London. Syndicalists attended it, but were virtually ejected by their more numerous antagonists.

Over and over again there have been attempts to bring about an alliance between Syndicalists and Socialists, but their fundamental principles are so greatly at variance that all efforts to promote combination have naturally failed. I may add here that Syndicalism as known in England differs very considerably from the Syndicalism current in France. The English Syndicalist derived few, if any, of his views from his French neighbours; they came to him chiefly from the United States, that is, from the body called the Industrial Workers of the World.

The authority of the *Confédération du Travail* is vested firstly in two sectional committees, one representing the trade-unions, and the other the trade-councils, and these committees combine to appoint a superior body, the *Comité Fédéral*, which is chosen only to exercise general supervision and to organize propaganda, but which, rejecting all limitations of its powers, has long imposed its will upon the whole organization. It passed into the hands of the Revolutionary Syndicalists in 1901, and they still exercised control at the time when the Great War began.

A certain Georges Sorel, originally an engineer, has written at some length on the philosophy of Syndicalism, and ranks as one of its chief exponents. Not only is he a firm believer in the General Strike, but he approves of *ca' canny* and *sabotage* on the worker's part, including the damaging or destruction of the implements with which he works. But, as Mr. Ramsay Macdonald very correctly says, this policy, which aims at destroying industrial capital, injures the workers more than any other class, and, by putting them in the wrong, rouses violent prejudices, which defeat the efforts of every agency working for the emancipation of labour. In France, where before the War *sabotage* was frequently indulged in, no advantage ever accrued from it to the workers; and as for the capitalists—or the

authorities against whom it was occasionally directed—it proved, all considered, a mere temporary annoyance and hindrance, nothing more. Aristide Briand, who at one time acclaimed the idea of the General Strike, changed his views even before he attained to ministerial office, and nobody afterwards ever dealt more drastically with strikers than he did in the case of the great railway strike which occurred during his first premiership in 1910. During that year there were no fewer than 1502 strikes in France, of which only 307 proved successful, as will be seen from the following table in which I give also the figures for some other years:—

Year.	Strikes.	Successful.	Compromised.	Failed.
1890	313	82	64	161
1899	902	205	360	337
1910	1502	307	598	597
1912	1116	193	382	541
1913	1076	183	371	519

During 1912 the men who struck work numbered 268,000, and during 1913, 220,448. In the last-named year they included 82,908 miners, 17,209 textile workers, 20,548 metal workers, 21,996 men of the building trades, and 32,971 transport and similar workers. No fewer than 682 of the strikes lasted only a week or even less. There were 99 extending from 31 to 100 days, and 16 which went beyond that period.* I also find the 'Annuaire statistique de la France' stating that during the five years 1898–1902, the average annual number of days lost by strikes was 3,010,000. During the

* It may also be pointed out that 634 of the strikes occurring in 1913 were for an increase of wages, and affected 5807 establishments, the men who went on strike numbering 77,418. Further, 36 small strikes occurred because wages had been reduced. The strikes whose main object was to secure a reduction of working hours were 84 in number, affected 2091 houses and 32,218 men. Disputes as to the order and division of work and workshop rules generally led altogether to 96 strikes, which affected 1980 establishments and brought out nearly 103,000 men. A small number of agricultural strikes, in which only 7464 workers participated, are included in the foregoing figures.

period 1903–1907 the average rose to 4,420,000, but fell during 1908–1912 to 3,310,000.*

In 1885, the year following the enactment of Waldeck-Rousseau's measure authorizing trade and professional combinations, there were 221 *syndicats ouvriers* or unions in all France. In 1890 they had increased to 1006, with a membership of 139,000. In '99 their number had become 2324, and their membership 419,000. During 1912 high-water mark was reached with 5217 *syndicats*, counting 1,064,000 members. The following year showed a falling off, the *syndicats* being 5046 with a membership of 1,027,000. On the other hand, it may be taken that in 1913 there were fully eleven million wage-earners in France. Only about 400,000 workers belonged, however, to the Confédération générale du Travail, and a majority of these, say about 250,000, were opposed to the theories of violent revolutionism upheld by that minority of a minority, the Governing Committee. Had the latter really represented the workers of France, what might we not have witnessed during the Great War? I observe that Mr. Macdonald, writing in 1912, stated that the Committee's official organ, 'La Voix du Peuple,' founded twelve years previously, had a circulation of merely 6000 copies. That may be so, but, as occurrences during the war have shown, other journals have pandered to the Revolutionary Syndicalists. Whilst Paris is the seat of their organization, and they count a number of adherents there, some of them engaged in very important avocations—as was shown, for instance, by the strikes of the electric light and motor-power services in 1907 and 1910, when the Syndicalist secretary, Pataud, ordered the city to be plunged into darkness and the tube trains prevented from running, it is perhaps in certain provincial districts where Anarchism formerly recruited many adherents

* The exact figures for 1900 were 3,760,000, and for 1912, 2,320,000.

that the Syndicalists are nowadays most numerous. Before the War many were to be found in the northern parts of France, afterwards overrun by the Germans, and others again in the Lyons and Saint-Etienne districts.

There is a co-relation between striking and boycotting, and reverting to the year 1899 I must mention that an effort was then made to induce business houses to boycott the Universal Exhibition planned for 1900. This movement was engineered by the Royalist and Clericalist factions in revenge for the drastic Republican policy initiated by Waldeck-Rousseau. It at first showed some promise of success, a number of firms who had intended to participate in the Exhibition announcing their withdrawal; but patriotism and common sense ended by prevailing, and the great gathering proved worthy of the time which it was intended to celebrate—the end of the nineteenth and the dawn of the twentieth centuries. Foreign potentates were certainly absent. Not only did the great unrest previously existing in Paris, and only succeeded for a time by a kind of social truce, deter them from coming to the city, but there was an Anarchist attempt there on the Shah of Persia, whilst King Humbert of Italy was assassinated in the vicinity of Monza, and an outrage on the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) occurred at Brussels. All considered, therefore, the royalties of Europe preferred to stay at home.

President Loubet inaugurated the Exhibition in the middle of April, and it remained open until November. There had then been 48 million admissions, with receipts amounting to £4,560,000. But owing, it appears, to the large sums expended on the side-shows, the expenses exceeded the receipts by about £80,000, which had to be provided by the State and the Municipality of Paris. The area covered by the Exhibition and its immediate *annexes* was one of nearly 277 acres. Not only was the same

ground as in 1889 occupied, but the Quai de la Conférence, the site of the demolished Palais de l'Industrie, and spaces on or around the Cours-la-Reine and the Avenue d'Antin came within the Exhibition limits. Further, 266 acres of the Bois de Vincennes, situated near the Lac Daumesnil, were appropriated to other so-called *annexes*. There was a grand Salle des Fêtes on the Champ de Mars. The Alexander III bridge and the beautiful Avenue Nicolas II had been completed, and in place of the old Palais de l'Industrie two others, the Grand and the Petit Palais, had sprung up in the Champs Elysées quarter. The former's principal façade fronted the Avenue Nicolas II. Above its central hall, 650 feet long, and nearly 180 feet wide, a dome with a diameter of about 220 feet at its base, rose to a height of almost 140 feet. An upper storey was given to this Grand Palais, but the Petit Palais, facing the other on the Champs Elysées side, and occupying almost the exact site of the old Palais de l'Industrie, was limited to a ground-floor. It was handed over to the City of Paris at the conclusion of the Exhibition, the Grand Palais remaining the property of the State.

Before the Exhibition opened, that is, about noon one day early in March, Paris was alarmed by a conflagration which broke out in one of its most familiar and popular buildings. The news spread rapidly: the Théâtre Français was on fire! One of the Comédie's artistes, Mlle. Henriot, unhappily perished, but there was no such cause for widespread mourning as on the occasions of the Opéra Comique and Bazar de la Charité disasters. The accident was certainly unfortunate, in regard to the Exhibition season, but immediate steps were taken to rebuild the Comédie's home, and so vigorously was the work carried on that two days before the year ended a new Théâtre Français was inaugurated. The programme of that *soirée de gala* included a

prologue written by Jean Richepin, an act of Corneille's tragedy, 'Le Cid,' and one of Moliere's comedy, 'Les Femmes Savantes.' The casts were brilliant, the names which figured in the programme including those of Mlles. Bartet, Barretta, Dudlay, Muller, Amel, Mme. Pierson, and Coquelin *cadet*, Féraudy, Sully-Silvain and Paul Mounet. Between the destruction of the old and the inauguration of the new building the theatrical triumph of the year had been Rostard's famous play, 'L'Aiglon,' produced, like 'Cyrano,' at the Porte-St.-Martin. Never did the great actress, Sarah Bernhardt, display her genius to better effect than in the part of the unhappy, short-lived son of the first Napoleon.

XI

SOME PHASES OF PARISIAN LIFE

Births in Paris—Midwives—Assistance and Control of Poor Children—Allowances to Parents—Nurses and Crèches—Elementary Schools—The Caisse des Ecoles and the Garderies—Professional Schools and Workshops—Classes for Young Adults—The Study of Foreign Languages—Secondary Education: Lycées and Colleges—Higher Special Schools—The University of Paris—The Call Up for Military Service—The Parisian Recruits—Physical Fitness and Exemptions—Marriages in Paris—Recollections of my own French Marriage—Attire at Parisian Weddings.

IT being necessary to limit the length of this volume, I propose to deal in another work with certain matters which I have not space enough to discuss adequately in these pages. Among them will be judicial separation, divorce, and also the status of illegitimate children. Here I shall only refer to the Parisians generally, whether they be born in or out of wedlock, and follow them from birth through various notable phases of life until they die. Leaving still-births on one side, I find that 55,257 children were born in Paris in the year 1912, and that 28,232 of them were boys, in such wise that the girls were some 1200 fewer in number. According to French law, the birth of an infant has to be declared within four-and-twenty hours, and the authorities are extremely particular on the subject, as according to the regulations connected with universal military service the sex of a newly-born child should be immediately verified, with the object of preventing any substitution of a female for a male infant. In Paris the verification is carried out by one of the

so-called *médecins de l'état civil* attached to the municipalities of the city's twenty *arrondissements*. These medical men verify deaths as well as births, and are therefore sometimes called the *médecins des morts*, but their duties with respect to one's entry into the world are every whit as important as those which they discharge in connection with one's departure to—let us hope—a somewhat better sphere. As a rule, an hour or two after the birth of an infant has been declared at the district town-hall, the doctor arrives, examines the child, and reports to the authorities. If the little one is a boy he is at once classed among those who should eventually be liable for military service.

Among people of position and large means, medical men—or women*—are generally employed at *accouchements*, but the petty *bourgeoisie* and the masses still prefer the attendance of a *sage-femme* or midwife. It may be said, indeed, that this preference prevails throughout France. In corroboration of that statement I may mention that in 1911, whilst there were some 20,000 doctors of medicine in the country, there were also over 13,000 midwives. In Paris, at the end of the following year, the figures were: doctors, 3944; midwives, 989. A few decades ago the attainments of these women were often inferior and their methods decidedly antiquated, but great improvements have been effected in these respects, and nowadays no woman can practise as a midwife without passing a serious examination. This was the more necessary as infantile mortality became, from the national standpoint, increasingly serious owing to the great decline in the birth-rate.

Besides attending *accouchements* in private homes, many of the Parisian midwives accommodate *pensionnaires*, who are often young persons in trouble,

* The number of women doctors has been increasing for several years past. In 1913, 226 female students were attending the medical faculty of the University of Paris.

though in many cases married women, for one or another reason, prefer to stay at a midwife's during the period of childbirth. I find, indeed, that in 1912, 6724 legitimate and 4891 illegitimate children were born at the residences of Parisian midwives. In fact, and this is a somewhat curious circumstance, less than half of the children born annually in Paris come into the world at their parents' homes.* Over 10,000 are born in the various hospitals, *hospices*, and kindred establishments belonging to the Assistance Publique service. There are, let me mention, thirty-two hospitals and nine-and-twenty hospital-asylums in Paris or its suburbs, and maternity cases are received more particularly in a dozen of the former. Further, the Assistance Publique also provides midwives in many cases where the *accouchement* takes place at home. There were 7658 such cases in 1912, and in 739 of them the mothers were described as being absolutely without means, whilst in other instances their means were extremely narrow. Nevertheless, only about a quarter of them were lodgers in "furnished rooms," the others at least had furniture of their own—humble and scanty furniture undoubtedly.

The decline in the national birth-rate has made it imperative to assist parents and to protect children. In those respects I think that the French authorities have done more than the authorities of any other land. In 1912 assistance of one and another description was given in the case of nearly 320,000 children. In some cases there was temporary help in money or in kind. There were also children forsaken by their parents, others removed judicially from the parental control, and, further, a considerable number of orphans, for whom provision had to be made. On January 1st, in Paris alone, 23,000 boys and 21,000 girls—abandoned by their parents—figured

* In 1912, for instance, only 25,654 children (out of 55,257) were born at their parents' abodes.

on the roll of the *enfants assistés*, which was increased during the year by 1693 boys and 1358 girls. The expenditure in connection with all these Parisian children exceeded £620,000. Besides help in money and in kind, 1351 wet-nurses (*nourrices*) were provided, coming principally from Northern, Central and Eastern France. Béthune supplied 69, Luzy 62, Montreuil-sur-Mer 60, Montluçon 57, Alençon 52, and Nevers 40. At the end of the year over 30,000 children, aged from twelve months to thirteen years, were being boarded in the country.* There were also more than 25,000 pupils, aged from thirteen to twenty-one. A certain number of abandoned children were claimed by their parents. There are perhaps a couple of thousand such cases every year, but not more than 15 per cent. of the applications are granted, it being found, in the other instances, that for one or another reason it is best that the children should not be restored to parental control. I must add that by virtue of the so-called Roussel Law, voted in 1874, steps are taken to protect infants whose home conditions are not satisfactory. In the course of 1912 some 4100 infants were under official protection either in Paris or in other parts of the Seine department. In these cases infants may be absolutely withdrawn from the custody of their parents, and this course is occasionally adopted, but, as a rule, only official medical inspection and supervision are imposed.

There are a number of institutions which in one or another way make certain provision for infants and young children. There are six hospitals where special treatment may be obtained in cases of illness, and thirty-four subventioned dispensaries, which exist chiefly for the benefit of children, treating all sorts of complaints, and providing orthopedical

* The largest numbers were in the Sarthe, Eure-et-Loir, Loir-et-Cher, Loiret, Cher, Aisne, Nièvre, Orne, Oise, Seine-et-Oise, Seine-et-Marne and Yonne departments,

instruments and distributing sterilized milk. Of this, over 66,000 gallons were given away at the dispensaries in 1912. Further, the Paris municipality maintains convalescent homes for children at Berck-sur-Mer, La Roche-Guyon and Hendaye. When a married couple in narrow circumstances has more than four children under fifteen years of age, it can apply to the Assistance publique, which for each additional child makes a quarterly allowance of thirty francs (£1 4s.). No fewer than 1783 Parisian families were in receipt of such allowances in 1912. There are various special orphanages, two of which—the Orphelinat Sainte-Jeanne, which accommodates 50 young girls, and the Orphelinat Prévost at Cempuis, which provides for about 300 boys and girls—are under municipal control. I may also mention the Asile Léo Délibes, in the suburb of Clichy-la-Garenne, where both boys and girls are received for a maximum period of three months, in cases where their parents have a temporary difficulty in providing for them. Illness, lack of work, widowhood and divorce appear to be the principal reasons for placing children in this little asylum, which owes its existence to the generosity of the well-known composer whose name it bears.

Another kind of institution has greatly expanded during the present Republic—that is, the *Crèche*, which has its utility in a city like Paris, where many mothers have either to support themselves and their children, or to contribute to the household expenses by working at one or another calling. In such cases the question “what to do with the children” requires solution, and this the *crèche* provides. Some *crèches*, though liable to official inspection, are, I believe, independent of the municipality, but the latter grants money towards the expenses of forty-seven of these institutions. At five of them the parents are charged nothing. In other instances the charge ranges from 1*d.* to 2*d.* per day for one child, a

reduction being made when there are two children or more. Two of these *crèches* date from the time of Louis-Philippe, and a third from that of Napoleon III, but all the others have been established during the present Republic.* They are all comparatively small places, and the average number of children thus accommodated whilst their mothers are at work is about 1100 a day. There would be room for about another 500, but, as I shall presently show, some thousands of children are looked after at the *garderies* attached to some of the schools. Some of the *crèches* open at six, others at seven o'clock in the morning, and the latest closing hour is 8 p.m. Nearly all of these establishments contain both cradles and beds; and sterilized milk for babes and suitable food for older children are provided. The State and the department of the Seine contribute over £4000 and the Parisian municipality gives about £7400 towards their support. The payments made by the mothers amount to less than £2000, but there are also gifts, legacies, subscriptions and other receipts, such as interest from invested capital, the whole well exceeding the expenses, which come to about £21,000 per annum.

Behold then a Parisian child born into the world. An official doctor vouches for its sex, and, according to the circumstances of its parents, it may be provided with an expensive *nourrice*, specially selected by the family medical man, or handed over to one under the control of the Assistance publique, who takes it off to her home, which occasionally is in the environs of Paris, but for the most part in one or another provincial village. The great majority of Parisian mothers do not nurse their babes, which, if not provided with *nourrices*, are brought up, as the saying goes, by hand, that is, with the assistance of

* Eight during the Seventies, eleven during the Eighties, fifteen during the Nineties, and ten from 1900 onward.

sterilized milk, of which much greater quantities are used in Paris than is the case in London. French, like English, medical men, prefer natural to artificial feeding, but many of the *nourrices* who come from the provinces are not wet-nurses at all, and cannot give the infants the breast. I find that in 1891 out of 18,892 babies taken out of Paris to be nursed in the provinces, 5648 sucked at the breast. In 1900, when the total was 18,195, only 3728 were thus fed by their *nourrices*, whilst in 1912, when the figures had fallen to 14,664, merely 1224 of those infants received natural nourishment. With respect to the *nourrices* whom the authorities place with families in Paris, the figures are perhaps even more remarkable. In 1894 there were 561 such cases, and 202 of the infants were nursed at the breast. Four years later that nourishment was given only in 121 out of 559 cases, and in 1912 merely 17 out of 205 nurses were able to give the breast to the children confided to them! The ever-increasing inability of Frenchwomen to suckle either their own offspring or the offspring of others is one of the great physiological facts of our times. I suspect, however, that matters are very much the same in England, and even elsewhere.

The *nourrice à domicile* engaged by well-to-do Parisian parents is, as I have mentioned, an expensive adjunct to a household. She may be seen looking plump and healthy, sunning her little charge in the Champs Elysées or the Garden of the Tuileries, and attracting considerable attention there by her long cloak and her coquettish little cap with its gold-headed pins and its long streamers of bright, broad ribbon. At her employer's she has a servant to wait on her, she enjoys a special dainty diet, at every fresh incident in baby's life she expects and receives a present. When baby is christened, when baby first begins to recognize things, when baby cuts its first tooth, when it is weaned, when it first emits

some indescribable sound which is sagaciously, but, as a rule, wrongly interpreted as signifying either *pa-pa* or *ma-man*—on all those occasions and on many others also, such as baby's first *fête* or name-day, or the chance arrival of the *Jour de l'An*, or Easter, or some other festival—it becomes, according to tradition, fit, proper, in fact necessary, to propitiate "nurse" with a *douceur*. A few years before the war I asked a very old well-to-do friend of mine connected with the Bourse, how much the *nourrice* who had been placed in charge of his first granddaughter had cost his son during her year of service. The son, on being questioned by his father, calculated that in costumes, food, wine, attendance, laundry, wages, and presents, the *nourrice* had represented an expenditure of fully £350. That may have been an extreme case, but even among the ordinary middle-classes a *nourrice à domicile* expects in wages alone at the very least £4 a month, even when she does not give the breast.

The young Parisian having emerged from infancy the next question which arises is that of education. Something was said respecting the number of schools in Paris in my first chapter.* But I must here add a few particulars. In conservative titled families the practice still continues of providing boys with private *précepteurs*, or tutors, who are members of the Church, and have often belonged to one or another of the suppressed religious orders. Parents who are really religiously inclined, to whatever social category they pertain, also make a point of sending their children, in the first instance at all events, to schools where the teachers belong to one or another of the tolerated *congrégations*. All the public schools, however, are strictly secular. In 1912, 177 public *écoles maternelles*, or infants' schools, were attended by 52,427 children; 12 private secular infants'

* See p. 3, *ante*.

schools by 1028 children ; and 12 Church schools of the same category by 3272, of whom half were girls. At the same period the public elementary schools (426 in number) had nearly 179,000 children on their rolls ; the private secular schools, 46,477 children ; and the Church schools, or *écoles primaires congréganistes*, 9183 children. Of these last only 1751 were boys, the remainder, that is 7432, being girls. From this it will be seen that whilst boys and girls are sent in about equal numbers to infants' schools carried on by clerical organizations, most of the boys are afterwards transferred to secular elementary schools, the girls alone remaining under Church influence. Various deductions might be drawn from that circumstance, but the most remarkable thing of all is to find, out of 289,515 children in the infants' and elementary schools of Paris, less than 11,500 attending the schools of the Church.

There are several interesting institutions connected with the public elementary schools. First comes the Caisse des Ecoles to which the State, the department and the city contribute subventions, aggregating nearly £66,000 per annum. The Caisse also receives many gifts and legacies, and derives money from entertainments, dances and so forth, in such wise as to have an income of well over £130,000. It spends more than £12,000 a year on boots and clothes for poor children, nearly £60,000 on food supplied by the school cantines, and considerable sums on school libraries, museums, holiday excursions and tours, etc. I find that over 60,000 pairs of boots and 56,000 other articles of clothing were distributed in 1912, and that 6,597,806 *portions* of food were given gratuitously during the same year, the cantines likewise supplying 2,700,982 additional *portions*, for which payment was made at prices ranging from one to three *sous*.

Several of the elementary schools have *garderies*, where the children are taken care of in the middle

of the day, so that they have no occasion to go home between the morning and the afternoon classes. There are also *garderies* for Thursday half-holidays, and in this wise the provision made by the *crèches* for the very young children of the working-classes is supplemented. For those children who are not well able to study at home, evening "prep." classes are held, and these have an annual attendance of about 17,000 pupils. Further, there are holiday classes with an attendance of nearly 27,000. School-camps are kept up with the help of the Caisse des Ecoles; and during the holidays of 1912, 678 excursions or little tours were made, 25,400 children participating in them.

I have not space enough to enter into the many examinations, certificates and diplomas connected with elementary education, but I will mention that a number of burses, or, as we say, scholarships, are offered for competition among those who wish to carry their studies farther. There are also 55 complementary courses attached to the elementary schools, including professional and manual classes for boys, and commercial and housewifery courses for girls. Sixty-six elementary boarding-schools are controlled by the municipality, the cost to parents being no more than 20 francs a month for a child, whose outfit is given free. However, before children are admitted to these boarding-schools the circumstances of their parents are carefully investigated. The *ateliers* for training in manual callings are very numerous. Boys are here taught to be carpenters, cabinet-makers, locksmiths, etc. Further, there are commercial schools of various categories, some of them of great importance.

Private enterprise steps in to perfect the training of young adults. The Polytechnic, Philotechnic and Philomathic Associations, the Union Française de la Jeunesse and the Société d'Enseignement moderne provide evening and Sunday-morning classes, where

lessons are given in all sorts of subjects, from ordinary book-keeping to aerostatics and foreign languages. I have observed with pleasure that in 1912 among the young people of both sexes attending the various language classes, those studying English were by far the most numerous. Four of the institutions I have mentioned counted 6654 students of our language, against 2195 students of German. All other languages, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Esperanto, etc., were much less patronized. This, be it noted, was the case before the Great War began, and it was purely and simply the outcome of our *entente cordiale* with France. I have no figures respecting the total number of students of foreign languages scattered through the schools of France, but I will venture to say, from my general knowledge of the subject, that the study of English predominated in virtually every part of the country at the period to which I refer. Looking back, I recall how small was the English class at my old Paris Lycée—Bonaparte now Condorcet—in the days of Napoleon III. Yet this class was under one of the distinguished professors of the time, Spiers, whose French and English dictionary is well known.

I now come to secondary education in Paris. A connecting link between this and ordinary elementary education is supplied by 15 municipal Ecoles professionnelles and several Ecoles primaires supérieures, which are attended by some 10,000 pupils. Next, for boys, there are a dozen State Lycées (two of them in the suburbs), and also the municipal Collège Rollin. These establishments counted over 14,000 pupils in 1912, in which same year there were six Lycées for girls, a seventh, the Lycée Jules Ferry, being added to them during the ensuing twelvemonth. All the girls' and seven of the boys' Lycées were established under the present Republican *régime*, whose efforts on behalf of education have been incessant and unsparing. In 1912

the State expended no less a sum than £11,813,000 for educational purposes of one and another kind, and the budget for 1914 provided for an additional expenditure of £2,100,000. Those figures represent, however, only a part of the money which is actually expended, for in regard notably to secondary and superior education, certain charges fall on the departments and the municipalities. For instance, in 1912, Paris spent £1,450,000 on education, and received in fees and so forth rather less than £212,000.

The Academy and the University of Paris are State institutions, the former discharging duties of control and inspection over the educational establishments of the Seine, Cher, Eure-et-Loir, Loir-et-Cher, Loiret, Marne, Oise, Seine-et-Marne and Seine-et-Oise departments. The university includes faculties of law, medicine, science, letters, and pharmacy. There are 353 professors and other teachers, and in January, 1914, the number of students was 19,505, of whom 2197 were women. The nature of the *baccalauréat* degrees has been largely modified of recent years, so that there have really been eight varieties of bachelors of the faculty of letters, and five of the faculty of sciences. The degree of licentiate follows that of bachelor, and is succeeded by the doctorate.

Other important educational institutions which have their centres or their homes in Paris are the Ecole normale supérieure for the higher branches of the scholastic profession, the Ecole nationale supérieure des Mines, for mining engineers, the Ecole Nationale des Ponts et Chaussées for civil engineers, the Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures, and the Ecole Nationale des Beaux Arts. In 1912-13 the last-named was attended by 1289 male and 96 female French students, more than 900 of the men being entered for the profession of architect. The student-painters of the male sex numbered 221, and

the student-sculptors 145. The English students were but five, all told, one of them studying painting and the others architecture. The United States, however, contributed no fewer than 60 student architects, besides three painters. Switzerland had 37, Russia 23, Belgium 6, Germany, Italy and Turkey (!) each 5 architectural students at the school. Only nineteen foreigners, including one woman—described as a Turk—followed the painting classes, and only sixteen (including four Russians) were attracted to sculpture. Of the 96 female French students 80 belonged to the painting, and the others to the sculpture classes. No woman of any nationality evinced a desire to become an architect, and only one female foreigner, a Portuguese, displayed ambition to shine as a sculptor.

I have yet to mention as an educational establishment the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, whose exhibition galleries of instruments, apparatus, machines and tools pertaining to sciences, industrial and agricultural arts and crafts, were visited in 1912 by nearly 400,000 people. To the library came 29,000, whilst over 90,000 attended the evening lectures. The laboratory, where experiments are made in physics, chemistry, and with metals and machinery, was likewise well patronized. The Conservatoire also serves the same purpose as our Patent Office and its library, and all trade marks are registered there. With respect to the libraries of Paris generally I supplied some figures in my first chapter, and these will have sufficed, I think, to give some idea of how both those who read for the purpose of gaining knowledge and those who read merely for pleasure or relaxation are catered for in the French capital.

I have now shown how numerous are the educational opportunities and advantages which Paris offers, and I come to another stage in the young Parisian's life—the time when he is called up for

military service. The Great War has modified, in fact obliterated, many of the provisions of the military enactments which were previously in force. The Army Law of 1905 was, however, still observed in 1912, the last year to which most of the published figures which I have hitherto quoted apply. This law changed the former recruiting system in various respects. It abolished the drawing of lots (*tirage au sort*), and rendered every young man who was physically fit, liable for service. But, whilst it also abolished all dispensations, it reduced the period of active service from three to two years. It gave young men the privilege of anticipating the "call up" so that they might gain time for their after careers. It granted postponement of incorporation in certain instances. It incorporated many men previously classed for the auxiliary services only; and it made an allowance of 75 centimes a day to the parents whose sons could previously have claimed exemption as *soutiens de famille*. This allowance was, however, quite inadequate in such instances as those of a widowed mother or an infirm father dependent on the son's exertions.

The instructions issued to the army medical men with respect to physical fitness were extremely elaborate, and I can only glance at a few of their provisions. Exemption from service was granted in all cases of visceral tuberculosis, chronic eczema, impetigo, extensive psoriasis, and similar complaints. Also in cases of paralysis when it did not yield to treatment. Adjournment and treatment were ordered in the case of all serious diseases of the ear and the eye. Only in certain instances was hernia admitted as a valid reason for exemption. This was granted in cases of arthritis, ankylosis, Pott's disease, and notable deformity. Again, however, it was only when varicose veins assumed a certain character that exemption was allowed. On the subject of injuries to the hands there were very

detailed instructions. The total loss of a thumb and of an index finger justified exemption, but if only part of the index finger, say the top joint, was lost and the other joints could be moved in a normal manner, the man might be incorporated. In other instances he might be drafted into the auxiliary services. Club-footed men might also in certain instances be taken into one of those services ; whilst as for flat-foot the question was mainly one of degree, absolute exemption being allowed only in very bad cases. After reading the instructions given to the French army doctors in October, 1905, I have come to the conclusion that many thousands of men exempted in this country during the Great War, as being physically unfit, would have been promptly incorporated in the active army of France had they been of French nationality.

The Parisian recruiting lists of 1912 included 17,410 young men. Of these 924 were exempted, and 12,463 were drafted into the armed forces, to which also were added 1774 youngsters who volunteered for service before their time. The auxiliary services at once received 578 recruits, and there were between sixteen and seventeen hundred adjournments or delays granted for a variety of reasons. Among the exemptions I find 205 cases of tuberculosis and 67 of heart disease. More than 9000 young men of the contingent were not classified with respect to their civilian callings, but 2500 were returned as metal workers, over 1700 as clerks, 923 as factory hands, 752 as wood-workers, 497 as drivers, ostlers and so forth, 408 as stonemasons, 386 as butchers, and 399 as bootmakers, saddlers and other workers in leather. In spite of all that has been done for education in France, 70 Parisian recruits could neither read nor write, 55 could only read, and more than 1000 had learnt nothing beyond rudimentary reading and writing. On the other hand, in 14,217 instances full elementary education

was recorded, and in another 1400 cases the recruits were possessed of diplomas or degrees. If instead of taking merely the figures for Paris itself, one turns to those for the whole department of the Seine, that is, Paris and the suburban girdle which extends around it, one finds that the contingent of 1912 included 192 recruits who were absolutely illiterate, that 126 could only read, and that the attainments of 3045 were limited to mere reading and writing. Yet these young men were born as recently as 1891 ! It is more comforting to find that 853 held elementary education brevets, and that 1233 were bachelors of letters or sciences. Between seven and eight thousand of the department's recruits averaged from 5 ft. 1 in. to 5 ft. 4 in. in height ; over six thousand had a stature varying from 5 ft. 5 in. to 5 ft. 7½ in. ; and there were but 206 of 5 ft. 11 in. and over.

In normal times, after his period of active service is over, the young Parisian is drafted first into the reserve, and later into the territorial army, and for a few years he has to join up at stated periods, and for some weeks renew his acquaintance with the profession of arms. Apart from that little inconvenience, he is free to revert to the calling which he followed before entering the army, or to take up another one. He may elect to remain a bachelor or he may decide to get married. In the latter event he comes to another notable period in his career. The favourite months for getting married in Paris are April, July and October. At all events there are usually more marriages in those three months than in any others. The choice of April can be understood, for it has been stated authoritatively that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. April is not, perhaps, always spring-like, but if you have decided to marry it is better to do so then, rather than to wait for May, which every wise woman will tell you is, matrimonially, the most unlucky month in the whole

year. If you cannot get married in April, wait till July, when, appropriately enough, the general holiday season begins. Why October should also be favoured by the matrimonially inclined, I cannot exactly say ; but perhaps the approach of the cold weather and the desire for a cosy connubial fireside has something to do with its selection.

In 1907 there were 30,300 marriages in Paris, and in 1912 the number had increased to 32,745. The Parisians, as is natural, marry chiefly among themselves. By Parisians in this instance I do not mean people who were actually born in Paris, for every year the population is increased by arrivals from the provinces, but those having Paris as their domicile. That applied in 1912 to 29,591 bridegrooms and 32,298 brides. Some 3000 bridegrooms were domiciled, however, in the provinces, but had decided to take Parisiennes as their brides. On the other hand, only 421 of the brides married in Paris that year belonged, by domicile, to the provinces. The returns also include 90 bridegrooms and 26 brides with domiciles abroad. Those figures cannot represent all the foreigners who were then married in Paris. Foreigners can obtain a Parisian domicile, and in such instances are counted among the bulk of the population. Others are married at their respective embassies.

French folk cannot enter into matrimony with the ease which attends marriages in England. All manner of formalities have to be observed. In the first place, parental consent is absolutely necessary up to the age of five-and-twenty. Secondly, it ought also to be obtained when one is between that age and forty, but if it is refused during that period the law provides that one may address at stated intervals three successive *sommations respectueuses* to one's parents, and that if they still remain obdurate after the delivery of the third summons, their consent may be dispensed with. It is unusual for any young

man to get married until he has completed his term of service in the active army. Nevertheless, there are instances when it is advisable and, as a matter of honour, necessary to marry before that time. No youth is allowed to marry, however, until he has completed his sixteenth year; but girls may marry from the age of fifteen onward. Five-and-twenty girls between fifteen and sixteen years old were married in Paris in 1912, when there were also 162 bridegrooms whose ages ranged from sixteen to nineteen years. Most of those marriages were probably due to youthful indiscretion.

The girls who were married between the ages of sixteen and nineteen numbered nearly 3000. That can be understood. By far the larger number of brides, however, that is, more than 12,000, were from twenty to twenty-four years old, 81 of them being young widows and 97 young *divorcées*. As for the bridegrooms, nearly 13,000 of them were between five- and nine-and-twenty. Of those who entered into wedlock when between thirty and thirty-four years of age there were, roundly, about 6000 men and 4000 women. Between the ages of thirty-five and thirty-nine one finds about 3000 bridegrooms and a like number of brides. The figures afterwards become small by degrees and beautifully less. Some 240 men were married when they were between sixty and sixty-four years old, but 150 of them were widowers. There were 28 bachelors, 72 widowers, and 10 *divorcés* married when their ages ranged from sixty-five to sixty-nine. Twelve bachelors entered the married state when their ages were between seventy and seventy-four. Twenty-six widowers and three *divorcés* belonged to the same category. At seventy-five years of age and upwards no bachelor dared to face the matrimonial altar, but there were 12 widowers and one *divorcé* who even at that time of life tried their luck again. They were certainly not downhearted!

Let me now turn to the brides of more or less advanced years. Seventy-nine spinsters, over a hundred widows, and 16 *divorcées* were between the ages of five- and nine-and-fifty. Twenty-seven spinsters, 70 widows and 9 *divorcées* were from sixty to sixty-four years old. Between the ages of five- and nine-and-sixty I find 15 spinsters and 21 widows. No *divorcée* above the age of sixty-four was remarried that year, but one spinster aged between seventy and seventy-four, and another one of five-and-seventy, had the audacity to enter at last into the holy state! The widows of seventy and upwards who remarried were ten in number. I may add that the total number of widows who remarried was about 2500, and of widowers 2850. The great bulk of the marriages were, however, those of people previously in a state of single blessedness—in the eyes of the law at all events. There were no fewer than 424 bridegrooms whose ages exceeded their wives' by more than twenty years, and 39 brides were similarly situated with respect to their husbands. Altogether there were some 7600 bridegrooms younger than their wives, but those who were older numbered nearly 23,000.

Long ago, when I was in my twenty-eighth year, I married in France a French girl who was still in her teens, and I well remember all the formalities which I had to discharge, as an Englishman, in order to make our union binding in the eyes of the French law. Those formalities remain virtually the same to-day. In the first instance, I had to procure from London a copy of my birth-certificate and take it to one of the interpreter-translators attached to the Tribunal of the Seine, who made a sworn translation of the document, his signature to the same being afterwards certified by the Police Commissary of the district of Paris in which he resided. Next, in view of the regulations concerning parental

consent, I had to call upon the solicitor to the British Embassy, who delivered to me a "certificate of custom," setting forth that by English law parental consent was not required when one was over twenty-one years of age. I might, of course, have obtained my father's written consent, but that would have involved formalities at the French consulate in London, and a sworn translation of the consent by an official translator-interpreter in Paris. I thought it a more simple course to obtain the "certificate of custom" which I have mentioned. I found it necessary, however, to take the document first to the British consulate in Paris, where it was stamped, and afterwards in turn to the Ministries of Foreign Affairs and the Interior, where it was again stamped—fees, of course, being charged on each occasion. In one way or another I had to spend £5 or so and kick up my heels in ante-rooms for a very considerable time before I was in a position to repair to my town-hall and announce my matrimonial intentions. A document to the effect that I proposed to marry Mlle. Une Telle on such and such a date was then drawn up and posted in a kind of wire-fronted case outside the town-hall, so that all and sundry who passed that way might become aware of my resolution. A similar document was exhibited outside the *mairie* of the locality where my intended bride was domiciled. There ensued a delay of a fortnight, during which I was inundated with offers from jewellers, tailors, bootmakers, house-furnishers, and numerous other tradespeople, who all wanted to supply me with unnecessary as well as necessary articles.

The civil marriage ceremony is, on the whole, a very simple one. Either the mayor or one of his assessors (*adjoints*) officiates, assuming for the time the gold-fringed tricolour sash which is the emblem of his functions. Chairs for the wedding party are disposed in front of the desk or table

behind which he stands. He reads to you the articles of the Code civil which apply to marriage and the respective duties of husband and wife. I remember that at my own wedding the mayor, addressing my wife, added to the customary obligations that of accompanying me, if I so desired, "beyond the seas"—by which he meant, I suppose, the Straits of Dover, I being a British subject. The register is signed by the bride and bridegroom and four witnesses, two for each party, and after you (the bridegroom) have been handed a certificate (which must be produced to the priest if you also desire a religious marriage*), an attendant steps forward, carrying a little bag, and saying, "For the poor." On behalf of yourself and wife you drop a suitable offering into the bag, and others of the party usually follow your example. Apart from this collection no charge of any kind is made—the French civil marriage differing in this respect from a marriage before a registrar in England.

One other matter, which I was almost forgetting, must be mentioned. In addition to the certificate for the priest, you are handed a little marriage-book of eight pages or so, enclosed in a stiff paper cover. On the first page appears a duly stamped record of your marriage, the ensuing ones being reserved for records of the births of your offspring. Most people are aware that French families are nowadays very small. In the marriage-books, however, with which the State presents you gratuitously, spaces are provided for the registration of twelve successive children. This is sufficient indication of the national desires.

In former years, even in the upper *bourgeoisie*, a wedding was usually followed by a feast which was succeeded by a dance. It was not the custom for the bride and bridegroom to slip away on their

* No religious marriage may be celebrated unless such a certificate is produced. The civil ceremony must always precede the wedding in church.

honeymoon journey. They had to remain on exhibition, as it were, for several hours, often until late at night. The bridegroom was expected to dance with his mother-in-law and his wife's maiden aunts, if she had any; and the bride, on her side, had to foot it with virtually all the males of the marriage party. Among the lower *bourgeoisie* and the working classes the marriage ceremony was generally followed by a promenade pending the arrival of dinner-time, and it was often very amusing to watch the wedding parties which drove, generally in open vehicles, to the most frequented parts of the Bois de Boulogne, there to challenge, as it were, the criticism of all beholders.

In the *bourgeoisie* the men invariably wore evening dress, the sight of which in the bright sunshine of a summer afternoon gave quite a shock to English tourists. But evening dress was long *de rigueur* in France on all ceremonious occasions, and whatever the hour might be. A few years have now elapsed since I last attended a sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, but in the old days the President invariably arrayed himself in evening dress, though the sittings always took place in the afternoon. No uniform has ever been devised for the President of the Republic (though Félix Faure greatly desired to wear one), and so M. Poincaré had to spend quite half his time in dress clothes, even in the days of war. But to return to Parisian weddings, some members of the French aristocracy decided several years ago to adopt the English system of morning dress on such occasions. For a time the bridegroom was still expected to wear a dress-coat, but one more audacious than others at last decided to be married in a morning coat, and his example was followed. I can recall, however, very grand weddings at the Madeleine when we (the men) were all arrayed in white ties and swallow-tails, and would have incurred ridicule had we shown ourselves in any other

habiliments. I may add that at one time the *diner de nocés* was the rule even in society (just as the wedding breakfast was in England), but this institution was gradually discarded. Receptions with light refreshments became the rule, and the exhibition of the bride and bridegroom became more and more curtailed. Briefly, English usages were gradually adopted by *le monde*.

XII

FURTHER PHASES OF LIFE

The Law Courts of Paris—The Conseils de Prudhommes—The Tribunal de Commerce—Bankruptcies in Paris—The Civil Tribunal of First Instance—The Appeal Court—The Police Tribunals—Street Accidents in Paris—The Correctional Court—The Assizes—The Anthropometrical Service—The Police Force—The Investigating Magistrates—Betting Frauds in Paris—The Pari-Mutuel—The Sapeurs Pompiers—The Parisian Hospitals—Diseases, etc., prevalent in Paris—Asylums for the Aged and the Infirm—Poor Relief—The Lunatic Asylums—Night Refuges—Temporary Homes for Women—Suicides in Paris—The Morgue—Rescues from Drowning—Suicides in France generally—Funerals in Paris and their Classes—The Civil Burials—The Parisian Cemeteries—The Cult of the Dead.

THE Parisian having become a married man, many vicissitudes may be before him. I do not refer to matrimonial misadventures. I shall deal with them hereafter if I live to complete another book. But a man's career may prove either fortunate or unfortunate in the world's estimation. He may prosper or fail in his business or his profession, he may become involved in legal proceedings, civil actions, and even criminal cases, and be "wanted" by the police. Again, he may become an outcast, or illness or accident may take him to a hospital ward. There are times when he may lose his mind, and when despair or dementia may drive him to suicide. In any event he is bound to die, and it becomes necessary to convey his remains to a cemetery or a crematorium. I propose, then, to show what provision is made in Paris for any of the eventualities which I have mentioned, beginning, in the first instance, with the law-courts, the judges, the

examining magistrates, and the Prefecture of Police.

The Cour de Cassation, which is regarded as the supreme court of France, meets in Paris. Its principal functions are to control the decisions of lower jurisdictions in regard to any informalities or other grounds on which proceedings may be annulled, and, in certain cases, new trials ordered. In the French judicial system the lowest court in civil matters is that of the Juge de Paix. Above him come the Tribunal Civil and the Tribunal de Commerce, over which one finds the Cour d'Appel. In criminal matters (including misdemeanours, infractions of the law, etc.) the lowest jurisdiction is that of the Tribunal de Simple Police, above which comes the Tribunal de Police Correctionnelle. The Tribunal de Première Instance follows, this having both a civil and a criminal division, the latter of which adjudicates on appeals from the Correctional Court. Next one finds the Assize Court, and the criminal division of the Cour d'Appel, from among whose judges the presidents of assizes are recruited.

There are other jurisdictions, such as that of the Council of State and that of the prefectoral councils, which deal chiefly with administrative matters, and there are also the Conseils de Prudhommes, which are elected bodies of employers and work-people acting as arbitrators in trade questions. I find that the special *bureaux* of the Conseils de Prudhommes adjudicated in 1911 on nearly 67,000 petty disputes or difficulties arising between employers and employed. In the following year the special and the general bureaux in Paris dealt, the former with 28,000, and the latter with over 11,000 cases. The matters submitted to them were extremely varied in character. For instance, they included questions of apprenticeship, holidays, salaries, commissions, payment of piece-work, fines, gratuities, absence from work, damage done to plant, lodgings,

food, certificates, loss of time, detention of tools, and bad workmanship. Liability in the case of accidents does not come before the Prudhommes, but is determined by the Civil Tribunals of First Instance. In 1911 there were over 40,000 such cases in France, but in more than 25,000 of them the parties came to agreement.

The Tribunals of Commerce are very important bodies, which adjudicate largely in cases of bankruptcy, judicial liquidation, certain forms of indebtedness, and so forth. I find that 1400 bankruptcies were declared in Paris in 1912. Of these 202 directly concerned the liquor trade. Further, 66 restaurants and hotels failed, and there were 212 bankruptcies in various trades connected with provisions. In the clothing trades and industries the failures amounted to 192, and there were 40 among publishers, printers, and bookbinders. The metal industries counted 98, and the building trades 141 bankruptcies. The number given under the heading of banks and insurance companies is no less than 47, but these must have applied to the small, mushroom concerns which constantly spring up in Paris, where anybody can start a so-called banking business. The number of limited liability companies which became bankrupt that year is given as 228. Of 1531 bankrupts, only 374 were natives of Paris or its suburbs, 751 having come to the capital from other parts of France, whilst 401 were of foreign origin. In 175 cases the same persons had been bankrupt previously, and 123 of the Parisians and 147 of the others had at some time or other incurred sentences to fine or imprisonment. The judicial liquidations were not nearly so numerous as the bankruptcies. There were 121 new cases in addition to 100 left over from 1911. They were mostly connected with the clothing, building, provision and beverage trades.

In that same year, 1912, the eleven Chambers of

the Civil Tribunal of First Instance had 23,457 new suits submitted to them, and there were 14,000 remaining from the previous twelvemonth. The number of cases in which judgment was finally given in 1912 was 26,301.* This was the work of 136 presiding, assistant and supplementary judges, sitting for five hours on six days of the week. The advocates included in the Tribunal's roll were no fewer than 1530; the *avoués* or solicitors were 150, and there was a like number of notaries and also of *huissiers* or process servers. It may be added that nearly 218,000 notarial documents were produced in connection with the various cases, that there were over 22,000 applications for "legal assistance" on the part of poor plaintiffs or defendants, and that about half of the number were granted.

With respect to the Paris Appeal Court, I have only the figures for 1911, and as this Court's jurisdiction extends over six departments besides that of the Seine, it follows that only part of the cases on which it adjudicates are Parisian ones. In 1911 the Court was called upon to deal with over 10,000 suits, rather more than half that number being cases of general civil law and the others strictly commercial cases. Altogether, the Court succeeded in disposing of 4466 civil appeals. It also gave judgment, however, in over 5300 appeals from the sentences of Correctional Tribunals, confirming these sentences in nearly 4000 instances and modifying or annulling them in 1358.

This brings me to what one may call the criminal side of the law. The Paris Tribunal de Simple Police exercises jurisdiction, however, not exactly in criminal offences, but in cases which are delinquencies or infractions of the law or the police regulations. In the suburbs of the city are found several other Tribunals of Simple Police, the total number for the Seine department being twenty-three. I find

* In 1911 the number was over 34,000.

that in 1912 they sat in judgment on no fewer than 64,215 offenders, and acquitted only 454 of them. There were but 360 appeals, all of which, excepting four-and-twenty, were rejected. The greater number of cases (more than 22,000) were contraventions of the laws and regulations respecting public safety and tranquillity. The *chauffeurs*, cabmen and other drivers punished by these tribunals for imperilling the public safety were amazingly few—being indeed but 58 all told! Yet that same year 22,319 street accidents caused by vehicles occurred in Paris. Of these 9324 were brought about by tramcars, and 8338 by taxicabs and other motor vehicles. The greater number of victims were between 15 and 60 years of age. Altogether 74 males and 31 females were killed, 15,326 males and 6888 females being injured. If the drivers arraigned before the Tribunals of Simple Police were so few this must be due to the fact that most offenders of this class were arraigned before higher jurisdictions, either the Correctional Tribunal of First Instance or the Assize Court, to which I am about to refer. Respecting the Simple Police tribunals, I need only add that some 6700 of the cases with which they dealt were infractions of the laws and regulations respecting public property and salubrity.

Coming now to the Correctional Court of Paris, I notice that whereas in 1905 some 22,000 defendants appeared before it, the number had increased in 1912 to nearly 35,000. This Tribunal has power to try juvenile offenders, and to send them to houses of correction, otherwise reformatories. In 1905 it restored 54 juveniles (under 16 years of age) to their parents as having acted without discernment, and sent 98 to houses of correction. In 1912 those figures had increased to 550 and 701. Nearly 22,500 defendants of all ages were sentenced to imprisonment, 9700 were fined, and 1116 were forbidden to reside in Paris. I must add, however,

that there were a very large number of "first offences," and that in over 13,000 instances the sentences (generally those to imprisonment) were suspended during good behaviour.

More cases—that is, 387—were submitted to the jurisdiction of the Paris or Seine Assize Court in 1908 than in any other year of the present century. In 1912 the number was 292. In 73 instances the charges were not proceeded with, the reports of the investigating magistrates being favourable to the accused. Moreover, various charges were modified, being reduced from felonies to misdemeanours. There were 149 instances in which the jury admitted the existence of extenuating circumstances in the prisoners' favour, and large as that number may appear to be, it was lower than the figures of previous years. In 1905, ten prisoners were sentenced to death in Paris, that being the largest number in any one year since 1900. In 1912 capital punishment was pronounced in only four instances. Hard labour for life was the sentence imposed in 16 cases, and hard labour for various terms in 57. There were also 57 instances in which *reclusion* or solitary confinement became the sentence. The other penalties applied to misdemeanours and were of a lighter character.

I find that in 1911, 158 persons were indicted for murder before the various Assize Courts of France, and that 37 of them were acquitted. In the earlier years of the Republic the charges of rape and indecent assault in various parts of France averaged some 900 annually. In 1911 there were but 400 such cases. From 1880 onward, whilst the returns indicate an increasing number of Assize affairs, the instances in which the investigating magistrates report in favour of the accused are also more numerous. So-called crimes against property are likewise decreasing, and between 1907 and 1911 there was a decided drop in the number of Assize prisoners

under twenty-one years of age, the figures for the first year being 708 and for the second 506. On the other hand, the number of individuals charged before the Correctional Courts with common theft rose from 40,000 to 44,000, and in nearly 40,000 of 239,000 cases tried by those courts the prisoners were minors. In 1911 the *Loi de Sursis* was applied in nearly 39,000 instances, the execution of the sentence thereby being suspended during good behaviour, and in only 756 cases during that twelve-month was there occasion to revoke the *sursis*. In fact, the *Loi de Sursis* has proved a great success. Moreover, the number of old offenders (*récidivistes*) steadily decreases.

The well-known Paris anthropometrical service took the finger-prints, measurements, portraits, etc., of 25,000 individuals during 1912, and in more than half of these cases it was found that the prisoners had previously come before the identification service either under the same names or under others. Nearly 3000 of the prisoners were foreigners. Among them I find 559 Germans, 122 Austro-Hungarians, 543 Italians, 550 Belgians, 239 Switzers, 203 Spaniards, 192 Russians, 92 Americans (North and South), and 67 British subjects, three of the last-named being Australasians. Among 480 prisoners arrested in Paris whose expulsion from France was ordered, there were only four Britishers, but this step was taken in the case of 115 Italians, 67 Belgians, and 93 Germans. Nearly 200 of the foreigners thus expelled the country were common thieves, 53 had committed violent assaults, 31 lived on women, 19 were concerned in the white slave traffic, and 90 were classed as vagabonds or beggars.

The French police of all categories is an extremely large force. In 1911 it included 21,000 gendarmes, 912 commissaries of police, 17,980 *gardiens de la paix* and detectives, nearly 32,000 rural guards (*gardes champêtres*), 7270 forest guards, 2450 fishery

guards, and over 46,000 others of various kinds. In the Seine department alone there were 128 commissaires, 7900 policemen (inclusive of detectives), 470 gendarmes (apart from the Garde Républicaine), and 118 rural guards. The direct authority of the Prefecture of Police extends to other departments, so that it has many additional men at its disposal. It is an expensive institution, and in 1912 cost about £1,760,000, to which the State contributed nearly £640,000. On the Garde Républicaine, approximately 3000 strong, the city of Paris expended nearly £138,000 that same year.

English people taking an interest in French criminal cases will often have read of the investigating magistrates who in the first instance examine prisoners and take the evidence of witnesses. They decide whether a *prima facie* case is made out or not, and according to their report a prisoner is sent for trial or discharged. It is true that in Assize cases, which include all the more serious offences, the charges are submitted to a judicial body known as the "Chambre des mises en accusation," which (discharging the functions of our grand juries) may confirm or reject the decisions of the investigating magistrates. In practice it usually confirms them, but there are occasionally instances in which it acts otherwise, and at all events nobody has to stand a trial for felony until both the investigating magistrate and the "Chambre des mises en accusation" have examined all the aspects of the case. I well remember the occasion, long years ago, when I first appeared before an investigating magistrate. I went at his request to give him certain information. I was directed to one of the upper floors of the Palais de Justice, and reached a long gallery having on one side several windows overlooking a courtyard, whilst on the other hand were a number of doors each bearing a number. An attendant, a Garde Républicain, if I remember

rightly, inquired my business, took my card, knocked at one of the doors, and entered the room by which it was reached, leaving me in the gallery. But he speedily returned, asking me to follow him, and a moment later I found myself in the presence of the magistrate who had written to me. He was seated at a large table near a window in a very spacious apartment, and was quite alone, having dismissed his clerk, of whose chair I availed myself.

The matter which had taken me to the Palais de Justice that day was one of some interest. A few years previously I had been of a little assistance in the case of Benson and his gang, who defrauded the Countess de Goncourt by means of a great betting swindle—the affair afterwards leading to the prosecution of some English detective officers—Meiklejohn and Druscovitch—for accepting bribes. What happened with regard to myself in the Benson affair was very simple. As Paris correspondent of the 'Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News,' I frequently had occasion to consult the French journals which dealt more particularly with racing. One week-end, then, I noticed in 'Le Sport' a large displayed advertisement emanating from an English firm who styled themselves "Archer & Co." It was an invitation to send them money for betting purposes, and unfolded a scheme by which heaps of money might be made without any possibility of loss. This was, of course, merely a device to catch "flats" and greenhorns, and immediately I had read the advertisement I divined its fraudulent intention. I spoke on the subject to my father, with whom I was then residing, and that same day I posted a copy of 'Le Sport' and a note to the Chief Commissioner of Police at Scotland Yard. A brief reply, thanking me for my communication, and intimating that the matter was receiving attention, reached me a few days afterwards. I also spoke on the subject to M. de Saint-Albin, who then

edited 'Le Sport,' and he promised to inquire into the circumstances under which the "copy" for the advertisement had reached his paper. Others, I believe, were also on the alert, but in any case I contributed my "little bit" to what became a very famous prosecution.

From that time onward I was always on the *qui vive* with respect to any possible turf frauds. The revival of France, and the consequent abundance of money in Paris, coupled with the laxity of the French law in regard to betting, attracted a large number of bookmakers from England. The houses in the Rue de Choiseul and the Rue de Hanovre, near the Boulevard des Italiens, became nothing but betting offices, where gambling went on day by day from morn till eve. I did not object to betting on principle, but I realized that the systems and practices of at least the great majority of the bookmakers who had come to Paris from England were absolutely fraudulent, and I therefore proceeded to denounce them in the French press. My late brother Edward, who turned up in Paris about that time, followed my lead, and contributed, I remember, to 'Land and Water' some very slashing articles exposing the shameless manner in which shady English bookies were fleecing the ignorant Parisians, notably in regard to English races.

It was all this, then, which brought me into contact with a *juge d'instruction* whom the Procureur de la République appointed to inquire into the Rue de Choiseul frauds. Not long afterwards the police descended on the betting dens, closed them, and arrested a number of suspicious characters, several of whom were promptly turned out of France. Great restrictions respecting betting subsequently ensued. Later still the *pari-mutuel* system was introduced, being legalized by a law enacted in June, 1891. Abuses occurred, however, in connection with the agencies established in Paris and the facilities given

to almost everybody to open so-called "offices" in wine-shops, the ultimate result being that even *pari-mutuel* betting was restricted to official installations on the race-courses.

This kind of betting is based on the sweepstakes system, all the bets on a particular race being pooled, and afterwards divided *pro rata* (less a percentage taken by the Government) among the backers of the winning and the other "placed" horses. The following figures show the system's popularity: The amount wagered on the different race-courses in 1891 exceeded £4,100,000; in 1901 it was nearly £8,940,000; and in 1912 it had become £16,160,000. In the last-named year the *pari-mutuel* betting at Longchamp represented £2,986,000; at Auteuil, over £3,414,000; at Saint-Ouen, over £1,825,000; at Maisons, nearly £1,749,000; at Saint-Cloud, over £1,574,000; at Vincennes, nearly £1,303,000; and at Chantilly, little less than £500,000. On thirteen race-courses controlled by the Société d'Encouragement de la Race Chevaline, otherwise the French Jockey Club, the Société des Steeple Chases, the Société d'Encouragement du Demi-Sang (half-breds), the Société Sportive d'Encouragement, and the Société de sport de France, the *pari-mutuel* wagers aggregated £14,824,700. The authorities levied an average of about 4 per cent. on that amount, or to be precise, £592,642. One may add to that sum over £50,000 for the rest of France. In this wise the State derives benefit from the gambling passion, which it realizes to be inherent in human nature. It follows that it is better to subject it to some measure of control than to indulge in futile efforts to stamp it out. The advantage to those who indulge in race-betting is that if they win they are assured of their money, less the official percentage. There can be no such "welshing" as exists on English race-courses. At the same time, book-betting between friends is currently tolerated in the

enclosures ; but with regard to all ready-money betting the law is rigidly enforced. The reader is doubtless aware that games of chance, such as *baccarat*, *écarté*, and *petits chevaux*, are also subjected to control when they are played at the clubs and casinos of seaside and inland watering-places. From this source also the State derives revenue. In 1912 the amounts staked at the establishments I have indicated exceeded £2,200,000.

But I must now hark back to those gentlemen, the *juges d'instruction*. At the time when I first found myself in the presence of one of them they were still regarded as mysterious, saturnine personages, such as Emile Gaboriau occasionally delineated in his detective stories. They did not freely open their doors to journalists and confide to them how they were progressing with one or another "celebrated case." A few years later a change gradually supervened in this respect. One or two *juges d'instruction*, who were more or less society men, became anxious to appear in the limelight, to see their names in the newspapers, and to have their acumen extolled, the whole with an eye to preferment to the judicial bench. These gentlemen virtually turned their *cabinets* into *salons de reception*, and became the talk of the town. One or two, who proved remarkably indiscreet, gained no advantage from the new practices, but incurred the displeasure of their superiors and lost their posts. But the new method had come to stay, in its main lines at all events. Having gained access to the magisterial sanctums at the Palais de Justice, the press was not at all disposed to be turned away, and thus the practice of imparting at least a certain amount of information to journalists has continued. Carried occasionally beyond due limits, it has resulted sometimes to the detriment of accused parties, who have afterwards failed to secure absolutely fair trials.

Nowadays the chiefs of the French detective

service are likewise subjected to the importunities of journalists, many of whom, moreover, start investigations of their own. That the press may often prove extremely useful to the authorities in unravelling a crime goes without saying; but the Parisian press is essentially indiscreet, and for one case in which it really renders help there are often half a dozen in which it impedes the action of the official investigators. I can recall a few of the French Chefs de la Sûreté. I knew Claude, the head of the detective department under the Empire, very well indeed during his last years. I remember Macé, whose clever and interesting book, 'My First Crime,' I was the means of introducing to English readers. I also met Goron and likewise Lépine, who rose to be Prefect of Police. He and Macé were probably the greatest *policiers* that the present Republic has had.

There is another public service which watches over the safety of the Parisians and their property, and which is entitled to mention here. I refer to the Fire Brigade or, to give it its official name, the Régiment des Sapeurs-Pompiers. It was a very small and ill-equipped force when I first came in contact with it, that is, during the conflagrations of the Commune in 1871. There were few men, and only hand-pumps were then available. To-day the force is composed of 52 officers (including 4 medical men), 205 sergeants, 318 corporals, and 1280 men, provided with numerous steam and electric engines, fire escapes, and all other needful appliances. The fine horses formerly seen galloping through the streets of London to one and another fire never had their equals in Paris, where, moreover, motor traction has prevailed for several years. In 1912 the total number of fires occurring in the city was 2078; 1058 were extinguished by the firemen, the others, of small account, having been put out by the inhabitants. The number of fires

caused by lighting appliances of various kinds was large, no fewer than 173 being attributed to spirit lamps, 88 to paraffin lamps, and 84 to candles. Children playing with matches were responsible for 12 fires. Seven were caused by careless smokers, four by drunkards, and one by a lunatic. Six were attributed to malice, and there were seven instances in which houses were struck by lightning. With respect to damage by fire, there have been four black years since 1893—that is, '95, 1900, 1902, and 1906—in each of which the destruction done represented about half a million sterling. In 1910 the figure was under £200,000, but it had risen again to nearly £300,000 in 1912. In that last year the firemen saved the lives of 95 persons.

Paris is well provided with hospitals for those who fall ill or receive injury in accidents, and with asylums for the young, the aged, the infirm and the insane. These establishments are not maintained by frequent appeals to public charity as is chiefly the case in London. Some certainly owe their origin to philanthropical generosity whence they derive special endowments. Bequests are also made from time to time to one or another particular institution or to the municipal Assistance Publique service, by which most of the establishments are controlled. There are also various private *maisons de santé* carried on by medical men, but the great bulk of the institutions where disease or infirmity are treated are in the hands of the municipality, which receives some financial help from the General Council of the Seine department and also from the State. I find that in 1912 the Assistance Publique of Paris expended two millions sterling, this amount covering, in addition to the cost of all the ordinary hospitals and asylums, that of the lunatic asylums, the orphanages and the various grants made in respect to poor children. In all France that year there existed 1892 general public hospitals and asylums, 115 public and

private lunatic asylums, and 217 public and 682 private establishments of unspecified descriptions, ministering, however, like the others to one or another of ailing humanity's requirements. The number of persons treated in the general hospitals for disease or injury was 775,434. The number of aged and infirm in the general asylums was 75,540; but, in addition to these, no fewer than 427,747 persons over 70 years of age, and 216,714 infirm or incurable people received assistance of one and another kind. Moreover, free medical treatment was given in over three million cases at a cost of nearly £1,160,000. To the lunatic asylums I shall have occasion to refer presently.

In Paris that year — 1912 — 238,672 persons received medical treatment in 29 establishments controlled by the Assistance Publique. These persons included 91,030 men, 96,172 women, 27,258 girls and 24,212 boys under fifteen years of age. Accouchements appear to be included among the returns for women, the normal cases of this character numbering 17,055. I append some figures respecting certain typical cases treated in the Paris hospitals in 1912:—

Tuberculosis of the lungs	11,183	Typhoid fever	2195
„ other forms	4763	Measles	4033
Bronchial affections ..	11,093	Scarlatina	2440
Pneumonia	2602	Venereal diseases ..	9572
Pleurisy	2133	Nephritis	1051
Cancerous affections ..	3625	Bright's disease ..	1013
Diphtheria and Croup ..	1991	Heart diseases	2919
Influenza	3260	Appendicitis and typh-	
Skin diseases	9746	litis	3821
Neuritis	1295	Erysipelas	1944
Chronic Alcoholism ..	804	Various skin diseases ..	9746
Cyrrhosis due to same ..	77		

Three cases of hydrophobia (two male and one female) are also mentioned in the returns. One patient, a male, died. The persons injured in accidents were very numerous, the lists being too long for reproduction here. I observe that 879

persons who attempted suicide were removed to the general hospitals, where 112 died. There were likewise 109 cases of people found perishing of starvation, and of these 101 were saved. Of eight people struck down in the streets by excessive cold only one succumbed. Six cases are entered as "attacks by venomous animals"—snakes, I suppose—but none of these proved fatal. Perhaps the most curious entry of all is the last one in the returns. "No complaint. Illness only simulated, 5931." In 4393 of these instances the applicants for treatment were women, and 2941 of them were between twenty and thirty-nine years of age. Among the men there were 507 of corresponding ages. It is only fair to mention that 297 of the cases were those of infants whose mothers imagined them to be ill. But that so many adults should have thought the same of themselves—for that is what mostly happened—seems to indicate that Molière's 'Malade imaginaire' was written in vain in spite of its literary immortality.

The chief and oldest general hospital of Paris is that of the Hôtel Dieu, originally founded in the seventh century by St. Landry, the eighth of the Parisian bishops according to historians. Often rebuilt or renovated during the Middle Ages, the edifice was destroyed by fire in 1772. Another building was then erected, this being replaced, as I previously mentioned,* by the present hospital, which was completed in 1878. After the Hôtel Dieu come the hospitals known as La Pitié, La Charité, St. Antoine, Necker, Cochin, Beaujon, Lariboisière, Tenon, Laënnec, Bichat, Andral, Broussais and Boucicaut. Next there are nine special hospitals for adults, and six special ones for children, with three convalescent homes for the same. Eleven hospitals are well organized for accouchements.

Two of the principal asylums, Bicêtre and La Salpêtrière, are ancient institutions. They are, in

* See p. 22, ante.

part, lunatic asylums, the first for men and the second for women, and in part refuges for aged and infirm paupers, the latter also finding accommodation at the Ivry and the Brévannes asylums, as well as at several *maisons de retraite*, such as Les Ménages, La Rochefoucauld, Sainte-Périne, Bigottini and Vineuil, and fourteen others founded by private people but now under municipal control. There are also five private foundations for children, and three convalescent homes for *accouchées* established by Mme. Boucicaut of the Bon Marché.

Since January, 1907, all infirm, incurable or aged * indigents of French nationality are entitled to assistance or, as we say, relief, on the part of the municipalities of the communes where they reside, these municipalities receiving help in this respect from State and departmental funds. In Paris the municipality has to bear 70 per cent. of the expenditure, the remainder being contributed in equal proportions by the department of the Seine and the Government. The Municipal Council decides whether home-relief shall be granted, or whether the case is one for an asylum or retreat. On the 30th September, 1913, the total number of infirm or aged persons in receipt of this relief in one or another form was 74,492, over 70,000 of whom were domiciled in Paris itself. No fewer than 66,000 received home-relief. The number of women was double that of men. In Paris, when home-relief is given there, the monthly allowance is one of 30 francs, or a franc a day. At Vincennes, Ivry, Les Lilas, the Pré Saint-Gervais and Suresnes it amounts to 28 francs, falling gradually in the different localities of the environs to 25, 20, 18 and 15 francs.

I come now to the question of the insane, of whom at the end of 1912 there were rather more than 77,000 in the various public and private asylums of

* That is, seventy years old or over.

France. In that same year, according to our Commissioners in Lunacy, we had 138,377 insane persons in England and Wales, but this return included a considerable number who dwelt with their families under the supervision of the authorities. Prussia, in 1911, counted 92,000 insane persons,* her population then being about four millions less than that of France, and from two to three millions less than that of England and Wales. The best known lunatic asylum in France is that of Charenton, which, although situated in the immediate suburbs of Paris, is under the control of the State and not of the municipality. It accommodated 210 men and 350 women in December, 1912. At the nine municipal asylums of Paris and at certain "colonies" in the provinces there were at that date nearly 16,000 patients. Every year a large number of persons are sent to asylums by the authorities of the Prefecture of Police, who have a special infirmary where people suspected of insanity are in the first instance carefully examined. The Prefecture dealt with 5430 such cases in 1912. Moreover, the police temporarily take charge of the money, jewellery, stocks and shares and other property belonging to the insane, afterwards transferring everything to the Prefecture of the Seine which exercises a kind of legal guardianship. In the year to which I refer money and scrip representing between £13,000 and £14,000 were dealt with in this manner.

If my memory serves me correctly, not a single night-refuge existed in all Paris fifty years ago. Those who found themselves homeless, without the money for a night's lodging, had to wander about or ensconce themselves in corners, or under bridges or among the limekilns of the so-called *Carrières d'Amérique*, and in other places. The police constantly made *razzias*, and not infrequently found some "wanted" individuals among these night birds.

* I have not found any returns for the whole of Germany.

Many repaired to the neighbourhood of the Central Markets, where their presence was in a measure tolerated, as it was difficult to distinguish between those who were really waiting for a job and those who haunted this district simply to while away the time. Two or three flash restaurants, a dozen eating-houses and a score or so of rough wine-shops remained open all night; and at the latter any one possessed of a few coppers could obtain a glass of wine or a dram of spirits, and—provided the place were not overcrowded—a seat on a form, by this means resting his tired limbs. Those who endeavoured to snatch a rest on the public benches of the boulevards and other leading thoroughfares were constantly “moved on” by the police, the London system being generally observed.

Early in the Eighties, however, private charity at last attempted to effect something for the city's homeless wanderers who had not even such a resource as a casual ward to fall back upon, the workhouse system being unknown in France. An association called *L'Hospitalité de Nuit* was founded, and the few night-refuges which it was at first able to open—with the somewhat grudging assent of the police—speedily secured inmates. There are still several refuges supported by charity, the *Paris Salvationists*, etc., but the Municipal Council has others under its immediate control, the principal being the *Refuge Nicolas Flamel* and the *Refuge Benoît Malon*. Both are for men without homes, and in 1912 the first named accommodated 10,200. Name, nationality, age and calling had to be specified by those who were admitted. Seven appears to have been the average number of nights which they spent at this refuge. I find that 643 of them were foreigners and included, I am sorry to say, 219 who described themselves as natives of *Alsace-Lorraine*. There were also 44 Germans, 121 Belgians, 83 Italians, 46 Switzers and 8 British subjects among the

refugees. The classes which were most numerous represented were journeymen labourers (3786), road-menders (301), masons (319), carpenters and wheelwrights (322), carters (236), locksmiths (221), commercial employees (215), and house painters (250). I also observe in the return 128 cooks or kitchen assistants, 159 gardeners, 143 printers, 101 plumbers, 6 schoolmasters, and 6 "lyric and dramatic artistes." Some workshops are attached to the Nicolas Flamel refuge, and 1275 masons, carpenters, house painters, locksmiths, plumbers, tailors, mattress makers, etc., were given temporary employment there, putting in between them 13,400 days of work and earning, in round figures, £1050. At the Refuge Benoît Malon, which is on the Quai de Valmy, the number of men admitted was nearly 11,000. They stayed there on an average for only four nights. Among them were 844 foreigners. Of these, 223 were natives of Alsace-Lorraine, 122 Germans, 162 Belgians, 123 Italians, 56 Swiss, 30 Austrians, and 9 British subjects. It is quite likely that some of the people admitted to this refuge were at other times inmates of the Nicolas Flamel establishment. One again notes the same professions, in much the same proportions.

There are certain temporary asylums for women. The Asile Ledru-Rollin receives those who have attained to convalescence after childbirth. The Asile Michelet takes in women who are *enceintes* in an advanced stage. On the other hand, the Refuge Pauline-Roland is for women who are in good health and able to work, but momentarily find themselves without employment. Finally, there is the Asile George-Sand for homeless women who may take their children (if they have any) with them. In 1912 the total number of admissions to these four houses appears to have been 6549, inclusive of 808 infants and 391 other children. Over 3600 of the women were unmarried, 974 were widows, and 96

had been divorced and 105 separated from their husbands. Among them were 58 natives of Alsace-Lorraine, 34 Germans, 24 Italians, 15 Switzers, 16 Belgians, 11 Russians and 1 British subject. No fewer than 2188 described themselves as domestic servants, and 1282 as journeywomen; while there were also 224 dressmakers, 31 modistes, 167 laundrywomen, 96 *lingères*, and 35 "members of liberal professions." Apparently a *femme de chambre* does not regard herself as a domestic servant: at all events, 168 women specified themselves as ladies' maids. There were 80 commercial employees.

Both among the men and the women admitted to these various refuges and asylums there was only a minority of born Parisians. Among the men who lodged at the Nicolas Flamel refuge 4455 had not been more than two months in Paris. Of those who patronized the Benoît Malon refuge, 5139 were entered in the same category. As for the women, 1900 of them had not been in the capital for more than six months. It was, and is, the old story. Paris attracts people from all parts of France. It is pictured as a Promised Land, an El Dorado, whose streets are paved with gold; but every year thousands of those who flock thither "go under," some for a while, and others, unfortunately, for the remainder of their lives.

They, like a number of real Parisians, struck down by misfortune, are assailed at times by thoughts of suicide. In 1912 there were over 47,000 deaths in Paris, and among these the cases of suicide were 794—200 of the persons who destroyed themselves being women. The Parisians more frequently shoot, hang, or suffocate themselves. In 1912 the cases of shooting were 283 (inclusive of 34 women), of hanging 225 (inclusive of 35 women), and of suffocation 110, 52 women dying in that way. Poison was taken in 44 instances, almost equally divided among the sexes; and 22 men and 32 women threw themselves

from windows or other points of elevation. There were 26 instances in which daggers, knives or similar implements were employed for purposes of self-destruction, these cases including those of five women. Suicide by drowning was less prevalent than might be supposed, the number being 39, in which a dozen women were included.

Near the Cathedral of Notre Dame there exists a Parisian institution which British tourists much affected in former years. It is called the Morgue, and thither the authorities convey the corpses of all persons whose identity is not established or whose dwelling-place is unknown, in order to collect every kind of information by which identity and so forth may be established. Bodies which for one or another reason are to undergo examination by the official medical men are also carried to the Morgue. The staff is composed of a principal and an assistant clerk, two police inspectors, four porters, an office attendant, and four medical inspectors to whom sanitary supervision is entrusted. Laid out on slabs, washed, as it were, incessantly by extremely cold running water, the unidentified bodies may be viewed by the general public in the hope that the deceased may be recognized by one or another visitor. The clothes worn at the moment of death may also be inspected. The bodies, however, of those whose identity has been established, and who have been taken to the Morgue only for medical examination, are not exhibited. In 1912, 639 unidentified bodies were placed in the Morgue. Among them were those of 211 men and 72 women who had committed suicide, of 21 men and 5 women who had been killed by others,* of 68 men and 4 women who had been killed in accidents, of 72 men and 19 women who had died suddenly (sometimes dropping down in the streets)† of 19 men who had succumbed to

* Some of these were cases of manslaughter, not of murder.

† These were cases of sudden cerebral congestion or heart failure.

illness, and of 111 men and 37 women, the causes of whose deaths were unknown and required investigation.

Among the people who had died by drowning were no fewer than 271 men and 96 women, and as only 39 cases of suicide by drowning were established, one may take it that 328 persons were accidentally drowned that year. The number appears extremely large when one remembers the quays of the Seine and the canals, their parapets, the well-defined masonry, also of the actual banks beside the water. But in one or another way people are constantly slipping into the Seine, as is shown by the reports of the *Postes de Secours* placed under the control of the Prefecture of Police. In 1911, 360 persons were removed from the Seine, or the canals which enter Paris, to the sixteen *Pavillons de Secours*, and in the ensuing year the number increased to 383. No fewer than 56 were recovered near the Louvre and 51 near the *Hôtel de Ville*. Only nine of the 383 died subsequent to removal from the water, the others fully recovering after treatment at the pavilions. Nevertheless, as the Morgue returns show, 328 persons (exclusive of suicides) actually perished that year by drowning.

As I have already indicated, in addition to the bodies taken to the Morgue primarily for identification, many others are deposited there. The number of those whose identity was known but in whose cases official medical examination appeared desirable, was 751 in 1912. Among these cases there were 132 of manslaughter, and 30 of murder—nine of the victims in the last-named instances being women. One may regard this as a full return of the number of murders perpetrated in 1912 within the immediate jurisdiction of the Prefecture of Police.

Let me revert for a moment to the question of suicide. No such distinction as that drawn at English inquests between "temporary insanity"

and *felo-de-se* is known to the French law. The case may be of one or the other kind. The truth sometimes remains entirely unknown, or, at best, is known only to relatives or intimate friends. I believe that the Parisian Catholic clergy put the more favourable interpretation on the matter, and make little or no difficulty about officiating at the funerals of suicides. At all events, I have certainly attended religious rites for persons who, it was notorious, had died by their own hands, and yet whose sanity had never appeared doubtful. The assumption more generally prevalent in England that a person must be insane to take his own life was unknown to the Romans of old as it is to the Japanese of to-day.

Taking all France I find that from 1873 to 1877 (inclusive), 5670 was the average annual number of suicides, and that it had increased to 9660 from 1908 to 1911. In the last-named year 3861 persons, including 625 women, put an end to their lives by hanging themselves; 2506, including 845 women, by drowning themselves; and 1453 (170 women) by shooting themselves. In 2069 cases suicide was imputed to physical suffering, in 1201 to "alcoholism," in 1381 to cerebral trouble, in 404 to jealousy and disappointment in love, in 409 to pecuniary worries, in 787 to absolute penury, and in 38 to gambling losses. There were 65 cases in which persons guilty of murder or manslaughter took their own lives. Leaving Paris on one side, suicides were more frequent in Northern and North-Western France than in any other part of the country. For instance, within the jurisdictions of the appeal courts of the following cities the number of suicides was: Amiens, 624; Douai, 610; Rennes, 508; Rouen, 490. Another curious point is that suicides were comparatively more numerous in rural than in urban districts—that is, if Paris be excepted from the calculation.

Tuberculosis of one and another kind, cancerous

affections, apoplexy, heart complaints, bronchial pneumonia, Bright's disease, enteritis and measles are among the most frequent causes of mortality in Paris. When the Parisian is dead he has to be buried, and his relations or friends do not go as we do to any private "undertaker," but to the town hall of the *arrondissement*, where there is a branch office of the municipal burial service. This is known somewhat appropriately as the *Administration des Pompes Funèbres*. It signifies almost the last phase of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, to which there can only be added the erection of some splendid tomb over the remains of the departed. The municipality of Paris derives about a quarter of a million sterling annually by providing all that is requisite for funeral services; and about £140,000 are received for burial sites in the various cemeteries. There are expenses to be considered, however, and the profits of the burial service do not exceed £100,000 per annum.

There is a graduated scale of "Funereal Pomps"—comprising ten "classes" apart from the gratuitous burial of paupers. A first-class funeral, which is the most expensive, is seldom ordered. It is generally reserved for those famous or prominent men who are buried at the expense of the State. Thus, of three first-class funerals which took place in Paris in 1912, one was that of Henri Brisson, a former prime minister and president of the Chamber of Deputies. Again, there were only 44 second-class, 273 third-class, and 861 fourth-class funerals, these being those of members of the aristocracy and the upper *bourgeoisie*. The general *bourgeoisie* may be said to have patronized the fifth and the sixth classes—4542 and 2195 funerals respectively. The seventh class included over 9000 funerals, chiefly, I take it, of the lower *bourgeoisie*, including the average shop-keeping section of the community. There were 5659 funerals of the eighth, and 6767 of the ninth

classes, next to which came what is called the ordinary service, which counted nearly 4000 funerals, and finally the "gratuitous service," which was provided in 17,106 cases.

The classes differ from one another in the hearses, horses, trappings, church and house hangings, coffins and attendance provided. At the more expensive funerals the black hangings and trappings are deeply edged with silver braid and fringe, and spangled with silver "tears." * The entrance of the house whence the funeral starts is more or less elaborately draped. The coffin is often deposited on a bier within the doorway, and surrounded with lighted tapers burning in tall metal holders. The hearses differ in style. One which is occasionally employed at state obsequies is adorned at its four corners with silver angels. It was made, I believe, for the funeral of the Duke de Morny, the illegitimate half-brother of Napoleon III. Nowadays, however, many prominent Republicans, the cost of whose funerals is borne by the State, are interred without religious rites, and in such instances a hearse decorated with angels would be out of place. The first so-called "civil funeral" of a Parisian celebrity during the present Republic was that of Félicien David, the composer, in 1876. It created a great impression. Later, a prefect of the Seine, M. Hérold, a relative of the composer of that name, was also laid to rest without any religious rites. Next, in 1881, came the civil funeral of Blanqui, the old revolutionist, followed, on January 6th, 1883, by the obsequies of Gambetta, when the ceremonies of the Church were again dispensed with. In '85 there were no religious rites at the great funeral of Victor Hugo, when a procession three miles in length wended its way through Paris behind the hearse on which lay the remains of the great poet. Hugo was almost besieged by the clergy during the last days of his

* There are white, or rather cream-coloured, hangings for young girls.

final illness, but he steadily refused, as he said, "the ministrations of any priest of any religion whatever." His case was different, however, from those of David, Hérold, Blanqui and Gambetta. He was not an atheist of any category, but purely and simply a Deist—like Voltaire. In the latter's case the Church triumphed by means of a subterfuge, but in Hugo's it was defeated, and did not disguise its chagrin. Yet, surely, it is possible to believe in a Divinity and even to reverence the Christ, without accepting any of the man-made dogmas and doctrines of the different Churches.

It may be said that the number of baptisms in Paris is very large. I have no exact figures, but there is reason to believe that in four out of every five cases Parisian mothers insist on the baptism of their infants. I do not think, however, that more than half of the young Parisians are nowadays prepared for their first communion—otherwise confirmation. Perhaps, indeed, that estimate is excessive. In any case I incline to the view that the number of girls taking their first communion greatly exceeds the number of boys. When we come to funerals we find the municipal returns stating that out of 50,393, which took place in 1912, 34,601 were accompanied by religious rites, and that 13,155 were what are known as civil burials. Eliminating the Protestants, Jews and others, the exact number of funerals at which the rites of the Catholic Church were performed was 32,732. I find also that in 2562 cases the civil funeral ceremony was limited to removal from Paris for subsequent burial in the provinces; and in these instances there is no record whether religious rites were subsequently celebrated or not. However, the municipality estimates that at 26 per cent. of all the funerals there was no religious ceremony.

Paris possesses nineteen cemeteries or burial grounds, but several of these are situated outside the city, whilst some of those within its limits are

quite small. No more burials take place apparently in the little ground known as Montmartre-Calvaire, where, however, 85 graves conceded "for all time" (*en perpétuité*) still exist. Very few, too, are the new burials at Bercy, Charonne, La Villette, Auteuil, Passy, St. Vincent and Vaugirard. Among the large cemeteries inside Paris, the one which is known officially as the Cimetière de l'Est takes first place. It is more familiarly called Père-Lachaise, having once formed part of the great estates of that famous Jesuit Father, who preceded his colleague Letellier as confessor to Louis XIV. This cemetery spreads over an expanse of nearly 432,000 square mètres, and includes more than 65,000 permanent or perpetual and almost 3000 temporary concessions. The next cemetery in regard to extent is that of Montparnasse—over 191,000 square mètres and containing 36,000 permanent graves. Then come Montmartre—116,000 square mètres and over 21,000 permanent graves; and Batignolles—104,000 square mètres and nearly 5000 "perpetual concessions."

Outside Paris one finds on the north the great cemetery of Saint Ouen (245,000 square mètres), where temporary graves predominate. Yet vaster—in fact, more than twice the size of Père-Lachaise—is the cemetery of Pantin-Bobigny, also on the north, and counting over 55,000 temporary and 4480 permanent concessions. On the south lie the cemeteries of Bagneux—half as large again as Père-Lachaise and numbering nearly as many concessions as Pantin—and also the somewhat smaller ground of Ivry. Taking all the Parisian cemeteries together they cover more than a thousand square kilometres of ground, and they included, in 1912, 153,000 permanent and 170,000 temporary concessions. So-called "common graves" are not comprised in any of the above figures. Of these, 22,000 were allotted in 1912, and over 20,500 in 1913. Permanent concessions are granted in all the cemeteries where room

is still available, but at the present time temporary ones and resting-places in the so-called *tranchée gratuite* are obtainable only at Saint Ouen, Ivry, Pantin, and Bagneux.

The Parisians are much attached to the memory of their dead, and the cemeteries are visited by vast numbers of people, particularly at different seasons of the year, coinciding with certain festivals of the Church. All Saints' Day, and the Jour des Morts, which follows it at the beginning of November, are particularly marked by the multitudes who then flock to one and another burial-ground, generally in order to deposit new wreaths on the graves of those whom they have lost. On November 1st, 1912, nearly 630,000 persons visited the various Parisian cemeteries. On the ensuing day there were 177,000, and on the 3rd—a Sunday—265,929. Again, certain name-days—Saint Louis, Sainte Marie, and so forth—bring many people to the cemeteries. Returns for eight days during 1912 show that the number of visitors was nearly 1,400,000.

This widespread cult of the dead, which is prevalent not only among religious folk but also among freethinkers of virtually all categories, has certainly checked the progress of cremation. In only 508 instances during the year 1912 did relatives apply to have the remains of members of their families cremated. In all other cases in which cremation was carried out it was by order of the authorities. In this wise 2179 bodies, coming from the Ecole de Médecine and the anatomical schools of Clamart and the Val-de-Grâce, were cremated. There were also 3181 cremations of immature offspring. The only crematorium in the city is one installed at the cemetery of Père-Lachaise. It is difficult to say whether the practice of cremation will ever increase in favour among the Parisians. During the last half century, however, their cemeteries have been steadily increasing in numbers and

expanding in extent, and it may well happen that serious questions will arise before very long respecting further accommodation for the remains of those who pass away. Some of the cemeteries established during the last fifty years or so lie at some distance outside the city, and unless people are willing to accept the system of cremation it may even become necessary to carry the dead away into the provinces.

Here for a while I must pause. There are certainly many other interesting things to be recorded respecting Paris and her People during the forty-three years or so which elapsed between the Rebellion of the Commune and the advent of the Great War. As I have already indicated, I propose to deal in another volume with several subjects omitted from this one. I hope to include in it a chronicle of Parisian happenings between 1900 and August, 1914, and also to allot chapters to the stage and the art world during that period. In other sections I wish to give some account of the industries and manufactures of Paris, the great stores, the vagaries of Paris fashions, the city's markets and restaurants, the relations of the sexes as influenced by the Naquet Divorce Law, the more notable features of crime in Paris and some of the celebrated cases which have come before the courts there. In the hope that I may be able to carry out those intentions I trust that my readers, if interested in my work, will allow me to wish them very cordially *au revoir*.

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